DEADLANDS

20TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

DEADLANDS™

THE WEIRD WEST

By Shane Lacy Hensley

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Special Thanks to: All those artists, authors, editors, designers, and fans who kept Deadlands alive for twenty years!

Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley.

Author's Dedication ('96): Michelle. My love.
Author's Dedication (2016): Michelle, Caden, Ronan, Mom, Dad, and all the fantastic PEG staff through the years.

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It doesn't seem like *twenty-two* years ago that I first saw that Brom painting on the cover of White Wolf Magazine #46. I remember the long drive through the night from GenCon 28, thinking about an undead cowboy bursting up out of the grave and what could be so important that he'd fight through Hell itself to return. The image quickly morphed in my mind from the original pale confederate to something else, a sort of revenant marshal with a six-gun and a hole in his badge. His back was to the viewer and he wore a tattered blue vest. He looked more like the Rawhide Kid from Marvel comics than the vampire that originally sparked the idea.

It was a year later before I decided to do something with the idea. I had already started Pinnacle to do a historical miniatures game called *Fields of Honor,* and this new game—Deadlands was the name that came to mind—would be our first roleplaying game. I gathered up my friends in Blacksburg, VA, and we took the first steps into a world that would, more or less, come to define my career.

I already talked about the first adventure in the Afterword, but another stands out in my mind as well. It was about a phantom the locals called the Revenant, a former slave who'd come out West to find a new life and run afoul of former slaveholders. They hung the unfortunate man, but his spirit returned a year later to settle the score. It was a heavy tale of horror and racism told among close friends who could handle such a dark theme. As predicted, the party had more sympathy for the spirit than the townsfolk he was hunting down. If memory serves, John Hopler, my wife Michelle, and the others stopped the spirit *after* he'd taken his vengeance. Frontier justice and all.

Between this and a few other forays into the Weird West my friends seemed to enjoy, I decided to make it real. I also decided to change the tone a bit. While we'd have dark adventures, we also wanted a little "tongue in rotted cheek" camp to relieve the stress. It would be equal parts "Indiana Jones" high adventure, *Evil Dead* horror, and *Evil Dead II* camp where it felt appropriate.

A few months later, I asked Matt Forbeck and Greg Gorden to join me and help me launch *Deadlands*. They came down and added lots of great input, and soon after, Matt joined the company and moved to Blacksburg, Virginia, to help put it all together—the game, miniatures, adventures (including our unique Dime Novels), and even a soundtrack. I learned PageMaker, stayed up all night for weeks, and got fat on chocolate donuts (I don't drink coffee—I'm a sugar and soda guy when it comes to all-nighters).

We finished just in time to launch it at GenCon 1996. We took a ton of demo folks, most of whom had no time at all to read the rules or the adventure we put together but did a stellar job anyway. Dozens if not hundreds of people ran through those games, stumbling over the rules but having a great time doing bad Western accents and learning that the death of their character wasn't necessarily the end of the trail.

We sold out of everything we took but best of all, people told us how much they'd enjoyed just reading it. One of our friends at TSR got the book on Thursday and by Saturday morning told us he'd read the whole thing and couldn't stop grinning from ear to ear.

We'd done it. *Deadlands* was a runaway hit. We sold out of the initial print run in a month or so and three more would follow over the coming year. We published dozens of supplements, boxed sets, and miniatures, creating an incredible "wall of orange" (due to the bright orange trade dress) that folks still brag about to this day. (I wanted orange trade dress so it would stand out on store shelves among the overwhelming black trade dress of the time.)

In 1997, we launched the *Great Rail Wars* miniatures game to similar success, and in 1998 we followed up *Deadlands* with what was—at the time—a well-kept secret…the good guys lost in a possible future sequel called *Hell on Earth. Lost Colony* followed in 2000, which was essentially "Deadlands in space," and then *Deadlands Reloaded* for our smash-hit *Savage Worlds* system in 2005. Matthew Cutter took over as the line editor soon after, or "Big Bug" as he likes to call himself, and we did our first Kickstarter for the amazing *Deadlands Noir* by my long-time friend and fan-favorite John Goff in 2011.

We've had numerous attempts at movies and television shows, comics, novels, computer games, and even a shot at a real Massively Multiplayer Online game before the economy tanked in 2008. Some of those have worked out, some haven't, and some are still on the way. Some of those stories are loaded with heartbreak that would make a Harrowed weep, but most are just like our titular heroes—not dead yet.

I can't imagine what the next 20 years will bring for *Deadlands,* but I thank each and every one of you who has fanned the hammer or slung a hex-card for us. It's a privilege to watch your baby stand the test of time, and there's a lotta trail left, amigos.

—Shane Hensley
October, 2016

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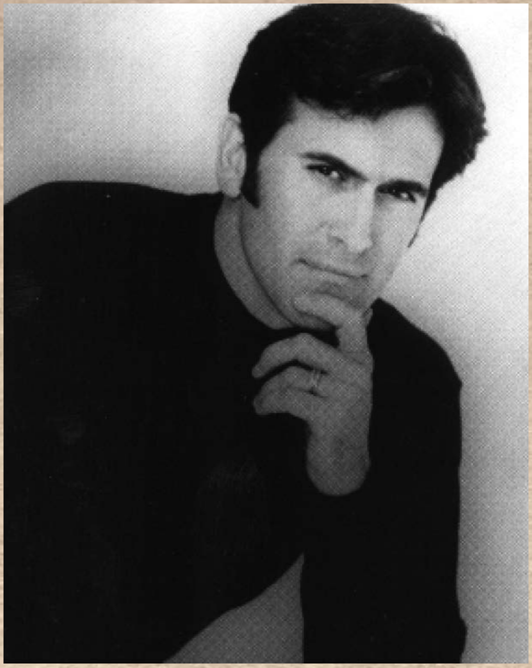
FOREWORD



Most likely, right now you're standing in aisle three of *Guy's Game World* in Boot Lick, Indiana, trying to decide whether to fork over part of your paycheck from *Blockbuster Video* to buy this book.

Take heart, dear reader, it's only money. Buy it fast, before a *Game World* clerk kicks you out of the store and bans you from, gasp, GAMING.

In your darkest dreams, could you ever imagine that? A life away from Gaming? A life devoid of the indispensable information found in this revised edition of the *Deadlands* roleplaying game?

I don't think so.

Of course, at first you'd try and kick the gaming habit. You'd buy a fist-full of self-help tapes (at a cost *far* exceeding this book) and listen to New Age music while you feverishly tried to meditate your addiction away. But it won't do any good.

Those weekend nights just wouldn't be the same, staying home and actually *interacting* with your family instead of spending 48 straight hours trying to become "Harrowed." The tremors will return, and the headaches will increase in frequency until you just can't take it any more - you've just got to be *Ronan Lynch* ***ONE MORE TIME!!!***

If you don't know what I'm talking about, then you'd better cough up the moola and start reading, pardner.

Let's face it, your family doesn't really miss you anyway, unless of course you're 35, still live at home and the grass hasn't been mowed in over a month. It really all depends on just how badly you need that 10-dollar allowance. Speaking of which, maybe you'd better take a weekend hiatus, cut the grass and use Dad's cash to buy this book. Kind of a *Catch-22,* isn't it?

I can hear you whining from here—"Is this game really worth it?" What am I, a mind reader? I didn't write the darned thing—buy it and find out for yourselves. There's obviously a good reason why these fine people would harass me to write the foreword.

Tell you what...I'll make you a deal. If you buy this book and learn to master the game (I'll know when you're ready, because your personal hygiene will decline rapidly), I'll personally come over to your house every *other* weekend (I *do* have a life, you know) and play the game with you. We'll go at it, battling *Raven* and *Dr. Darius Hellstromme* until the cows come home.

If, after this marathon session is concluded, *I* win—you pay me my full hourly rate, including fringes, per diem and bus fare to your small town. If *you* win (oh yeah, right), I'll be your personal slave for a month, no questions asked. Just bear in mind that I don't do windows.

Sound like a good deal? I thought so.

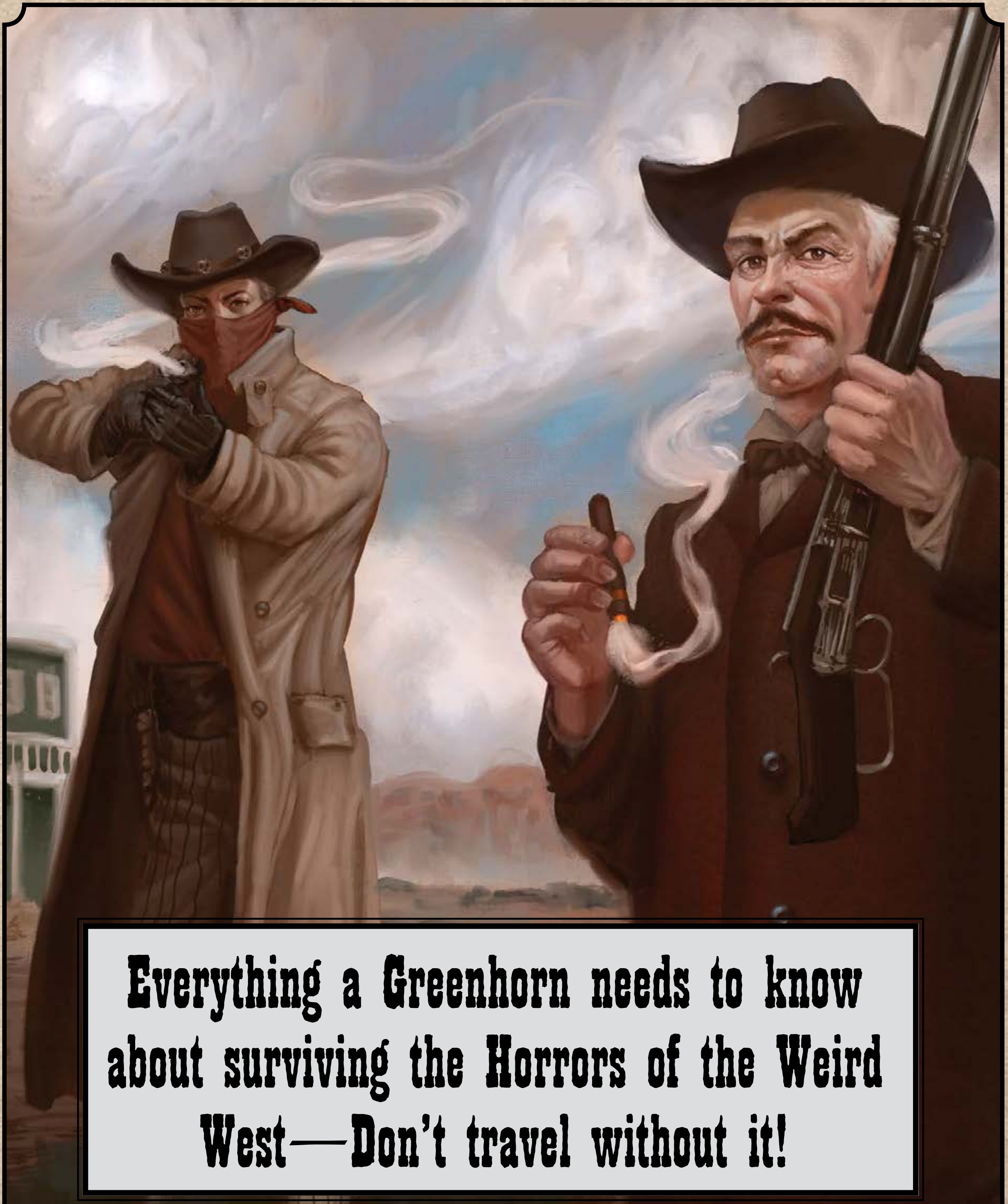
Now, you're probably sitting in the parking lot of your local Strip Mall, tearing through these pages, trying to find out how to rectify *Raven's* tragic mistake, aren't you? Come on, admit it, I won't tell anyone...*just the whole world, that's all!*

Well, Gamehead (that's an affectionate term), I do hope Dad understands about the ratty-ass lawn you're neglecting. *Deadlands* might just be the one game worth getting the health department to condemn your house for.

Best to all you Knuckleheads,

Bruce Campbell
April, 1999

The Tombstone Epitaph's Newcomers Guide to the Weird West



Everything a Greenhorn needs to know about surviving the Horrors of the Weird West—Don't travel without it!

A Word From The Editor

Welcome, friends, to the *Tombstone Epitaph's* latest attempt to educate the masses and illuminate the truth in the *Newcomer's Guide to the Weird* West. My name is Lacy O'Malley, your erstwhile investigator and humble reporter. You might remember me from such guidebooks as our original *Guide to the Weird West,* the 1877 Update, the *Guide to the City o' Gloom,* the *Guide to the Mighty Mississippi,* or the Back East North and South guidebooks. These are available in finer mercantiles everywhere, or for rush order from the fine folks at Smith & Robards.

Many scoff at the bizarre tales we expound here in the pages of the *Epitaph*—stories more "distinguished" papers refuse to print. But experienced travelers know our reports are amazingly accurate, paranormally insightful, and uniquely designed to save the lives of those who venture into the often dangerous locales of the frontier.

But many are only learning the dark truths about our fair continent and the mysterious things that crawl upon it. They have yet to feel sinister eyes upon them as they move through the back alleys of Dodge City. They have not witnessed the awesome power, or the frightening intelligence of the rattlers. Nor have they heard the rustling grass of the High Plains as some feral creature stalks its prey.

It is to these newcomers—greenhorns the frontiersmen call them—that we dedicate this issue. In the pages of this guide we have taken a step back from our wild proclamations and dire warnings to ease a new generation into the truth man was not meant to know.

And for those foreign travelers who know little of our shores, we have briefly recounted the amazing history of our land—including the Great Quake of '68, the discovery of ghost rock, the state of our war-torn homeland, and the rise of the Indian nations.

It is our hope to provide you with the basic information you must know to survive here in the West, dear newcomer. Good luck in your travels, and Godspeed. The Good Lord knows our cemeteries are full of those of you who have come before. Perhaps some tidbit here will save you from this dire fate.

Welcome to the Weird West!

We should begin our tale with the Great Quake of '68, for the quake—and what was revealed when it split the entire west coast of America apart—has shaped our country, and indeed our world, more than any other single event.

California had long been a land of dreams. Gold was discovered there in '49 and the tales of those who had become millionaires overnight were the stuff of legend.

The migration of hundreds of thousands of settlers looking to partake in this miracle was what formed the early history of the "Old West." The dangers of the frontier, the Indians, outlaws, burning deserts, and freezing mountains, created the legendary gunfighters, adventurers, and heroes that so many read about in the dime novels and penny dreadfuls. Men like Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickock, and Bill Pickett were forged in this harsh land, drawn westward by the lure of gold or the notion they would bring law and order to this wild, reckless land.

The Great Quake of '68

Now imagine the power of a mineral twice as valuable and a thousand times more useful than gold. That's what happened in 1868 when California fell into the sea.

An earthquake the likes of which he world has never seen before or since shattered the west coast from Mexicali to Oregon. In its wake was left the "Maze," a labyrinth of jagged mesas towering over the flooded sea-channels below. Magnificent new beasts such as the Maze dragon, were discovered in those troubled waters, but more amazing was the discovery of what some at first thought was simple coal. In fact, the sundered landscape had cracked open to reveal a new mineral heretofore undiscovered.

This new fundament burns a hundred times hotter and longer than coal. When burned, the strange stuff gives off a ghostly-white vapor and howls like the Devil Himself, so the first survivors of the quake who discovered it called it "ghost rock."

The name stuck.

The Power of Ghost Rock

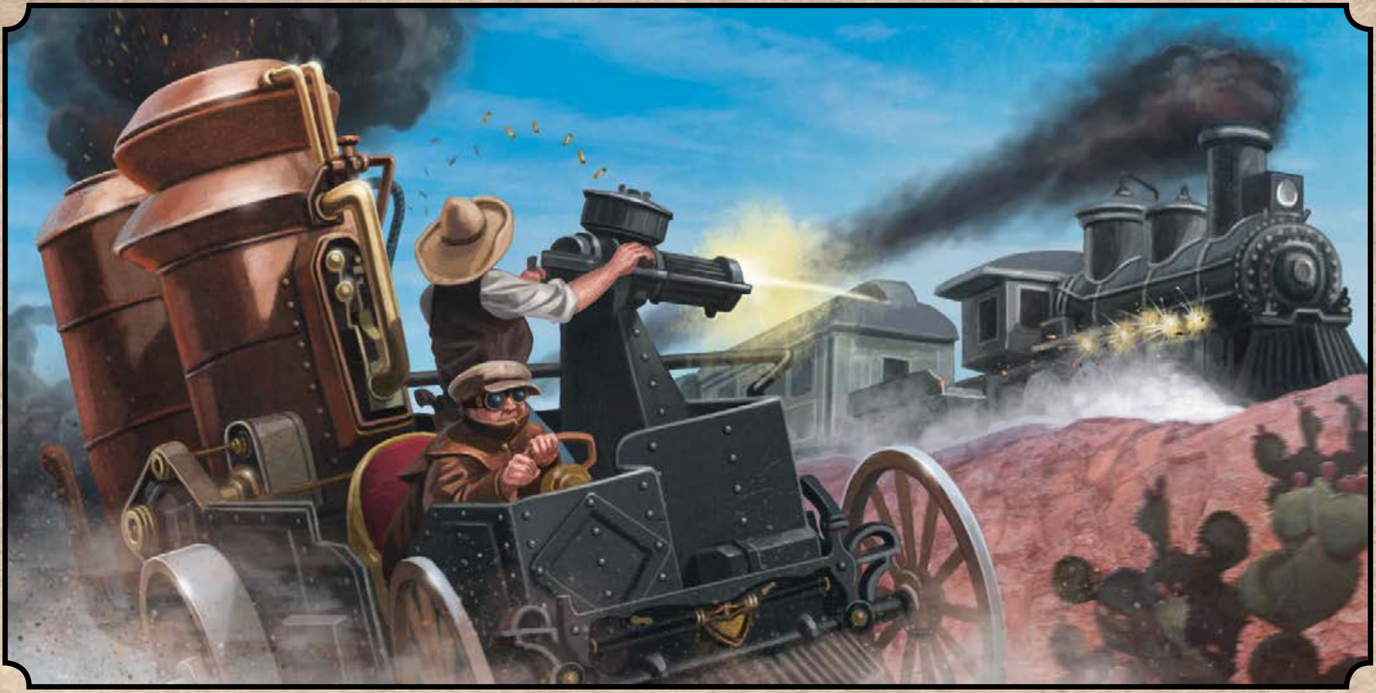
While you have no doubt seen inventions powered by steam and ghost rock wherever you're from, you must understand the impact this amazing mineral has had on California and the Maze.

Immediately after its discovery, a great number of hopeful inventors headed to the Maze. In months, they had perfected devices powered by steam and fueled by ghost rock. Reports of horseless carriages, ghost-rock powered ships, and even weapons capable of spewing a torrent of bullets or spewing great gouts of flame became common.

The Battle of Washington

Confederate President Jefferson Davis was the first to realize ghost rock's potential value to his war effort. Under his supervision, a number of incredible devices were developed in a secret base near Roswell, New Mexico (the base has since been destroyed by an unfortunate accident). These secret weapons were shipped Back East and used in the South's biggest offensive ever.

In February of 1871, General Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia attacked the Union lines around Washington D.C. The attack, backed by weird science, was devastatingly effective, so effective, in fact, that Lee's forces actually seized the Union's capital!



The struggle to build a transcontinental rail-line has often been punctuated by the sound of gunfire!

The Great Rail Wars

The Yankees eventually took their city back as the Rebels' devices began to malfunction or run out of ghost rock, but the message was clear—ghost rock powered weapons and devices were the way of the future.

Though ghost rock had since been found all over the country, the greatest concentrations were still in the Maze, and no single rail line yet connected them to the battlefields of the East. Once back in the White House, President Grant offered the exclusive government contract for ghost rock to the first company to build a transcontinental rail line. The Confederates followed suit the next day.

While a host of railroads answered the government's call, the competition soon boiled down to just six. These six companies began a bloody war that has sometimes rivaled the one raging between the North and South themselves.

I will return to the subject of the Rail Wars and the bloodthirsty participants who race to the coast later. For now, allow me to continue with the incredible impact ghost rock had on our nation.

A Nation Sundered

As many of you know, the American Civil War began in 1861. The textbooks carried by most schoolmarms claim our nation was split in two, but that's not exactly true. In fact, what used to be the United States of America is now six separate nations. Had it not been for the war, there is little doubt there would be no Sioux Nation, no Coyote Confederation, no Republic of Deseret, and certainly no City of Lost Angels.

The United States of America

President Ulysses S. Grant has ruled the north since 1872. Many thought he would lose last year's election, if he even ran. President Grant seems more suited to commanding the military on the battlefield than from the White House.

Grant's administration claims ownership of the entire country and refuses to acknowledge the existence of any other nations. The truth however, is that Washington has no authority, no control, and little or no presence in the other nations I will describe presently.

President Grant

Many thought Grant would lose the election after his troubled term—if he even ran for reelection. But last year's "November Offensives" (so-called because each side stages a major military campaign prior to any election to win the incumbent votes) convinced the Yankees that the challenger, pro-peace candidate Samuel Tilden, would cave in to the Rebels. When a British column took Detroit, Michigan by force, seemingly in coordination with Confederate plans, the public was convinced "Unconditional Surrender" Grant was their man.

Grant responded with his own campaign, bombing Richmond, Virginia with amazing air carriages. Simultaneously, his old friend General Sherman marched the Army of the Ohio through Kentucky, burning everything in his path as he had done in Georgia over a decade ago.

But when the smoke of fall finally cleared, the Confederates had managed to defend themselves and not an inch of ground was gained.

Now the president broods in his capital, watching his beloved nation fall apart around him. But though scattered, his military remains strong, and the fight isn't over yet.

The Agency

One of President Grant's most effective forces is the Agency, a shadowy organization formed in 1877. The US had formerly relied upon the Pinkerton Detective Agency for its intelligence gathering, but it gradually became clear a private company could not carry out all the actions a wartime government must perform.

The men and women of the Agency now infiltrate, attack, and sabotage all perceived enemies of the state. Though I said we would stay away from the most controversial topics in this guide, I must also tell you that the Agency's other function is to investigate bizarre and supernatural events. Just like the Texas Rangers, which I'll discuss shortly, the Agents do not like people talking about these mysterious events. They have used bribes, blackmail, and even personal threats to keep these stories from appearing in the press. Should you find yourself involved with the paranormal, the Agency is often well-equipped to deal with it, but do not be surprised if the price of their assistance is your silence.

The Confederate States of America

Our young and hot-blooded nation was born in blood and seems forever cursed to remain that way. Though the Civil War has had many lulls with no major battles, there has never been a day in this country's history in which it wasn't "at war." I am afraid it is a curse we shall not soon lift, for Mexico seems ready to pounce upon us once again.

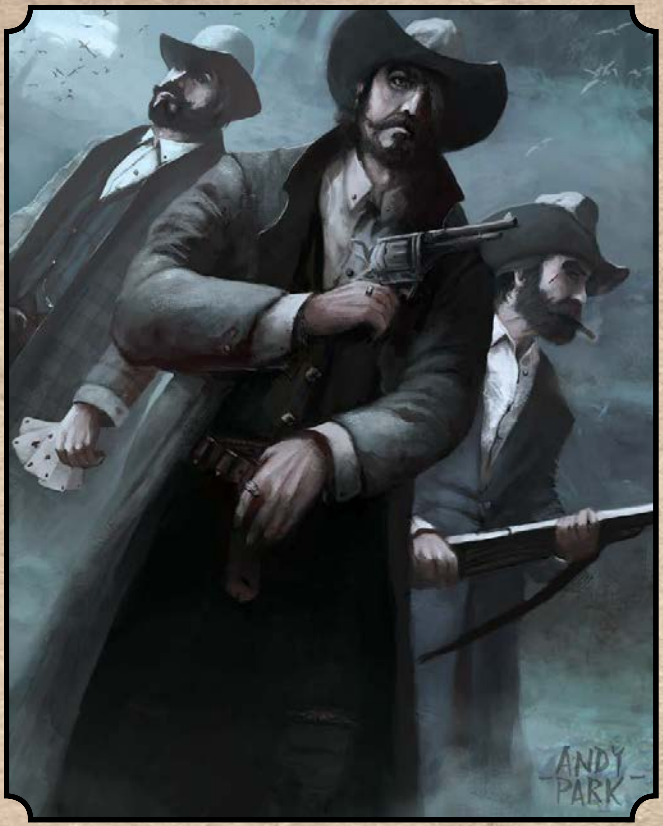
President Davis

The leader of our violent land is President Jefferson Davis. He has ruled our nation unchallenged since the war began. He was reelected in the '67 campaign (after the mysterious death of his opponent, Senator Robert M.T. Hunter died mysteriously mere days before the election), but ruled by martial law until free elections were restored last year. His administration faltered more than once, and the devastated economy and inability to make the North recognize Southern independence made him the underdog.

The Whig party nominated the beloved Robert E. Lee to challenge Davis. The election in the Confederate States made the old general the winner, but highly suspect votes from the territories swung the race in favor of Davis.

Our leader has had one recent bit of true success. During last fall's campaign, he seems to have convinced the British to finally enter the war in force. A column of troops marched on Detroit from Canada and took it in a day. The rumor is our European allies are preparing an even larger forth up North and may invade after winter. They would not likely attempt to "conquer" the Union, but would instead use their incredible military to force peace and recognition of the Confederacy.

Unfortunately, recent news has come to me that the US has increased its diplomatic ties with France (which currently control Mexico, as well). It could well be that Grant hopes to counter the British invasion with a Franco-Mexican invasion of the South.



Texas Rangers: Southern sentinels or enemies of the Truth?

The Texas Rangers

The Texas Rangers were first used as spies and scouts in the Mexican War of '46-'48. Afterwards, they protected Texas against Mexican invasions, then later became the law throughout this wild young state.

Early in the War, several detachments of Texas cavalry were dispatched East. They fought in many of the most important battles, including Gettysburg. It was there that the Rangers first began their new careers as monster hunters.

That's right, dear reader. This is not a typo. There are things out there you do not yet understand. The Texas Rangers hunt down these evils and destroy them. That is why they have jurisdiction throughout the South these days. Just like their counterparts in the Agency, the Rangers do not like news of the supernatural to get out. They feel it terrifies the public and somehow makes the forces of darkness that much stronger. As a journalist, I believe the bright light of truth can only illuminate and strengthen. The Rangers do not agree, however, and use whatever means are necessary to keep their activities from the public.

The Sioux Nations

Perhaps the people who have benefitted most from the Civil War are the Sioux. Since the Union Army's attention has remained focused south, they have had little manpower to patrol and control their red neighbors in Dakota Territory.

Sitting Bull & Custer

The leader, or "hunkpapa wicasa" of the Sioux is Sitting Bull, a wily old Indian chief who is far more belligerent than the rest of the wicasas (a council of elder chiefs, medicine men, and revered warriors).

It was Sitting Bull who was responsible for defeating General George Armstrong Custer recently at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Since then, the Union has given the Sioux a little more respect

Unfortunately, the headstrong Custer, who single-handedly survived his "last stand," has not forgiven the Sioux for his humiliating defeat. He has pieced together a mercenary army and is threatening to invade when his band of claim jumpers, troublemakers, and freebooters is ready. Custer is acting without authority from Washington, but the Sioux don't see it that way. Since he wears the rank of a US Army officer, to them, he *is* an officer.

Deadwood

Since ghost rock was discovered in the sacred Black Hills of the Sioux Nations, thousands of white prospectors violated the Indian's borders in search of riches. This caused so much trouble that the wicasas finally allowed the whites to mine the Black Hills, but only if they would not stray from there, paid a fee to the Nations, and lived only in the treaty city of Deadwood. Those who strayed outside these boundaries were considered trespassers and subject to Sioux law for that charge—which is inevitably death.

Unfortunately, Custer and the greedy miners of Deadwood constantly violate the treaty. It is only a matter of time before an incident sets of a war between the Sioux and any white man who sets foot in Dakota Territory.

The Old Ways

Outnumbered as they are, the isolated whites of the area have one important advantage—or so they think. The wicasas claim things changed a little over a decade ago, that evil spirits had returned to the world to punish them for adopting some of the "polluted white man's evils," such as fire water and guns. This philosophy eventually came to mean the "People" were not to use any sort of technological device. They were supposed to return to the "Old Ways," and the movement was born.

Many young braves feel this is foolish. Why should they attack Gatling guns and cannons with arrows and tomahawks. The wicasas have forbid this kind of talk, but this only gave rise to a secret rebellion calling itself the "Order of the Raven." The wicasas feel this poisons the People in the eyes of their gods, and so put to death any young brave found with the distinctive and hidden tattoo that marks them as a Ravenite.

The Coyote Confederation

Down south, in what used to be known as the "Indian Territory," a coalition of Cherokee, Comanche, Creek, Seminole, Kiowa, Chickasaw, and Choctaw Indians saw the success of the Sioux and formed their own nation. The Confederation's leader is a mysterious figure known only as "Coyote." I suspect that since this leader remains cowled in a red cloak even among his own people, the tribe's true leaders, Quanah Parker and Satanta, or one of their most trusted medicine men, act as Coyote. This would explain why Coyote has often been reported hundreds of miles apart on the same day.

In either case, "Coyote" seems wiser than the sometimes hot-headed leader of the Sioux, but he does not take as active a hand in the Confederation's affairs, leaving each tribe to its own devices. Because there is no single, strong leader, some of the braves carry on the age-old tradition of raiding white settlements, a habit that brings them into frequent conflict with settlers in the Disputed Lands.

Brothers in Arms

The Coyotes rarely raid into the Confederacy, and truth be told, rarely venture into towns in the Disputed Lands that are sympathetic to the Southern cause. This led many to believe the Confederation had a secret alliance with the Rebels. During the offensives of '76, this became very clear, and is now basically public knowledge.

Presumably, the Indians believe we Southerners are an oppressed people, just as they are, making us brothers-in-arms.

The Republic of Deseret

No doubt most of you know the story of the Mormons. They practice a different version of Christianity that didn't seem to sit well with their neighbors Back East. Eventually, things got so bad the "Latter Day Saints," as they call themselves, trekked west. Far west—to a desolate parcel of earth called Utah. There their new leader and prophet, Brigham Young, founded Salt Lake City in 1847.

President Brigham Young

Young was a clever man, and he orchestrated Utah's conversion to a territory rather quickly. The Mormons enjoyed isolation, anonymity, and even their own laws until the Gold Rush of '49. Though the Saints prospered financially as a waypoint for thousands of miners headed for California, the new "Gentiles" could not always live by their laws. Once again, the Mormons found themselves battling for their way of life, which included polygamy among other things—a practice the rest of the country couldn't tolerate.

The Saints muddled along until 1866. By that time, with no end insight for the Civil War and several unfortunate conflicts with non-Mormons (including the Union Army), Brigham Young declared that the Mormons would rule themselves until such time as the government had the time and resources to properly address the Saints concerns and complaints. The new nation is called "Deseret," and encompasses all of Utah.

The City of Gloom

Salt Lake City is often called the "City of Gloom." This is not some satirical comment on the Mormon's lives. The city is called such because of its incredible factories.

These factories build ghost-rock powered devices of steam and steel. The constant cloud of ghost-rock soot that hangs in the air and permeates certain sections of the city give it its less than cheerful moniker.

If you want more information on Deseret, see the *Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the City o' Gloom* for a more complete story.

The City of Lost Angels

Our last stop on this tour takes us back to the Maze.

After the Great Quake of '68, one band of survivors who made it to shore from the deadly Maze was led by the Reverend Ezekiah Grimme. He provided a large band of survivors with both food and water during their arduous escape, and eventually came to call his followers his "Lost Angels." The group founded a city where they came ashore and Grimme named it after his beloved flock—the City of Lost Angels.

Reverend Grimme

Since then, Reverend Grimme has become a bit more stern. He had the city's co-founders build its streets in a circular pattern with the "Church of Lost Angel's" cathedral at the center. He claims he was inspired by a divine dream that told him to create the "Celestial City" that way.

It wasn't long before the city became the center of the ghost rock trade between the isolated boomtowns of the maze and the rest of the world. Grimme maintained his leadership for one simple reason. Food is incredibly scarce in the city. The high desert on the landward side of Lost Angels is arid and poorly suited for crops, and the few herds someone has tried to raise there are ravaged by a variety of natural diseases. Starvation is a very real threat in the Maze. Or it would be if not for Reverend Grimme.

Every Sunday, following his sermon, those who attended may join the congregation in a great feast. Fruit, vegetables, and especially meat (which is scarce and expensive but Grimme never seems to have any trouble finding) are all free for the taking.

Even in a normal city, Grimme's free feasts would make him a popular man. In the Maze, where a loaf of bread sometimes costs as much as a man makes in a week, Grimme seems but one step lower than the Almighty Himself.

And that's just what Grimme seems to believe.

The Edict

Reverend Grimme believes a transcontinental railroad will bring only graft and corruption into his city. At least that's what he tells his congregation. Most believe he is merely afraid that the rail lines would make food more available and spoil the source of his power.

He preached against the coming of the railroads for years, but finally the iron horses must have come too close. In late 1877, Grimme took control of the city and declared it a sovereign state. I guess he figured if the Vatican could do it, so could he.

In his famous "Edict of '77," he proclaimed that only true believers in the Church of Lost Angels could live in the city (though thousands of hopefuls live in the "tent cities" outside). Those who do not recognize the Church's sovereignty are not only exiled, but considered enemies of the state as well.

Grimme's Crusade

Needless to say, no one liked seeing one man control the world's largest supply of ghost rock. The USA, CSA, Deseret, and a host of other nations condemned the move and called Grime a despot. Even the zealous Grimme knows he cannot defeat the entire world. To convince people the Church of Lost Angels is acting in everyone's best interests, he has sent small bands of missionaries out across the West to proselytize and recruit new followers.

Of course, the railroads he keeps from fulfilling their dreams do not take kindly to these believers, and their armed gangs attack them almost on sight. The Lost Angels have responded by arming their own faithful. This new war, between Grimme's missionaries and the railroads, threatens to eventually turn into a battle smaller but far more bloody and vicious than the Great Rail Wars.

The Great Rail Wars

Though the race in both the North and the South were open to everyone, only six companies have managed to survive until the present. With so much at stake, the competition proved fierce and violent. Just like the rail wars of the mid-60's, the railroads hired gangs to "protect" their rolling stock and rail crews. One might ask "protect from whom?" The answer, of course, is each other.

Grimme's edict brought the lines, but not the war, to a grinding halt. The camps of their railheads now lie empty in the plains and deserts of the West. The rail barons gambled everything on their race, and some of them now lose hundreds of thousands of dollars a day due to the lull. How this chapter of the Great Rail Wars will end is anyone's guess.

Here is a little information on each of the railroads that remain in the race and their so-called Rail Barons.

Bayou Vermillion

Owned by the mysterious "Baron Simone LaCroix," (a man, despite his first name), this New Orleans-based company runs due south through Texas and Arizona. It is here that the rail head stalled, both because of Grimme's Edict and the constant attack of Apaches, who take a particular hatred to his rail crews for some reason.

Black River

Owned by the beautiful and utterly ruthless Mina Devlin, Black River is headquartered in Memphis, Tennessee. Its line runs straight through heart of the Disputed Lands, with an especially notable station in Dodge City, Kansas.

Black River's Wichita Witches are the scourge of the other railroads!

Perhaps because Union Blue also has a right-of-way through Dodge, Mina is rumored to have seduced the line's president, Joshua Chamberlain. This reporter knows the "hero of Gettysburg" personally, however, and can vouch for his fidelity with his wife.

Denver-Pacific

The Denver-Pacific Railroad isn't really capable of building a trans-continental line, but its owners are in a perfect position to sell their tracks between Denver and Salt Lake City to another. This could provide another of the Rail Barons with a quick, but likely very expensive, jump to the coast should the City of Lost Angels somehow be reopened to outside trade.

The DP's owners are none other than Jacob Smith and Clifton Robards, of the famous Smith & Robard's catalog service. Their incredible devices are another factor in their favor, and have already helped them thwart violent takeovers of their rail lines.

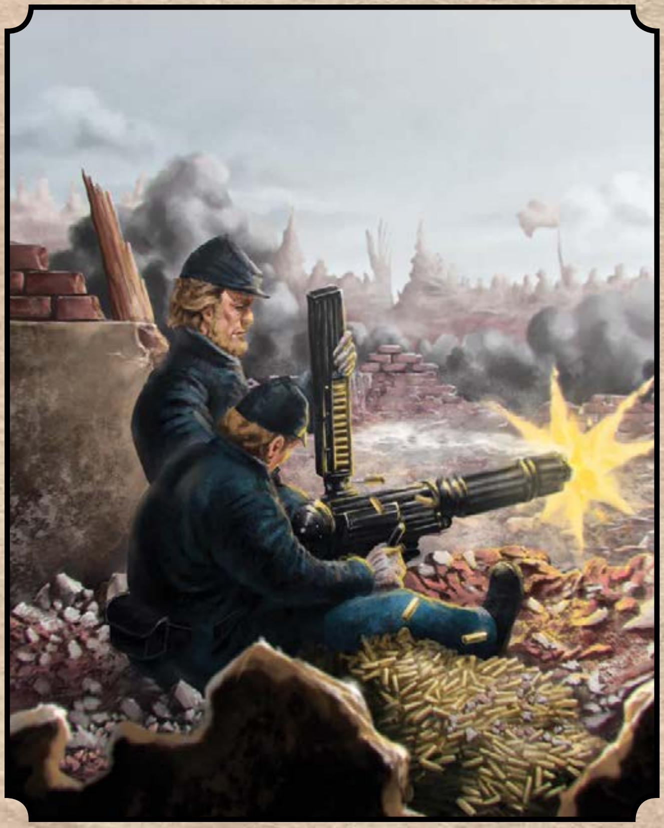
Dixie Rails

Though a private company, Dixie Rails is heavily funded by the Confederate government via its exclusive contracts to ship men and materiel from east to west. This provides the owner, Fitzhugh Lee, with a very important advantage. Perhaps an even greater advantage is the occasional leadership of his uncle, General Robert E. Lee.

Dixie Rails has often called upon Rebel troops stationed out West and even Texas Rangers in its constant fights against the other rail barons.

Iron Dragon

The most curious player in the Great Rail Wars is Iron Dragon, owned by a Chinese "warlord" of the maze named Kang. By all accounts, a pirate, opium lord, and thief, Kang has managed to enter the race and stay in it, most likely due to the respect he gives the thousands of Chinese workers who flock to his rail heads.



Union Blue forces sometimes use actual Union Army troops!

Most amazingly, Kang somehow convinced the Sioux to let him run his line smack through the Dakotas. This is a clear violation of the Old Ways movement and no one is quite sure how he did it. It gave him a great advantage, however, for all the good routes south of the Nations were already taken when Kang entered the race. Now Iron Dragon is one of the most prosperous players in the Rail Wars.

Union Blue

Perhaps the most noble of the Rail Barons is General Joshua Chamberlain. His spectacular performance at Gettysburg with 20th Maine won this former schoolteacher a spot on Grant's command staff, then later command of the Union Blue railroad. Like Dixie Rails in the South, Union Blue is a private company in name only. The Army of the West gives Chamberlain all of its business, and its solid protection of passengers and cargoes—the best record of the railroads by far—means it gets the lion's share of private business in the north as well.

Wastach

The Wasatch railroad is the property of the notorious Dr. Darius Hellstromme. His rail gangs dominated the early phases of the Rail Wars with his amazing "automatons," clockwork men made of thick metal and wielding Gatling guns. They and other such devices prove that Hellstromme is the world's leading "mad scientist." But though his genius is without equal, he is also a ruthless man who uses violence and terror to secure right-of-ways when bribes and extortion fail.

Hellstromme's most significant obstacle is the Denver-Pacific. Smith & Robards are the professor's arch-enemies, and will not likely sell him their line at any price. Unfortunately for Hellstromme, the Wasatch line was planned to run through his home town—Salt Lake City—but the DP lines have secured most of the passes through the Rockies.

There has been talk that Hellstromme has another way through the Rockies. An incredible digging machine vanished beneath the mountains some time ago and hasn't been seen since.

Go West, Young Man!

Now you're up on current events. But what you really need to survive the frontier is practical information. You have to know the best way to go west and how to pay for things once you get there.

Forget the latter, and you'll need to know how to avoid getting in trouble with the law. Forget *that,* and you'll need to know how to wire home for Momma.

Getting Around

If you've decided to head on out into the Weird West regardless of the dangers, you'd best know how to get here. For that, you need to pick a method of locomotion.

Remember that the civilized world ends just west of the Mississippi. After that, you head into the Disputed Lands, the Sioux Nations, or the Coyote Confederation. Tread cautiously, and keep a six-shooter handy in case local disputes reach the monthly bloodletting stage while you're passing through.

Scared yet? Perhaps by the end of this guide. We don't need any more victims out here. But if your heart's still set on making the journey, you can get here by hoof or by rail.

Hoofing It

Whether you ride in your own saddle alongside your compadres or in a spiffy new Concord stagecoach, hoofing it across the West is basically a bad idea. The ride is long and uncomfortable, and you're very likely to be chased by angry Indians, road agents, or critters you don't believe in even when your bones are coming out their kiesters.

For long distances, stagecoaches are faster than riding alone. The drivers stick to well-known routes (often likely places for ambush, by the way), and they change horses about every 15 miles to keep up a steady pace. In fact, most reputable lines average about 100 miles a day.

Stagecoaches are more comfortable than riding your own animal. The coaches hang by leather straps to take away some of the bounce. Concords, by far the most popular model, fit nine in the passenger compartment and as many as can hold on up top. Six horses are typical, but stages used for shorter routes might only use four.

By Rail

Taking a locomotive west is, in my opinion, the only sane choice a traveler can make, and even this is fraught with dangers.

Bandits are common along the train routes. Most are two-bit thugs who are easily handled by the train's guards. A few are a little more devious. The Wichita Witches, for example, have even been known to dynamite trestles, sending entire trainloads of honest folks to their dooms just for a safe full of gold.

All the big companies keep armed guards on board these days to deal with trouble. Trains carrying payroll or gold shipments usually have a contingent of soldiers, Pinkertons, or hired gunmen. Passenger trains are more likely to have "troubleshooters" dressed in ordinary clothes on board.

But bandits aren't your greatest threat when you ride the rails west. That dubious distinction belongs to the companies themselves. Regardless of which rail company you choose to carry you west, remember you're going to be riding right into the middle of the Great Rail Wars.

You need to be able to budget how far you can get in a day to properly plan a trip. Here are some rough figures for you.

Travel Times

Method	Average Miles/Day
Horse	40
Stage	70
Rail	250

The above numbers are based on traveling about eight hours a day. A stage makes better time than a horse, by the way, because its animals are changed every 15 miles. If a lone rider somehow has the luxury of changing horses often (like a Pony Express rider), he can average about 80 miles a day.

Dinero

Now on to more pleasant topics. Let's talk about money. Most merchants out West don't like paper money. They aren't sure whether the North or South will win the war, so they're understandably nervous about getting stuck with a wad of useless currency. If a shop-owner does take paper, he'll probably charge you an "exchange tax" of 10–20%.

Metal is always a safe bet. I'd advise you to convert your Union greenbacks or Confederate scrip to metal coins before heading out West. Here's a list of coins in case you need a reminder or you're foreign to our country.

Money

Coin	Value
Gold Eagle	$10
Half Eagle	$5
Quarter Eagle	$2.50
Silver Dollar	$1
Half Dollar	50¢
Dime	10¢
Half Dime	5¢
Copper Cent	1¢

Other Currency

There are a couple other types of "money" floating around the Weird Western economy.

Most Indian tribes prefer barter, but some accept coins or paper at about a quarter its printed value. Indians of the Coyote Confederation honor Confederate scrip at half its value.

Deseret also mints its own money, called "bank notes." Long ago, there were some problems with so-called "Mormon money" and a lot of people lost their shirts (and pants and shoes). The problem seems to have been resolved since Deseret was formed, however.

Grimme hasn't done anything about money yet. Merchants in Lost Angels continue to take paper or coins just like everyone else. Out in the maze itself, ghost rock is a popular form of currency, a practice started in a little place called Gomorra.

Communication

There are basically two ways one communicates out West—via telegraph, US mail, or Pony Express.

Telegraph

The telegraph is an amazing invention. As a reporter for the *Epitaph,* I could hardly survive without it. Who'd have ever guessed the miracles of modern technology would allow a man to write an article in Denver and have a decent chance of it reaching Tombstone the same day?

The only trouble, of course, is actually receiving the darn things. Telegraph offices in both the North and South are forbidden by law to transmit messages over the border. You can still get it done by wiring someone in the Disputed Lands, but these "black market" telegraphers charge triple the normal cost.

When you do send a telegram, ask for a confirmation from the other end. Messages are frequently garbled, misinterpreted, or just plain wrong—often with disastrous consequences. I have my own pet theory as to why—gremlins—but I promised my editor not to scare off all you greenhorns in this particular guide.

The US Mail

Neither rain, nor sleet, nor gloom of night keep the mailmen from their appointed rounds. It's usually the highwaymen, or more specifically, their bullets that keep the mail from going through. Mail robbery is on the rise. You may only send a letter to Aunt Minnie, but the bandits who sort through the mail bag don't tend to return the mail once they've pulled out any currency.

The Pony Express

Much more reliable than the US Mail is the Pony Express. Its riders—all orphans or single men and women—are paid better and seem more suited to fighting off highwaymen.

It's more expensive, of course, but valuable documents and bank notes should not be sent any other way.

The Military

Let's take a quick look at the regular army units you're likely to run into out here. Most of the units out here are cavalry forces, though there are a few infantry regiments stationed at key points along the borders. Both the North and the South use the same organization and ranks, as shown on the chart below. I've listed the order of things all the way up to the Commander-in-Chief, though you'll rarely find more than a brigade out West.

Military Ranks

Private

Non-Commissioned Officers (NCOs):

Corporal
Sergeant
1st Sergeant
Ordnance-Sergeant
Quartermaster-Sergeant
Sergeant Major

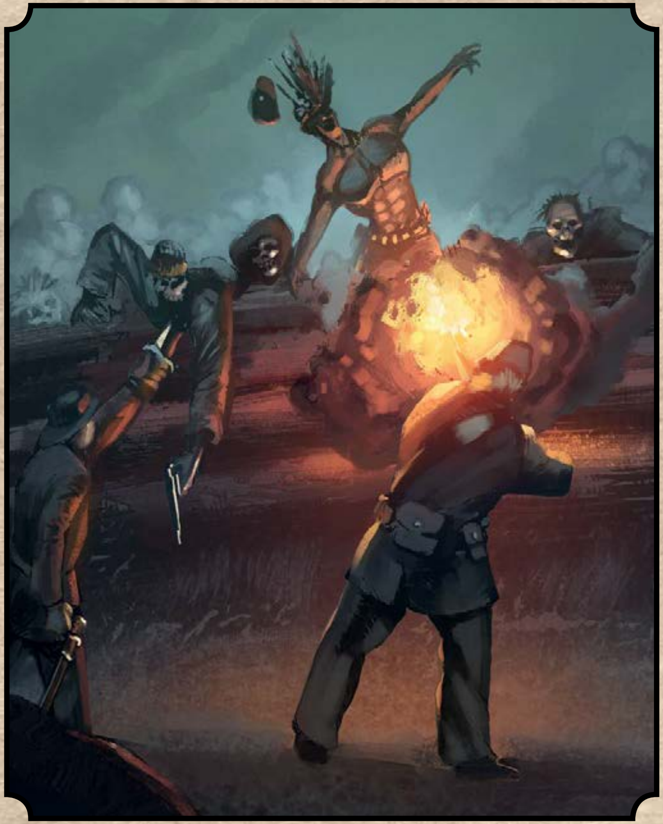
Commissioned Officers:

2nd Lieutenant
1st Lieutenant
Captain, Major
Lieutenant Colonel
Colonel
Brigadier General
Major General
Lieutenant General
General
Commander-in-Chief

Confederate and Yankee ranks and organization are virtually identical.

The basic rank is Private: your ordinary, ground-pounding grunts. 95 privates (plus NCOs and officers) made a Company (though very rarely does any Company achieve full strength), under command of a Captain.

Ten Companies (designated A-J, usually) make a Regiment, usually under the command of a Lt. Colonel. Regiments on both sides are designated by a number and and their state of origin, for example: 18th Virginia Infantry Regiment.



Military forces sometimes end up facing more than just gunfire!

Three or four Regiments make up a Brigade, usually under the command of a Brigadier General. Union brigades are designated by number within their Division (1st, 2nd, etc.); Confederate, by their commander's surname (Garnett's Brigade, for instance).

Three or four Brigades make up a Division, usually under the command of a Major General. Union Divisions are designated by number within their Corps (1st, 2nd, etc.); Confederate, by their commander's surname (Pickett's Division, for example).

Three or four Divisions make up a Corps , usually under the command of a Lieutenant General. Union Corps are designated by number within their Army (1st, 2nd, etc.); Confederate, by their commander's surname.

Three or four Corps made up an Army, usually under the command of a full General. Union Armies are named after major rivers in their area of operation (the Army of the Potomac); Confederates, after the state they were based in (the Army of Northern Virginia).

The Law

Hopefully most of you readers out there should have little reason to come into day-to-day contact with the lawmen out West. We like to think of our readership as fine, law-abiding folks.

There are three tiers of the law in the West. Know them and respect these brave men and women. They're the only thing that keeps the lawless frontier from becoming even worse.

Town Marshal

At the lowest level is a "town marshal." Most large towns have such a person, as do a few smaller ones with delusions of grandeur or lots of local problems. They are usually elected by the people, though many towns allow the mayor or a town council to appoint them as well.

Town marshals and their deputies have jurisdiction within town limits, though most county courts uphold their right to chase fleeing criminals short distances beyond the usual boundaries.

The problem is most local troublemakers know just how little authority a town marshal has outside his jurisdiction. They commit a crime in town and then head for the hills where he has no official reach. Most town marshals ignore this technicality if they are in "hot pursuit," however.

Sheriff

A step above the town marshal is a county sheriff and any deputies he's appointed. These men and women have authority over everyone who lives within the county.

I would like to tell you that most county officers work in conjunction with the town marshals within their jurisdiction, but the opposite is all too frequently the truth. Lawmen, by their very nature, are a tough and independent breed, so they often butt heads when jurisdictions collide.

Sheriffs are always elected by the people. Famous gunmen often hold such an office just to justify any killing they might have to do in and around town. Sheriffs must still prove self-defense after a fatal shooting, however, so abusive lawmen are eventually dismissed by the state or territorial government. Assuming there is no graft or corruption involved, which is unfortunately the case in too many counties.

US Marshals & Texas Rangers

Now things get a little trickier depending on which side of the border you happen to be on.

In Union states and territories, US Marshals have ultimate authority over the law. They can hire Deputy US Marshals, authorize posses, cross state and territorial lines, and even call on county sheriffs and town marshals if need be.

US Marshals are usually based in the largest cities of the state or territory they happen to be stationed in, although some work out of a few district offices scattered in important areas elsewhere. When they leave their offices, it's usually because they've been called on by a smaller town or they're on the trail of some vicious desperado.

Though they can call on these resources, most US Marshals work alone. Don't ask me why; I'm just a journalist. If I was chasing down the most violent desperadoes in the country, I'd surround myself with an army of deputies.

I imagine most US Marshals just aren't the trusting sort. They need to move quietly in the wilderness and slip into towns without alerting their quarry. Inexperienced deputies with loud feet and loose lips probably cause them more harm than good, and in a US Marshal's occupation, that kind of harm often adds up to an unmarked grave in Boot Hill.

The Confederacy relies on the military or territorial rangers to do its interstate policing in the West. Regiments scattered throughout Rebel states and territories always have jurisdiction over local town marshals and county sheriffs.

Then there are the South's elite, the Texas Rangers. These surly fellows fought as regulars in the early years of the war, but they were later detached from the regular military to serve the Confederacy as mounted police officers. They continue to fulfill that function today throughout the South (in the east and west). They also track down any strange creatures reported in their domain and shoot them dead.

There's an old saying that goes, "one riot, one Ranger." This is true when they're dealing with outlaws or lynch mobs. When they're chasing something less natural, the wily Rangers travel in packs, much like wolves but twice as mean.

The "Fourth" Level

There is a secret fourth level of the law in both the North and South that operates under its own authority and agenda. I have already told you of the Agency and the Rangers. I have also mentioned that both believe spreading the strange tales one finds in the pages of the *Tombstone Epitaph* or that circulate along the frontier only serves to make things worse.

Should you witness a strange occurrence, be careful where you repeat your tale. Both groups care nothing for civil rights, and they even have authority over any town marshals, sheriffs, US Marshals, and even judges and local politicians. They will do as they please in the interests of "national security," including incarceration of innocents, blackmail, and perhaps even murder.

Rather than repeating your tales to a possibly under-appreciative audience, it's far better to contact a your dedicated reporters of the *Tombstone Epitaph* than to risk the wrath of the Agents or Rangers. Let us shoulder the burden for you. We reach a wider audience, and if you defeat whatever evil besets you, we can spread the tales of your daring deeds throughout the nation. And of course we'll sell a few papers in the process.

Judges and Courts

Judges work the same in western states as they do Back East. Every county has its own judge, and the state usually has some sort of "superior" court for appeals or matters of state jurisdiction.

In the territories, the men who interpret—or invent, some would say—the law of the West are the circuit judges. They're called "circuit" judges because they make a circuit throughout the scattered towns of a territory.

There just aren't enough judges—or people—to maintain permanent courts. This means you might wait anywhere from 2 to 10 weeks for your "fair and speedy" trial. And if the judge gets bushwhacked while he's making his rounds, you'll find yourself waiting until the state appoints a replacement.

Some judges are a little too quick to hang a man. In the West, these men and women are called "hanging judges." Most have more bark than bite, but there are some who'll hang you for swearing on a Sunday. I highly advise you to avoid trouble in these areas, regardless of whether or not you started it.

Common Jail Times & Fines

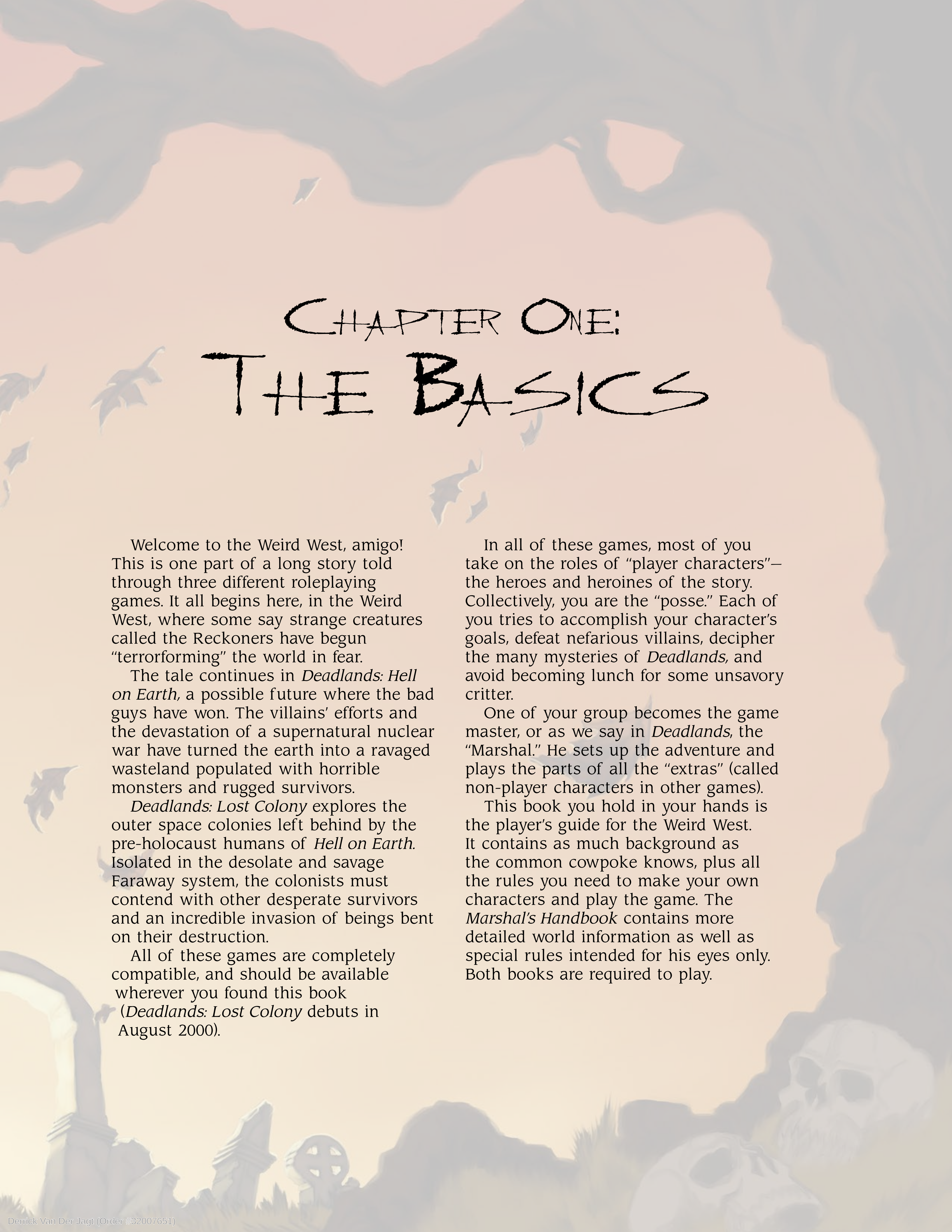
Offense	**Sentence**
Horse Thieving	Hanging
Rustling	Hanging
Murder	Hanging
Rape	Hanging
Attempted Murder	20 years or more
Bank Robbing	20 years or more
Train Robbing	20 years or more
Stealing money from a widow	20 years or more
Robbing someone of authority	5 years or more
Grand Larceny (stealing $300 or more in goods or currency, besides horses or beeves)	5 years or more
Stealing less than $300	1 week to 1 year
Drunk in public	Overnight, $10 fine
Disorderly	$10 fine
Carrying a weapon in a no-weapons zone	Confiscation, $10 fine

A Final Word

Well, there you have some of the basics of this big Weird West of ours. From the High Plains, to the shattered coast of the Great Maze, it's the most interesting place on God's Green Earth, of that I'm sure.

We here at the *Tombstone Epitaph* hope to see you out here on the wild frontier soon, my friends. In the meantime, we shall continue our publishing efforts, bringing you the one thing that shines out like a beacon in this dark world of fear—the TRUTH!

666



Chapter One:
The Basics

Welcome to the Weird West, amigo! This is one part of a long story told through three different roleplaying games. It all begins here, in the Weird West, where some say strange creatures called the Reckoners have begun "terrorforming" the world in fear.

The tale continues in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth,* a possible future where the bad guys have won. The villains' efforts and the devastation of a supernatural nuclear war have turned the earth into a ravaged wasteland populated with horrible monsters and rugged survivors.

Deadlands: Lost Colony explores the outer space colonies left behind by the pre-holocaust humans of *Hell on Earth.* Isolated in the desolate and savage Faraway system, the colonists must contend with other desperate survivors and an incredible invasion of beings bent on their destruction.

All of these games are completely compatible, and should be available wherever you found this book (*Deadlands: Lost Colony* debuts in August 2000).

In all of these games, most of you take on the roles of "player characters"—the heroes and heroines of the story. Collectively, you are the "posse." Each of you tries to accomplish your character's goals, defeat nefarious villains, decipher the many mysteries of *Deadlands,* and avoid becoming lunch for some unsavory critter.

One of your group becomes the game master, or as we say in *Deadlands*, the "Marshal." He sets up the adventure and plays the parts of all the "extras" (called non-player characters in other games).

This book you hold in your hands is the player's guide for the Weird West. It contains as much background as the common cowpoke knows, plus all the rules you need to make your own characters and play the game. The *Marshal's Handbook* contains more detailed world information as well as special rules intended for his eyes only. Both books are required to play.

The Marshal is your best friend and your worst enemy. He knows the secrets of *Deadlands*, and sometimes he might use them to put your character through Hell—or worse. Survive, and he can be your best friend, rewarding your character with wealth, fame, and power. Die, and well...we'll get to that later.

If this is all entirely new to you, think of a roleplaying game as something like a play or a movie. The characters you and your friends roleplay are the stars of the show. The Marshal is the director, and the extras he controls are all the other characters in the film.

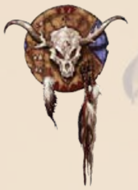
Of course, the main differences between a roleplaying game and a movie is that in a game there is no script, and the heroes don't always win. The posse and random chance (that's where the dice and cards come in) determine whether you can manage to come up with any sort of a happy ending or not.

With a little imagination and luck, your posse's adventures will become the newest legends of the Weird West.

And that's what it's all about, partner.

How to Use This Book

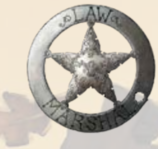
The first section of this book (which you probably already read) is an introduction to the world of *Deadlands: the Weird West*. Your character is assumed to know most everything we told you. The next section, this chapter and the next two, teaches you the basic rules of the game and shows you how to blow chunks out of creepy crawlers. Every player, including the Marshal, should read through this part



Chapter

Read through this book until you see a big page marked **No Man's Land.** This section features material that only certain players need (or should) know about. When you read about something covered in No Man's Land, the totem symbol points you to the chapter it's covered in. If you're a player, you shouldn't read any part of No Man's Land without your Marshal's permission.

When you see a badge, that means there's some secret tidbit or table hidden in **The Marshal's Handbook** that relates to whatever you're reading about. The number underneath tells the Marshal what page to look at in **his** section of the book!



Page

Tools o' the Trade

Besides some pencils, paper, and an overactive imagination, there are three things you need to play *Deadlands:* dice, cards, and poker chips.

Dice

Because *Deadlands* is a game, we need some way of randomizing certain actions such as determining whether or not your gunslinger hears the varmint creeping up behind him. We pull off this neat little trick with dice.

Deadlands uses 4-, 6-, 8-, 10-, 12- and sometimes 20-sided dice. These are abbreviated as d4, d6, d8, d10, d12 and d20. If there's a number in front of the type of die, such as 2d6, it means you should roll that many dice. If you see "5d8," for example, you should roll five eight-sided dice.

Sometimes there's a number added to or taken away from the roll, like "2d12+2." You always apply the modifier after you roll the dice.

D10's: A d10's a bit special. It's got a "0" in the 10s place, so if you roll a "0," be sure to read that as a "10."

If you need dice, you should be able to get them where you got this book or in any good game store.

Cards

Deadlands also uses a standard deck of playing cards with the Jokers left in (54 cards total). If your deck comes with identical Jokers, you need to come up with some way to distinguish between them. Official *Deadlands* card decks should be available wherever you purchased this book, but if you're using other cards, make sure you designate one Joker red and the other black. The easiest way to do this is to simply mark one of the Jokers with a red marker. That way, you can never forget which is which.

In combat, the cards are used as "Action Decks." You need one deck for the posse and one for the Marshal. We'll tell you how these work in Chapter Four.

Extra Decks: Certain special character types (like hucksters or mad scientists) need their own decks, so if you're playing one of these, make sure you've got an extra deck or two handy.

The decks used by hucksters and mad scientists are not Action Decks, by the way. They're kind of their own animal.

Chips

Deadlands uses standard poker chips to represent how a hero might control his own fate. The Marshal gets to use them for his extras as well. We'll get into how this works in Chapter Four.

All you need to know for now is that your group needs 50 white chips, 25 red chips, and 10 blue chips to play. Put all of these into a big cup or "Fate Pot" so you can draw them out of the pot without looking at them. Once you've set up the posse's Fate Pot, put unused chips away. Only under special circumstances do you ever add new chips to the pot.

Whenever you spend a chip (again, more later), toss it back into the Fate Pot.

No Chips: We know some of you can't find poker chips out there, especially you "ferners." If this is the case in your part o' the world, we recommend gaming stones or any other small tokens of different colors. It doesn't really matter. Poker chips capture the flavor of the game best, but any kind of tokens work just as well.

Optional Accessories

They're not strictly necessary, but miniatures representing the characters and the villains are very handy. Using miniatures and a good sketch map of any fights that take place gives your players a better idea of what's going on and encourages them to make use of their character's surroundings.

Pinnacle has a huge line of *Deadlands* miniatures available for just this purpose.

The Big Round Down

There's one universal rule in *Deadlands*. Whenever you're told to round something, round down.

That's all there is to it. Remember this, and you'll go far in the Weird West.

For instance, if you're told you do a wound for every 6 points of damage your character causes, a roll of 13 causes 2 wounds, not three.

Got it?

Good. That was easy.

Traits & Aptitudes

Characters, varmints, and other critters are mostly made up of Traits and Aptitudes. Traits are things like *Strength*, *Quickness* and *Smarts*. These are always written in *Capitalized Italics* and are expressed as a type of die. A really strong critter might have a d12 *Strength*, while an elderly schoolmarm probably has a d6 or even a d4.

Aptitudes are skills, talents, or trades learned during life (or sometimes unlife!) These are rated from 1 to 5 initially and tell you how many Trait dice to roll when using that Aptitude. Their names are always written in *lowercase italics*.

Deadlands uses fairly broad Aptitude descriptions, so you often need to choose a "concentration." The *fightin'* Aptitude by itself, for example, is useless. You need to choose a concentration such as *brawlin'*, *knives*, or *swords*. The same is true for an Aptitude like *science*—you need to specialize in *biology*, *chemistry*, or *engineering*.

Trait Levels

When you are asked to make a test of one of your character's basic Traits, you roll a number of that Trait's dice equal to its Trait Level, just like with Aptitudes.

Trait tests are usually called for when the Marshal wants to test your character's raw abilities, such as his *Strength* or *Smarts*. *Quickness* is another Trait that you'll use often, especially in combat.

For instance, Ronan Lynch, a legendary *Deadlands* gunslinger and the star of our nifty Dime Novels, has a *Deftness* of d10 with a Trait Level of 4, so he rolls 4d10 to make a *Deftness* test.

Mixing Aptitudes

Aptitudes are normally associated with a particular Trait (and that's how we list them on the character sheet). The big secret of our nifty system is that they don't have to be.

When the Marshal asks for an Aptitude test, such as a *climbin'* roll, just use the Trait that *climbin'* is listed under. But sometimes she might ask you for a *climbin'/Knowledge* roll. This means she wants to see how much your character knows about *climbin'*, not how well he can actually scale a sheer cliff.

Learnin' to Read the Bones

A character's Trait tells you what kind of dice to roll, and the Aptitude or Trait Level tells you how many dice to roll in any given check.

Your result is the highest number you get when you roll all your dice together—**don't add them.** If you roll 3d6 and get 2, 3, and 5, your result is a 5.

If there are any modifiers, they are applied after the dice are rolled. Negative modifiers are penalties of some sort, and positive modifiers are bonuses.

Aces

Trait and Aptitude rolls are open-ended. This means if you roll the maximum number on any of your dice, you can roll that die again and add the next roll to *that* die's current total. The maximum number on a die is called the "Ace." You can keep rolling the die and adding it to the running total as long as you keep getting Aces.

If you should get Aces on several of your individual dice, you need to keep track of each series of dice rolls separately. When you're done, the series that got the highest total is the number you should give to the Marshal.

Ronan has been hired to find out what happened to a bunch of Texas cowboys who disappeared on a trail drive. He's hot on their trail when his horse stumbles into a sandpit.

The Marshal asks for a *horse ridin'* roll. Ronan's skill is 2d8. He gets lucky and rolls two 8s—both Aces! He rolls both d8s again and gets a 7 and another 8. These dice are hot! Ronan rolls the last d8 again and gets a 3 for a grand total of (8+8+3=) 19. The former cavalry officer avoids the deadly pit with ease.

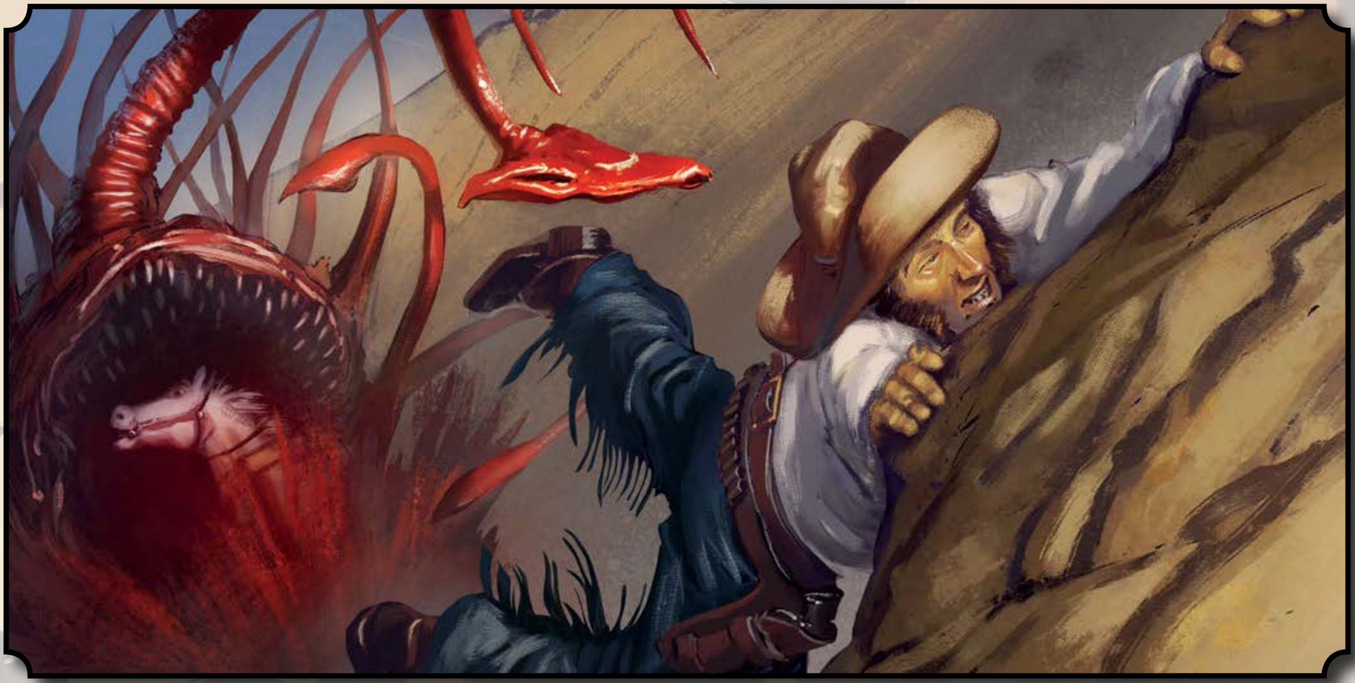
Difficulty & Target Numbers

Okay, you've got your result. How do you know exactly how well your hero's done? Just look on the standard Difficulty Table below.

The "difficulty" is a rough estimation of how hard a particular task might be for someone to actually accomplish. The "TN," or Target Number, is the number you need to meet or beat on your dice roll to succeed at that task. It's up to the Marshal to figure the difficulty of any given task.

Difficulty

Difficulty	Target Number
Foolproof	3
Fair	5
Onerous	7
Hard	9
Incredible	11



SUMMARY

- The Trait tells you what kind of dice to roll.
- The Aptitude or Trait level tells you how many of those dice to roll.
- The total is the highest die that you rolled, plus or minus any modifiers.
- An Ace lets you roll that die again and add it to the current total.

EASY CHECKS

Part of being a good Marshal is knowing when an Aptitude check is truly appropriate. Characters don't need to make Aptitude rolls for every little thing they do. Climbing down a ladder isn't all that hard (and shouldn't require a roll) unless something in the hayloft above is chasing your cowpoke down.

The very fact that a hero has an Aptitude at all denotes a certain amount of skill or knowledge. The Marshal will call for Aptitude checks whenever she wants, but remember, the standard difficulty numbers assume there is some level of stress or unknown difficulty involved in the task. It's hardly heroic to break your neck crossing the street.

UNSKILLED CHECKS

Sometimes you have to make an Aptitude check, when lo and behold, you discover you don't actually have the Aptitude. In these cases, you get to roll one die just as if your character had 1 level in that skill. The downside is that he has to subtract -4, the unskilled penalty, from his final result

Related Skills: If your character has a skill that is very similar to the one he doesn't have, he can roll that other skill instead, but he must still subtract the unskilled modifier of -4.

Concentrations within an Aptitude are usually related—such as *shootin': pistols, shotguns,* and *rifles*. *Search* and *trackin'* are good examples of Aptitudes that are usually related, as are *persuasion* and *bluff,* assuming a few little white lies are involved.

Other Aptitudes may be related depending on the situation. You and your Marshal have to figure out if an Aptitude might be used in place of another. Traits are never considered "related" to Aptitudes.

Note that concentrations of the professional and trade Aptitudes are almost never considered related (see the next chapter).

GOIN' BUST

Of course, there's a bad side to all this dice-rolling business. If the majority of your dice come up "1s", you've "gone bust." This means a setback of some sort has occurred.

The Marshal determines how bad the catastrophe is based on the situation (so be nice to him). Going bust while trying to eat in polite society might just mean all those beans on the trail finally caught up with your hero. If he goes bust while trying to snuff out a dynamite fuse, well, things might be even messier.

RAISING THE POT

Every time you beat your Target Number by 5 points, you get an extra success level. This is called a "raise." Raises are sometimes used to show your character has done exceedingly well at whatever it was she was trying to accomplish.

OPPOSED ROLLS

Occasionally, someone your character is bamboozling, wrestling, or staring down might have the audacity to try to resist. If this is the case, both characters roll against a Fair (5) difficulty. The character who beats the TN *and* his opponent wins.

Raises are always used in opposed rolls, though they are counted from the opponent's total.

This is a very important mechanic and you'll see it a lot, so pay attention. Opposed rolls are very common and characters often come into conflict with each other. Opposed rolls are used for things like wrestling, tests of wills, and simply trying to persuade some sodbuster to do what your character wants him to.

The table below shows you just how much a success or raise should accomplish. Keep in mind that the Marshal's still the boss, however. She may know something you don't that changes the reaction of a bad guy your hero just beat the snot out of with half-a-dozen raises. A villain who knows a train is about to plunge off a trestle, for instance, won't stop struggling to break your hombre's grip no matter how tight he's got him.

Raises

Result	**Effect**
Success	You barely achieved the desired effect. If this is an opposed roll, the opponent continues to resist normally and you both should roll again next round.
One Raise	You manage to accomplish your goal with a little room to spare. If this is an opposed roll, your opponent loses or surrenders, at least until he can find another way to recover his loss.
Two Raises	You make it look easy. If this is an opposed roll, your opponent surrenders and does not resist or attempt to recover without a major change in the situation.

The Deadlands Lexicon

Ace: The maximum number on any particular type of die, such as the "6" on a d6, or the "0" on a d10. Whenever you get an Ace, you can roll the die again and add it to the previous roll.

Aptitudes: Skills, talents, or trades a character has learned or developed. This includes skills like *persuasion, shootin',* and *sneak*.

Bust: You go bust when you roll more "1s" than anything else. This means your character failed catastrophically.

Concentrations: Specializations within a broader Aptitude category. Each major type of firearm (pistol, rifle, shotgun), for instance, is a concentration of the *shootin'* Aptitude.

Extras: These are the non-player characters who populate the world of *Deadlands*. Extras include everything from loyal sidekicks to dastardly villains and strange critters. The Marshal plays the roles of the extras.

Marshal: The game master, or the guy or gal responsible for setting up the adventure and guiding the posse through it.

Opposed Roll: A contest between two characters, such as a staredown (*overawe*) or wrestling match (*fightin': wraslin'*).

Posse: The player characters and any sidekicks, allies, or other extras who happen to be tagging along.

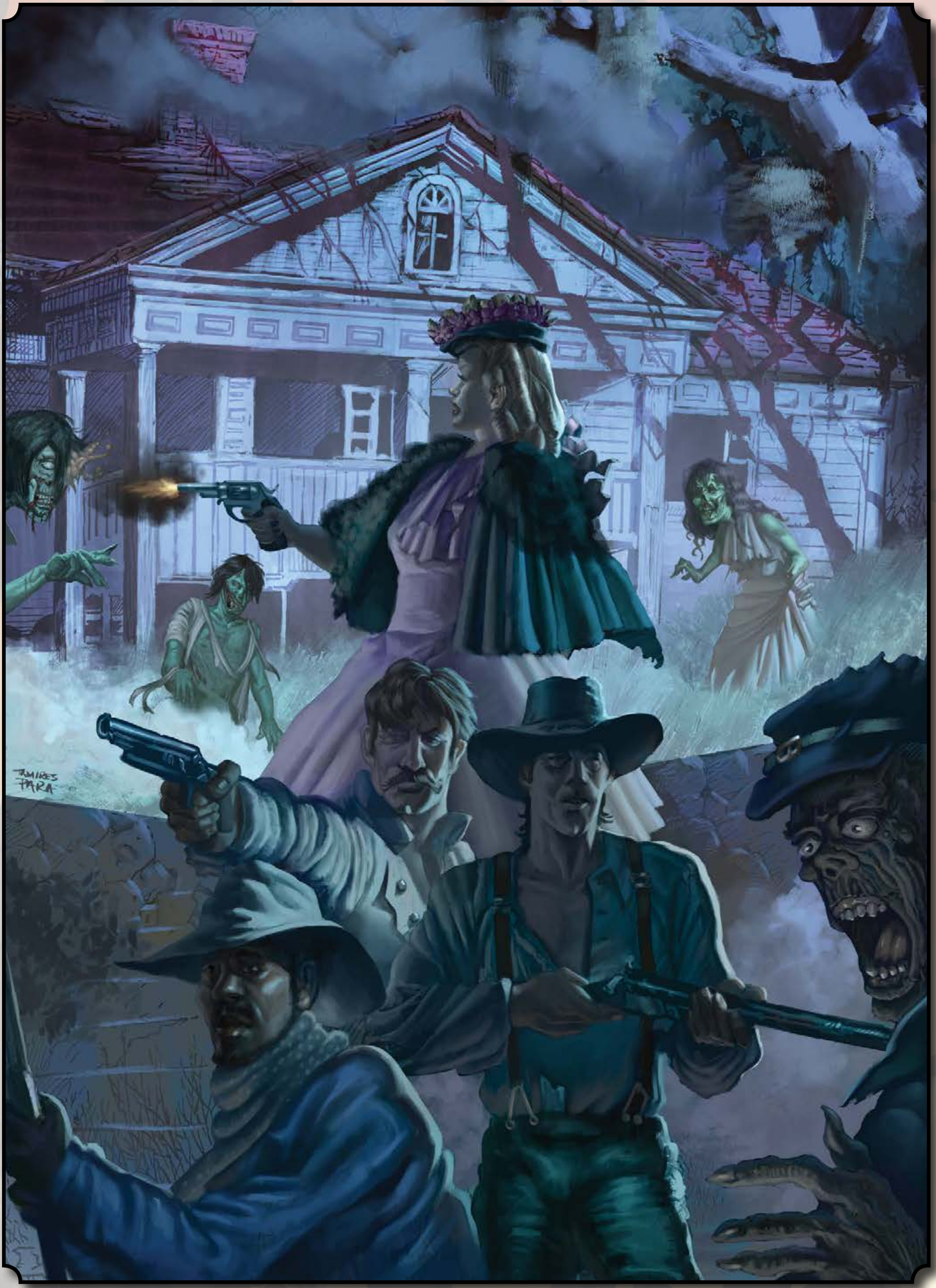
Raise: When you make a Trait or Aptitude check, every 5 points over the TN is an extra success level: a raise.

Successes: Sometimes we say this to mean a success and any raises.

Target Number (TN): The difficulty of a particular task. If your dice roll is greater than or equal to the Target Number, your character succeeds at whatever she was attempting.

Traits: Raw physical and mental attributes such as *Strength* or *Smarts*.

Trait Level: The number of Trait Dice you roll when making a pure Trait check, such as a *Strength* or *Quickness* roll.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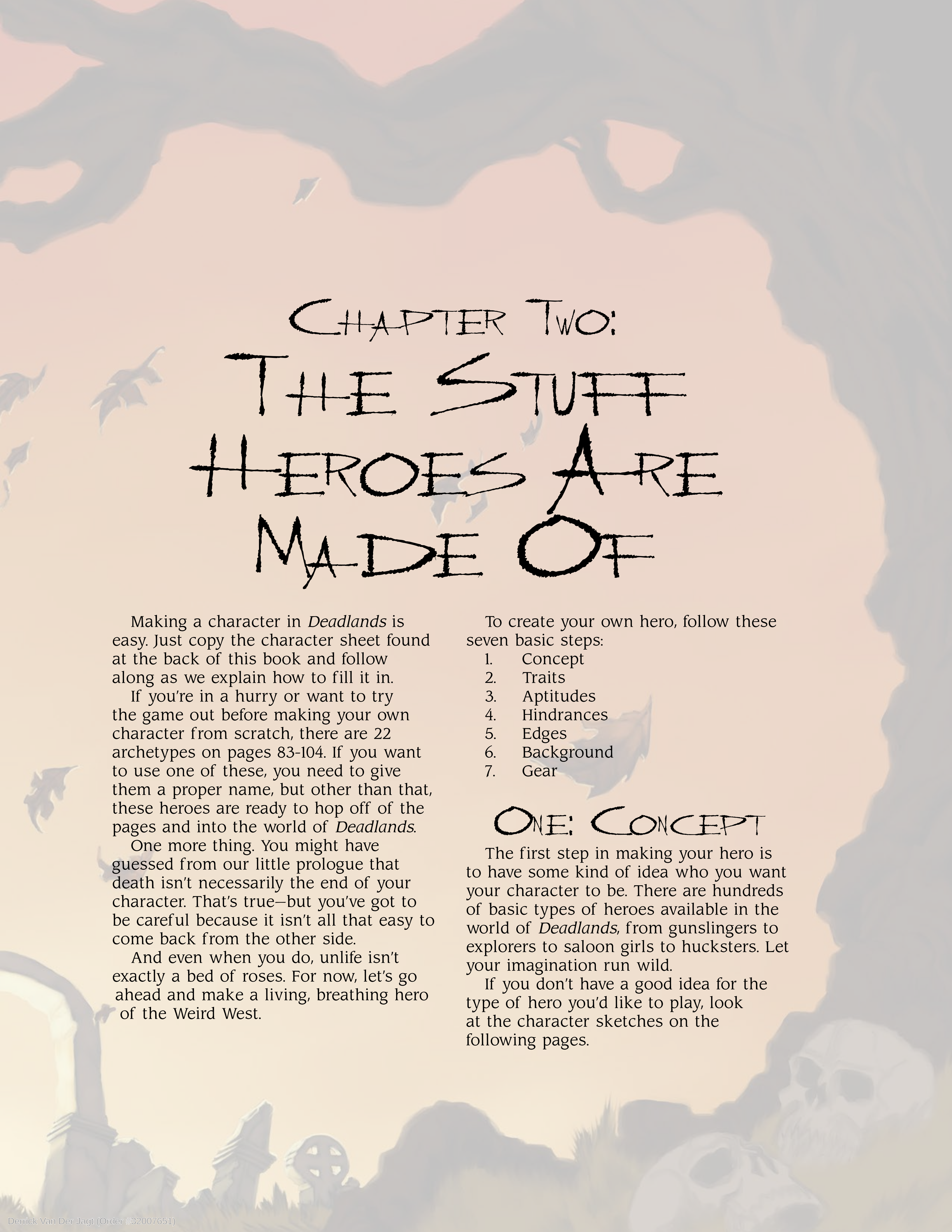

Chapter Two:

The Stuff Heroes Are Made Of

Making a character in *Deadlands* is easy. Just copy the character sheet found at the back of this book and follow along as we explain how to fill it in.

If you're in a hurry or want to try the game out before making your own character from scratch, there are 22 archetypes on pages 83-104. If you want to use one of these, you need to give them a proper name, but other than that, these heroes are ready to hop off of the pages and into the world of *Deadlands*.

One more thing. You might have guessed from our little prologue that death isn't necessarily the end of your character. That's true—but you've got to be careful because it isn't all that easy to come back from the other side.

And even when you do, unlife isn't exactly a bed of roses. For now, let's go ahead and make a living, breathing hero of the Weird West.

To create your own hero, follow these seven basic steps:

1. Concept
2. Traits
3. Aptitudes
4. Hindrances
5. Edges
6. Background
7. Gear

One: Concept

The first step in making your hero is to have some kind of idea who you want your character to be. There are hundreds of basic types of heroes available in the world of *Deadlands*, from gunslingers to explorers to saloon girls to hucksters. Let your imagination run wild.

If you don't have a good idea for the type of hero you'd like to play, look at the character sketches on the following pages.

You can even mix them together if you want. There's no reason you can't be a former cavalry officer turned marshal or a saloon girl who occasionally turns in her customers for bounty.

At the end of each character sketch you'll see listed a few Aptitudes, Traits, or Edges these character types usually have. These categories and terms are explained in their appropriate steps (later on in the book), so you can come back and check your character sketch's recommendations again once you've read through the rest of the creation process.

Finally, remember that these sketches are broad generalizations—you can alter a sketch to fit your own ideas any way you choose. Not all United States Marshals are brave and honorable, and there's no reason an Indian brave can't make his living as a gambler.

Character Sketches

Bounty Hunters chase down outlaws and turn them in for the reward. This is a dangerous job, so your character needs some decent combat skills like *shootin'* and *fightin'*. A good *trackin'* skill is almost mandatory. Watch out, though. The hunter sometimes becomes the hunted if the prey gets wind someone's on his trail.

Buffalo Hunters saw a strange development in their trade in the last few years. The Sioux Nations herded most of the larger buffalo herds into their borders. This means buffalo meat and hides—once fairly cheap because they were so common—are now bringing in good prices at the few surviving and very secret skinning camps. The Sioux have warned off buffalo hunters on several occasions, but now they shoot on sight. Buffalo hunters need to be sneaky sorts with few scruples and steady hands for firing their Sharp's Big Fifty rifles.

Cattle Kings spend most of their time on their ranches raising hundreds of head of steers. Once a year, they have to drive the herd to a market of some sort, usually a railhead or stockyard. If you play a cattle king, your character needs some *area knowledge* of the land and trail routes. He'll also need the *dinero* or *belongin's* Edge for his herd, unless he's recently lost it to rustlers or some kind of critter—natural or supernatural.

Cavalrymen serve both the USA and CSA. They act as scouts, Indian fighters, and occasionally raiders. Officers need skills such as *leadership* and *overawe,* a high *Mien* to keep their troops in line, and some skill with a saber or pistol. Soldiers need good *horse ridin'* skills, a high *Vigor* to survive long marches, and a decent aim with a rifle or carbine.

Cowpokes spend most of their days out in the open range, tending to steers owned by cattle kings. They need to have good *shootin': rifles* and *horse ridin'* skills, and knowing how to use a lariat can come in just as handy for roping monsters as it does cattle. Of course, long horns are rarely known to rip a fellow's head off after they're roped. A good *Vigor* also helps a cowpoke tough out those long weeks on drives through the open plains.

Deserters have left their posts for various reasons. Some leave out of cowardice, some because their officers were insane, and others because they've seen their fair share of death and misery and just can't be a party to it any more. Either way, deserters are branded cowards and traitors by the military branch they've left behind. In both the Union and Confederate armies, deserters are usually executed. Your character's skills should fit the branch of service he deserted from, and the *sneak* and *bluff* Aptitudes might also serve him well.

Explorers know there is no longer a true frontier, but many areas have yet to be fully explored. (Maybe there's a reason for that.) They need a good *Knowledge* Trait and several different *area knowledge* concentrations as well as a way to defend themselves when they're hundreds of miles from civilization. The *sense o' direction* Edge might also come in handy.

Greenhorns come West to see if all the wild stories they've heard Back East are true. As one of these pampered "dudes," your character wouldn't dream of touring the West in anything less than the comfort of 1st class. He has to figure out how he's going to make his way through any trouble. Most do it by fast-talking the "yokels."

Gunslingers are feared killers and revered desperadoes. Some are tinhorn dandies with fancy New York target pistols; others are Texas outlaws looking to escape some past misdeed. A few are noble souls struggling to protect the weak; others work for crooked rail barons, terrorizing towns and ranches that won't sell them the right-of-way. Regardless, these characters must have a high *Quickness*, a good *Deftness,* and be crack shots with a six-shooter.

Hucksters are mysterious souls who have learned the secrets of *Hoyle's Book of Games*. Some say that within this cryptic text are hidden messages detailing ancient incantations and rituals of the black arts. Others say they are fakes and frauds, but some say a huckster's hexes are just as deadly as a gunslinger's bullets—or worse. If you wish to play one of these Weird West wizards, the first thing you'll need to buy your hero is the *arcane background: huckster* Edge, as well as the *academia: occult* and *hexslingin'* Aptitudes.

Ask your Marshal to let you see Chapter six if you'd like to play a huckster.

Chapter 6

Indian Braves have won new respect in the West. The long Civil War between the States means neither the USA nor the CSA has been able to gather the manpower to subjugate the new Sioux Nations or the Coyote Confederation. Most braves are fiercely loyal to their

OTHER BOOKS

We've been doing this Weird West thing for a while now, and there are a few other books you might want to pick up once you've played a few times and decided you like what you see. Here's a quick list of the most important.

Fire & Brimstone: A guide for the blessed, with tons of new miracles and an entire new section on divine intervention.

Ghost Dancers: Lots more on the Indian movement and their incredible rituals. Also includes new rules for guardian spirits.

Hucksters & Hexes: Tons of new hexes and new types of spells called tricks.

Law Dogs: The gunfighter's handbook details some fancy gun-maneuvers, has tons of new firearms, and details some of the most famous gunslingers of the West.

Smith & Robards: This book is for the mad scientists in the group, with a passel o' new devices and things to go wrong with them!

The Fairer Sex

In the world of Deadlands, the Civil War has dragged on for more than 16 years—from 1860 to the present date of 1877. Manpower in both the North and the South is at an all-time low. This is good news for women because now many of them are able to fill roles they could only dream about before.

Women in *Deadlands* can play Marshals, gunslingers, gamblers, sheriffs, bank robbers, Indian medicine women and warriors, explorers, politicians (at local levels), and just about any other position you can imagine.

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tribes and spend their time providing for them or patrolling their borders.

Even so, a few lone braves now wander outside their homelands to learn the ways of the white man. Others use their knowledge of the spirit world to seek out and defeat the evils awakened by the Reckoning. Indian braves need high *sneak* and *guts* Aptitudes, as well as some way to handle themselves in combat with horrors beyond imagining.

Indian Shamans are often tragic figures. Their communion with strange spirits costs them dearly, isolating them from the rest of their tribe, and sometimes requiring painful ordeals and sacrifices. It is not an easy life.

Yet they know it is their duty to use their knowledge of the true nature of things to protect humanity and the earth itself from the ravages of the Reckoning. Shamans need high *Spirit* Traits to deal with the nature spirits that grant them favors, as well as the *ritual* Aptitude and the *arcane background: shaman* Edge. Tell your Marshal you want to play a shaman and he'll let you read Chapter 9.

Chapter 9

Mad Scientists are inventors and engineers who use ghost rock to create infernal devices of steam and steel. These often deranged individuals need high *Knowledge* and *Smarts* Traits as well as skill in one or more scientific fields and the *tinkerin'* and *mad science* Aptitudes. The *arcane background: mad scientist* Edge is also a must.

Ask your Marshal if you can read Chapter 7 if you think you might want to play one of these demented tinkerers.

Chapter 7

Marshals chase hardened criminals all over the West. Though they have the authority to assemble posses on occasion, they usually have to work alone. Marshals need a decent *trackin'* Aptitude as well as good combat skills. The *friends in high places* Edge should also help them keep track of fleeing bandits and outlaws.

Muckrakers are journalists who believe in reporting the truth above all else—no matter who it offends. Yellow journalism is their stock and trade. These fellows are curious beyond belief, and it amazes them that common folk can't see what's going on right before their very eyes. The only paper willing to publish their wild stories is the notorious *Tombstone Epitaph*. The "truth" often needs some embellishment to appeal to the skeptical masses. Muckrakers need the *professional: journalism* and *tale-tellin'* Aptitude to get their messages across. Many of them have extensive networks of *friends in high places* as well.

Photographers are rare and often in great demand in the Weird West. Traditional cameras of the day are too slow to capture action, but they can certainly record the aftermath of a gunfight or an encounter with a strange critter. Of course, most people think the latter pictures are staged phonies, but at least the *Tombstone Epitaph* usually buys the plates. Photographers can also make a few bucks off famous outlaws looking to get their portrait made as well. It's steady work, but occasionally dangerous. Your character needs the *professional: photography* Aptitude to operate her equipment.

Pirates are common in the Maze, a labyrinth of flooded sea canyons left in the aftermath of the Great Quake of '68. These daring rogues might prey on honest miners, or they might fight for their country against Union or Confederate patrols or their common enemy: the Mexican Armada. The *trade: seamanship* Aptitude is their bread and butter, and the time-honored cutlass is what they spread it with.

Preachers, whether they be pastors, reverends, rabbis, or leaders of any other flock, are often humanity's most powerful weapons against the Reckoning. They need the *arcane background: blessed* Edge as well as a good *Mien* to deliver sermons of Hellfire and brimstone. A high *Spirit* Trait helps them call upon the power of their religion. Preachers should also be well-versed in the *professional: theology* Aptitude.

See Chapter Eight should you choose to play one of these pious individuals.

Chapter 8

Prospectors know there's a fortune in gold, silver, and ghost rock out there—if they can just find it. These characters must be willing to endure many hardships to uncover the mother lode that will set them up for life. Then again, perhaps it's not gold they're digging for. Some prospectors claim to have heard about even more fantastic treasures out there—somewhere.

Either way, they need the *trade: minin'* Aptitude, as well as high *Strength* and *Vigor* Traits to help them dig for ghost rock or pan for gold for hours on end. Some form of the *shootin'* Aptitude might come in handy as well, to deal with potential claim jumpers

Saloon Gals know everyone—though their clients often claim they don't. Sometimes these hard-working gals stay in a single saloon. Other times they travel from town to town, leaving when the locals get tired of them. But though saloon girls might seem innocent enough, they can be found in the roughest boomtowns in the West, so most have learned to handle themselves.

As one of these ladies, your character needs a high *Mien* and *persuasion* to gather the locals' secrets. The *purty* Edge also helps.

Sheriffs have a tough job in the West. They are often the only thing that stands between a ruthless gang and the common citizens of the towns they've sworn to protect. Worse, their authority stops at the county limits, making it easy for outlaws to escape their limited grasp—unless, of course, the sheriff and his deputies are in hot pursuit.

As a sheriff, your character needs a high *Mien* and *overawe* Aptitude to make troublemakers back down before gunplay begins. He needs a good *shootin'* Aptitude for when all Hell breaks loose anyway.

Snake Oil Salesmen are sometimes called “hucksters,” but there’s a big difference between these fast-talking hawkers and their hexslinging counterparts. These fakes are known for their worthless elixirs of flavored water and extracts from dubious roots and herbs. But perhaps your character is different. He knows there are real “miracle cures” out there. If he can just find one, he can retire a wealthy man.

Your character needs high *persuasion* and *bluff* Aptitudes, and “*the voice*” Edge might also help sell his wares. But make sure your salesman can protect himself somehow, because sometimes the suckers catch on, and they don’t like being snookered.

Teamsters drive wagons, stagecoaches, and other beast-drawn vehicles. They act as couriers, messengers, and freight haulers, carrying valuable loads and passengers through hostile country. They often have to outrun warbands, robbers, and critters most folks don’t believe in. Most teamsters are well skilled in the aptly named *teamster* Aptitude and with some sort of shooting iron for “riding shotgun.”

Two: Traits

Now that you have a concept for your Weird Western hero, its time to start defining them in terms of some hard numbers. The first thing we want to determine are your hero’s basic mental and physical abilities.

In *Deadlands*, characters’ raw physical and mental abilities are defined by Traits. Each character has 10 basic Traits—five corporeal (physical) and five mental. These are rated on a scale from 4 to 12, with the average being a 6.

Trait Descriptions

Die Type	Description
4	Sorry
6	Average
8	Good
10	Amazing
12	Incredible

More than Human

Sometimes you’re going to run into people or creatures who are more than human. If your character is a huckster or a shaman, he might even have "supernatural" Traits himself on occasion.

After reaching a d12 in a Trait, the Trait's value rises in steps of 2. The next highest Trait after d12 is d12+2, then d12+4, and so on, until you end up running into some critters that could give nightmares to your nightmares.

CORPOREAL TRAITS

Lets talk about your hero's physical Traits first. Each of these Traits is described here, along with some of its related Aptitudes to help you understand the differences between them.

DEFTNESS

The *Deftness* trait defines your hero's hand-eye coordination and manual dexterity. No gunslinger should be without it—it's great for shooting holes in things.

Aptitudes associated with the *Deftness* Trait include such things as *throwin'*, *filchin'* and, of course, *shootin'*.

NIMBLENESS

Without a good *Nimbleness* Trait, your hero's going to be tripping over her own boots. It covers agility and overall physical prowess. That means it's real important to getting out of the way of things trying to do your hero in.

Aptitudes associated with *Nimbleness* are such skills as *climbin'*, *horse ridin'*, and *dodge*. Oh, and *fightin'*. We're pretty sure the Marshal's going to get you real familiar with that last one.

QUICKNESS

It's a brutal truth that there are two types of people in the Weird West: the quick and the dead. Of course, in *Deadlands*, that second option isn't always as final as it could be...

The *Quickness* trait defines your hero's reflexes and speed. It's not used very often for Aptitude checks, except for *quick draw*. It's very important because you'll be rolling it at the beginning of every combat round to determine how many actions your character gets. We'll tell you more about it in Chapter Four.

STRENGTH

Strength is a measure of a hero's raw muscle and brawn. When it's time to lift something heavy or punch someone out, *Strength* is your hero's best friend. It's not usually tied to particular Aptitudes, though the Marshal might call for certain skills to use the *Strength* Trait on occasion. For example, if two characters are wrestling for a gun, the Marshal might ask for *fightin'*: *brawlin' /Strength* checks.

Strength is also used to determine your damage when your character hits someone in hand-to-hand combat. You'll see how this works in Chapter Four.

VIGOR

Vigor encompasses a hero's endurance, constitution, and general fortitude. *Vigor* is another Trait that has no particular Aptitudes associated with it. The Marshal might use *Vigor* whenever your character's endurance could determine the success of a particular Aptitude test, however. For example, a long arduous climb up a steep cliff might call for a *Vigor/climbin'* check. Also, a long ride to get help for a wounded comrade might be a *horse ridin'/Vigor* roll.

MENTAL TRAITS

Now that you know a little about what your hero's body can do, let's talk about his mind. As with the corporeal Traits, we've described some of the Aptitudes linked to each.

COGNITION

If you're going to keep your hero's carcass out of the boneyard, they'd best be alert. A good *Cognition* is advisable. It covers perception and general alertness.

Aptitudes covered by *Cognition* are things like *search*, *scrutinize*, and the hunter's best friend, *trackin'*.

KNOWLEDGE

Few cowpokes wandering the High Plains are especially educated. Those who are have a high *Knowledge*. If your hero has garnered a lot of book-learning and experience, she'll have a high *Knowledge*.

Academia, *professional*, and *trade* Aptitudes are all *Knowledge*—based, as well as *languages* and the often important *medicine* skill.

MIEN

A hero's *Mien* describes his presence and influence, as well as charisma and how the character is regarded by others. A high *Mien* is important when a hero needs to impress a crowd, intimidate an enemy, or train a wild bronco.

Mien encompasses Aptitudes like *leadership*, *overawe*, and *tale tellin'*.

SMARTS

Gamblers and the like need to know how to think on their feet. A high *Smarts* is essential as it covers wits and deduction. This is also the ability used to figure things out or piece together clues.

Survival and *streetwise* are a few of the more important Aptitudes covered by *Smarts*, as well as the mad scientist's best friend, *tinkerin'*.

SPIRIT

The otherworldly pervades the lands and people of the Weird West, and a hero's *Spirit* tells you how strong their connection to it is. It's a hero's psyche and spiritual presence.

Only a very few Aptitudes are linked to the *Spirit* Trait, but they're important ones, like *faith* and *guts*.

LUCK O' THE DRAW

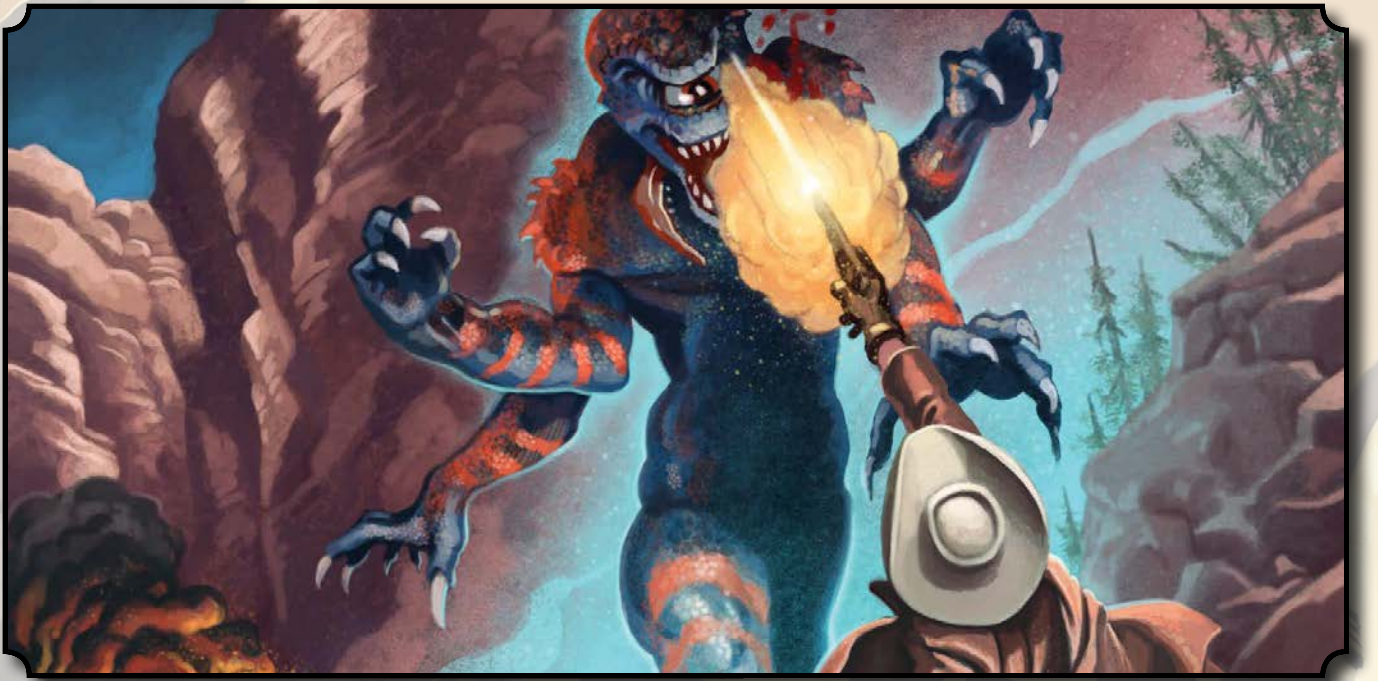
To generate your character's Traits, you need a standard *Deadlands* deck (all 54 cards). Now deal yourself 12 cards and throw away any two except deuces (2s) and Jokers—you're stuck with those.

The 10 cards you have left are then assigned to each of your character's ten Traits. The card you assign determines the type of die you get to roll when making rolls with that Trait.

Trait Levels: Traits are essentially die types. A character's Trait Level is how many of those dice you should roll when the Marshal calls for a Trait check.

The card you assign to each Trait determines these values, as shown on the chart on the following page.

Joker Values: Immediately after you draw a Joker (which has no suit of its own), draw another card and use its suit to determine the Joker's Trait Level.



Traits

Card	Trait
2	d4
3–8	d6
9–Jack	d8
Queen–King	d10
Ace	d12

Suit	Level
Clubs	1
Diamonds	2
Hearts	3
Spades	4

Say you draw a 9 of Spades. Checking the Traits Table shows you get a d8 for that trait. Since it's a spade, the Trait Level is 4. When using that Trait, you roll 4d8. Couldn't be simpler.

Jokers

Jokers count as d12s when making your character, but also means your character has a "mysterious past". Tell the Marshal when this happens so he can figure out some secret fortune or long-forgotten calamity once you've finished making your hero. Either way, it's sure to be a lot of fun.

And, yes, if you draw a Joker, you've got to use it. You get the mysterious past either way, so you might as well enjoy it. After all, whatever Trait you apply it to is as high as it can get during character creation.

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Secondary Traits

Now that your cowpoke has her basic Traits defined, we can derive a few others from them.

Grit

As your hero experiences the terrors of the Weird West, he's going to eventually get jaded to some of them. Characters with Grit can weather horrific sights and experiences better than those without it.

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Your hero isn't going to start with any Grit initially, but your Marshal may award it to you for defeating particularly nasty critters and villains. Just put a big ol' 0 in this spot for now. When you do get Grit, add each point to your hero's *guts* checks.

Pace

Your hero's Pace determines how far they can move in a combat round. You'll learn all about that in Chapter Four. For now, just write down your hero's *Nimbleness* die type here. A character with a *Nimbleness* of d10 would have a Pace of 10. This number might be modified by Edges or Hindrances you buy. If so, don't forget to change it.

Size

Your hero's Size is a measure of just how big she is. Unless she has a special Edge or Hindrance that modifies it, her Size is 6. When your character takes damage, each increment of her Size causes a wound. More on that in Chapter Four.

Wind

Wind represents the amount of shock, fatigue, or trauma your character can take before he's too beat to do anything else.

It's derived from your character's *Vigor* + *Spirit* die types. If your hombre has a d8 *Vigor* and a d10 *Spirit*, her Wind is 8+10=18.

Winded: When *Wind* is reduced to zero or less, the character is effectively out of the action. The Marshal might rarely allow your hero to crawl or conduct very simple actions depending on the circumstances, but in general, the poor cattle-puncher's tuckered out, able only to bleed freely or quietly whimper for momma.

THREE: APTITUDES

Aptitudes are skills, talents, or trades a character has learned during his life. For most people, these skills range from 1 to 5, as shown on the Aptitude Level Table below.

APTITUDE LEVEL

Level	Description
1	Beginner
2	Amateur
3	Apprentice
4	Professional
5	Expert

APTITUDE POINTS

The sum of your character's *Knowledge, Smarts,* and *Cognition* die types is the number of points you have to put into Aptitudes, to purchase skills with. If you've got a d8 *Knowledge*, d6 *Smarts*, and d12 *Cognition*, you have (8+6+12=) 26 points to spend on Aptitudes.

During character creation, each Aptitude level costs 1 point, so a 1-point skill costs 1 point, and a 4-point skill costs 4 points. You can't start the game with an Aptitude higher than 5, although you can raise your Aptitudes higher than that later if you really work at it.

Basic Aptitudes: Every character starts with a few basic skills. These are free and aren't taken out of your Aptitude points.

If you want to increase any of these skills beyond their initial levels, you may add 1 level for 1 point, 2 levels for 2 points, and so on, up to the normal limit of 5.

All heroes start with *climbin'* 1, *search* 1, *sneak* 1 and *area knowledge: home county* 2

THE APTITUDES

The next few pages list the standard Aptitudes available in *Deadlands*, listed with the Trait they are normally associated with.

Concentrations: "Concentrations" are listed in italics below some of these Aptitudes. If Concentrations are listed, then one must be chosen. *Shootin',* for instance, must be followed by a *pistol, rifle,* or *shotgun* Concentration.

Your character can learn additional concentrations of a skill for a flat 3 Bounty Points, regardless of how high the skill itself is.

This counts during character creation and once play begins. If your hombre already has *shootin': pistol* at level 5, he can pick up *shootin': shotgun* at level 5 for 3 Bounty Points.

New Aptitudes: Feel free to make up new Aptitudes or concentrations if none of the standard Aptitudes fit, and look for new ones in other *Deadlands* books. We've left space on the character sheet (see back of book) for these extra "specialty" skills.

ACADEMIA

Philosophy, History, Occult, Others

Associated Trait: Knowledge

Bookworms are rarely appreciated in the Weird West until their obscure knowledge about what might kill a critter that's already gobbled up half the posse comes in handy.

The *academia* skill provides a hero with information about his chosen subject. A character might also choose a field within a more narrow subject, such as *military history*. The Marshal should take this into account when asking for *academia* Aptitude checks and modify the difficulty level accordingly.

Academia concentrations are rarely related.

ANIMAL WRANGLIN'

Bronco Busting, Dog Training

Associated Trait: Mien

Life in the Weird West often depends on the obedience of a good horse. Similarly, in the North, a pack of sled dogs might help an explorer escape the wrath of some vicious abomination. In either case, this is the skill a character needs to teach an animal how to obey a human master.

Animal wranglin' skill checks are opposed rolls versus the animal's *Mien*. Teaching a horse or dog a new trick usually takes 4–5 days.

AREA KNOWLEDGE

Town, County, State, Region

Associated Trait: Knowledge

You'd better know where to run when the bogeyman comes calling.

Area knowledge is a measure of how much a character knows about a place. Every character in *Deadlands* has detailed knowledge of the town and county they spent most of their life in.

Characters who travel a lot, such as scouts and bounty hunters, might have knowledge of other locales as well. A character always knows the basics of an area he's traveled to or through before, but specific information requires the *area knowledge* skill.

You can concentrate in any size region, but the bigger the region, the less specific the information.

ARTILLERY

Cannons, Gatling Guns, Rockets

Associated Trait: Cognition

When you want to blow sizable holes in critters, you need to haul out the heavy artillery. Cannons and rockets pack the biggest wallop. Gatling guns can hose down hordes of varmints.

Sighting and placing any of these weapons in strategic locations is a matter of *Cognition*. For Gatling guns, a character uses the *shootin': automatics* concentration when firing the weapon.

ARTS

Painting, Sculpting, Sketching

Associated Trait: Cognition

Sketch artists who work for the army, pulp magazines, or the *Tombstone Epitaph* get some measure of respect in the Weird West. True "ar-teests" had best not take themselves too seriously, however, since frontier folk are generally too practical to appreciate these more artistic pursuits.

An artist should make an Aptitude check whenever he completes a work of art. This is the quality of the work, and it does not change unless the work itself is later altered in some way. The Marshal should determine the "value" of the piece based on the material it's made of and the artist's skill.

The *Tombstone Epitaph* generally pays $10 for sketches of "unusual" events. Photos are worth more to the papers, but "news" photos aren't considered art and so are covered under the *professional: photographer* Aptitude.

BLUFF

Associated Trait: Smarts

In poker, a good *bluff* can win a $1000 pot on a pair of deuces. Telling lies, spinning tall tales, or making someone look behind them so you can get in a cheap shot is all part of the game.

Bluffing is an opposed check versus an opponent's *scrutinize.* The more raises you get, the more the opponent falls for it.

Bow

Associated Trait: Deftness

Firing an arrow's a lot different than blasting away with a pistol. Braves need this skill to use 'em.

Climbin'

Associated Trait: Nimbleness

Not too many folks in the Weird West go out of their way to climb sheer rock faces. A few scoundrels have had to scamper down rose trellises on occasion, however. Either way, when it comes up, you're gonna be glad you've got it.

A fellow can climb at a Pace of 2 plus his *climbin'* level, up to a maximum of 5 yards per round.

Demolition

Associated Trait: Knowledge

Sometimes you just have to blow the snot out of some giant creepy crawler. It's usually best if you don't catch your posse in the blast.

A character with this skill knows how much explosive material, whatever the kind, is needed for the job at hand, where to place it, and how far away to stand. Going bust on a *demolition* roll usually has disastrous consequences.

Disguise

Associated Trait: Knowledge

Only actors and sneaky secret agents are actually trained in the art of *disguise*. Sometimes an outlaw has to learn on the fly, however, and knowing a fake beard from a hairpiece might keep you from looking too silly.

When a character in disguise is spotted by someone who might catch on, the character makes an opposed *disguise* roll vs. the observer's *scrutinize* Aptitude. One success on the part of the observer might make him suspicious, but a success with at least one raise is required to see through the *disguise*.

Dodge

Associated Trait: Nimbleness

No, we aren't talking about the town in Kansas (as in "get the Hell out of..."). We're talking about the ability to use cover and be where the bullets aren't.

The *dodge* skill is used as an "active" defense when your character is about to get drilled. We'll tell you more about it in Chapter Four, under **Vamoosin'**.

Drivin'

Steam Boat, Ornithopter, Steam Wagon, Others

Associated Trait: Nimbleness

There's a lot of strange gizmos in the Weird West. Horseless carriages and flying gadgets powered by steam require a new set of skills.

This is the skill a character needs to drive a steam wagon, pilot an ornithopter, or steer a steam-powered boat. Driving a wagon pulled by animals uses the *teamster* Aptitude.

Faith

Associated Trait: Spirit

Faith is strange. Most folks have more of it when some nasty critter is about to stuff them in its pie-hole. Then they're full of praise and promises.

In the Weird West, *faith* can often have a real effect on creatures of the Reckoning. See Chapter Eight for more info if your character is one of the flock.

Chapter 8

Fightin'

Brawlin', Knife, Lariat, Sword, Whip, Wrasslin'

Associated Trait: Nimbleness

Sometimes you don't have enough bullets in your pistol to get the job done. If you find yourself in one of these situations, it's time to whip out your trusty Bowie knife and start carving. Some skill with the thing might help.

A character uses this Aptitude to make hand-to-hand attacks. We'll tell you all about it in Chapter Four.

Filchin'

Associated Trait: Deftness

When most people think of Western outlaws, they picture bank-robbing desperadoes. Light-fingered scoundrels are actually more common. This is the skill they use to practice their trade.

Thieves can make an opposed *filchin'* roll versus a target's *Cognition* to lift objects from pockets, purses, or holsters. Modify either character's roll based on the size of the object lifted, the situation, and whether or not the thief has managed to distract his prey first.

Gamblin'

Associated Trait: Smarts

Most folks in the Weird West can hold their own in poker and other games of chance. Professional gamblers roam the boomtowns and can turn a few bucks into a small fortune.

There are two ways to handle gambling in *Deadlands*. The first is for a single hand; the second is a quick way to sum up an hour's worth of gambling.

For a single hand, the gamblers first decide on the stakes. Then each character involved makes a Fair (5) *gamblin'* skill. Every success and raise lets a gambler draw a card from a card deck. When everyone has their cards, each player flips over her highest. The players with the lowest cards put their stake in the pot, and the winner gets the pot. A Red Joker is the highest card and a Black Joker is the lowest.

To sum up a longer period of gambling, use this method instead. The gamblers first decide on the average stakes. One to five bucks per hand is common for serious gambling. Then everyone makes a *gamblin'* Aptitude check. The lowest total pays the highest total the difference times the stakes. The next lowest pays the second highest, and so on. If there's an odd man left in the middle, he breaks even.

> For instance, "Velvet" Van Helter, a suave huckster and cardsharp from New Orleans, "One Eye" Ketchum, and Ronan Lynch play $5 poker for an hour. Velvet gets a 15 on his *gamblin'* Aptitude check, One Eye gets a 10, and Ronan gets a 2. Ronan pays Velvet ((15-2=) 13 x $5=) $65. One Eye breaks even.

Guts

Associated Trait: Spirit

There's a lot of strange stuff in the Weird West. When your character stumbles upon a slavering abomination or a gruesome scene, you need to make sure he's got *guts*. It's hard to fill a charging critter full of lead when you're wetting your pants or losing your lunch.

Failing a *guts* check can have serious consequences. Don't worry about it right now. The Marshal's got all the information she needs to inflict sheer terror on your hapless character.

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Hexslingin'

Associated Trait: Special

If you've decided to make a huckster, then this Aptitude is your best friend. We can't tell you much more than that here, hombre. Get your Marshal's permission and turn to Chapter Six in No Man's Land to learn more.

Chapter 6

Horse Ridin'

Associated Trait: Nimbleness

No self-respecting cowpoke admits he can't ride a horse. It's an essential skill in the West. A tinhorn who can't tell one end of a bit of horseflesh from another often finds his companions leaving him in the dust. The quality of the animal may also add or subtract from a character's skill roll. See page 76 for more information about horses.

Languages

Apache, French, Gaelic, German, Latin, Sign Language (Indian), Sioux, Spanish, Others

Associated Trait: Knowledge

Knowledge in foreign languages can often mean the difference between life and death in the Weird West. If you're exploring an old Spanish gold mine called *Casa del Diablo*, you'd better know it means "House of the Devil."

All characters are assumed to be able to speak and read fluently in their native language, whatever that may be.

A character with 1 point in another language can speak and communicate common verbs and nouns with little difficulty. At skill level 2 and higher, the character can read and write the language and has a larger vocabulary.

Indian "sign language" is a very useful concentration. Nearly all tribes can communicate with this common system. Explorers and scouts working for the Army should consider this Aptitude a must.

Leadership

Associated Trait: Mien

In the military, careers are often made on whether or not an officer can get his men to do as he tells them. Lawmen also use this skill to stare down mobs and lead their posses into hostile territory.

Besides using *leadership* to control lackeys, this Aptitude has two important specific uses.

A *leadership* roll can keep people from being surprised. Whenever a friendly hero fails a surprise roll (explained more in Chapter Four), you can attempt to make the roll for her as long as your character is not surprised as well. This counts as an action for your character. Every success and raise you get on your *leadership* check allows the leader to affect one other person. If you succeed, they may act normally for that round (meaning they get cards now, too, but must discard any that have already been called).

You can also use your *leadership* Aptitude to actually trade Action Cards (used to determine when your hero acts) between friendly characters during combat. When it's your turn to take an action, make a Fair (5) *leadership* roll. For every success and raise you get, you can help any two players (possibly even including yourself) trade a single Action Card in their hands to each other. The only catch is that in each trade, both players must agree to make the trade first.

Hank "One Eye" Ketchum joins Ronan Lynch in looking for a band of missing cowboys. The pair are following the trail when they're jumped by a band of desperadoes. On Hank's turn, he uses his *leadership* to trade some of his high Action Cards for Ronan's lower ones, since Ronan's got some dynamite. Hank yells for Ronan to throw the bundle and rolls his *leadership* for a 13, giving him a success and a raise. He can trade up to two cards with Ronan, as long as Ronan agrees. Ronan does, and the bad guys go boom in a big way.

Lockpickin'

Associated Trait: Deftness

Good locks are hard to come by in the West, so if you find one, it's probably protecting something worth getting at.

A character with this skill and a set of lockpicks can try to open any door, chest, boudoir, chastity belt, or other valuable compartment protected by a lock. A character can attempt a failed *lockpickin'* roll multiple times, but each try after the first incurs a cumulative -2 penalty, up to -8. After that, she's stumped by that particular lock until she earns another *lockpickin'* level.

The difficulty of the task depends on the lock itself. This skill works on safes too.

Lock Difficulty

Type of Lock	TN
Interior household door	3
Desk drawer	5
Front household door	7
Padlock	9
Safe	11
Improvised lockpicks	-2

Mad Science

Associated Trait: Knowledge

When it comes to creating a flying machine or a death ray, regular old *science* Aptitude just won't cut it.

As you might guess from its name, this Aptitude is essential if you've set your sights on your hero being one of the Weird West's crazed tinkerers. Get your Marshal's permission and see Chapter Seven for more info.

Chapter 7

Medicine

General, Surgery, Veterinary

Associated Trait: Knowledge

A good "sawbones" knows when to cut your leg off and when to let it be.

A *general* concentration in *medicine* means the doc can use herbs and make poultices, stop bleeding, set broken bones, and perform simple surgery such as lancing boils or digging out a shallow bullet. This concentration lets a character heal up to heavy wounds. He can do nothing for serious and critical wounds and maimed limbs other than stop bleeding.

A doc with the *surgery* concentration has had formal training in cutting people open. He must have the *general* concentration first to reflect his training.

Surgeons can stop internal bleeding, perform operations, and dig bullets out of the deepest wounds. It's a messy job, but somebody's got to do it.

Vets take care of wounds and ailments in animals. If pressed, a vet can treat a human as if he had the *general* concentration. Since this is a related skill, he has to subtract -4 from the roll. Regular doctors can also treat animals, but the wide variety of critters increases the usual penalty for a related skill to -6.

For the actual nitty-gritty on healing wounds, see Chapter Four.

FEATS OF LEGERDEMAIN

Overawe

Associated Trait: Mien

The most successful gunmen can back down their opponents before anyone slaps leather. An *overawe* attack might come in the form of a surly stare, a deadly threat, or the feel of cold iron in someone's back.

An *overawe* attack is an opposed roll versus a character's *guts*. See Chapter Four for information on tests of will.

Performin'

Acting, Singing

Associated Trait: Mien

There isn't a lot of entertainment in the West, so most people appreciate a good actor or a sexy singer. Frontier crowds are rough on the acts they don't like, but they treat a good performer like gold.

A good performance against a Fair (5) TN can net the character $2d6 plus $1d6 for every raise. Better wages can be earned with some planning, of course, but this rate works for impromptu performances and average-sized crowds.

Persuasion

Associated Trait: Mien

Fast-talking snake-oil salesmen, sultry saloon girls, and nosy muckrakers often depend on their powers of *persuasion.* Talking someone into providing aid or information in times of need can be as crucial as skill with a six-shooter.

Persuasion attempts are opposed rolls versus the target's *scrutinize* Aptitude.

Professional

Journalism, Law, Military, Photography, Politics, Theology, Others

Associated Trait: Knowledge

Gunslingers might rule the streets, but it's the politicians who hire them, the journalists who make their reputations, and the lawyers who keep them from the gallows.

The *professional* Aptitude is a catchall category for "social sciences" that require formal education of some sort, such as law, journalism, or theology. A character can use this Aptitude whenever he needs to recount a law or battle, write a news story, or compose a sermon on the evils of strong drink. Actually performing any of these tasks usually falls under another Trait. A minister who needs to deliver a sermon, for instance, would make a *professional: theology / Mien* roll.

Due to the grab-bag nature of this Aptitude, concentrations in the *professional* Aptitude are *never* considered related, and they must be purchased as separate Aptitudes.

Quick Draw

Knife, Pistol, Rifle, Shotgun, Sword, Others
Associated Trait: Quickness

When one Peacemaker won't get the job done, you might have to whip out another. You'd better be able to do it fast.

It usually takes an action to draw a new weapon. If you've got this Aptitude, you can draw a new weapon and use it in the same action. The TN is usually Fair (5). If you fail, you draw the weapon normally and can't use it that action. If you botch, you've dropped it. If you botch and you've got *bad luck,* you might blast or cut off your favorite body part.

Ridicule

Associated Trait: Smarts

There's a fine art to making fun of someone in the Weird West where trigger fingers are itchier than saddle sores. Knowing when and just how far to push your opponent is the real skill.

Using the *ridicule* Aptitude is an opposed roll versus an opponent's *ridicule*. If the target doesn't have ridicule, she'll have to default to her *Smarts*. Someone with a good sense of humor can take a joke better than someone without. How to use tests of will in combat is covered in Chapter Four.

Ritual

Chapter 9

Associated Trait: Special

Indian Shamans who want to talk to the spirits had better have this Aptitude—at least if they want the spirits to listen. See Chapter Nine for more information.

Science

Biology, Chemistry, Engineering, Physics, Others
Associated Trait: Knowledge

The discovery of ghost rock changed the face of the world forever. Scientists can now make incredible devices of steam and steel they could barely dream of before. Even those who don't use the strange new mineral benefit from its research and the inventions it has spawned.

This Aptitude covers book learning, experience, and skill in all sorts of scientific pursuits, except mad science. That's its own Aptitude.

If your character is a mad scientist, you must take at least 5 levels in at least any one scientific concentration.

Most science concentrations aren't related to each other. It's the Marshal's call as to whether or not a particular type of *science* concentration is related to the one required.

Scrutinize

Associated Trait: Cognition

Any gambler worth his salt can tell when an opponent is lying through his teeth. *Scrutinizing* someone might not tell you everything about her, but it could tell you when the buffalo chips are starting to get thick.

Scrutinize is the ability to judge another's character, penetrate disguises, or detect lies. A character with this skill is also good at resisting *bluff* and *persuasion* attempts from other characters.

Search

Associated Trait: Cognition

Any fool can find an arrow sticking straight out of his backside, but a character with a good eye can find the proverbial needle in a haystack.

This skill covers a hero whenever she's specifically looking for items, clues, or evidence. *Search* is also used to detect hidden movement or creeping enemies. The latter is an opposed roll versus the opponent's *sneak* Aptitude.

Search rolls can be used to find obvious footprints, but to actually read a trail and follow it requires the *trackin'* Aptitude.

SCROUNGIN'

Associated Trait: Smarts

Scroungin' is the ability to find common items in a hurry. Sometimes this means settling for less than what is needed, but a good scrounger can usually come up with something that gets the job done.

The Marshal sets the difficulty of finding a particular object depending on the item and the amount of time available.

SHOOTIN'

Automatics, Flamethrower, Pistol, Rifle, Shotgun

Associated Trait: Deftness

There's an old saying about there being only two types of gunslingers: the quick and the dead. In *Deadlands*, some characters are quick *and* dead.

Shootin' is the ability to fire guns quickly and accurately in stressful situations—such as when someone's shooting back.

The *automatics* concentration is used with machines like Gatling guns. Weird devices (like flamethrowers) are their own individual concentrations.

SLEIGHT OF HAND

Associated Trait: Deftness

Cheating at cards can get you plugged in the Weird West—if you're dumb enough to get caught. If you're going to do it, you'd better make sure you're good at it, or at least a heap faster than the people you're playing with.

Sleight of hand allows a character to draw small items out of his sleeve or pockets quickly and without notice.

Sleight of hand can be used like the *quick draw* Aptitude on Derringers, small knives, or any other weapons smaller than a pistol. Treat this as a related skill.

SNEAK

Associated Trait: Nimbleness

Sometimes charging into the face of death is a little more foolish than heroic. Occasionally more subtle tactics are called for.

When your character wants to sneak past someone, make an opposed *sneak* roll against the *search* Aptitude of anyone who might detect her. The Marshal should dole out modifiers depending on the situation. It's a lot easier to skulk about by the light of the moon than to avoid a murderous outlaw stalking you at high noon.

SPEED-LOAD

Pistol, Rifle, Shotgun

Associated Trait: Deftness

Speed-loading a gun helps serious gunslingers get those empty hoglegs smoking again.

Reloading a single bullet in a pistol, rifle, or shotgun usually takes an entire action. A successful *speed-load* check allows a character to slam up to 3 rounds into a weapon during a single action. Check the weapon's maximum number of shots to make sure you don't load more rounds than it can hold.

If a pistol has a speed-loading cylinder (a spare cylinder already loaded with bullets), a Fair (5) *speed-load* roll slaps the entire thing in place in a single action. Otherwise, it takes two actions. Gunslingers that actually care for living usually carry a couple spare cylinders ready to load.

If you fail at a regular *speed-load* roll, your hero still gets one bullet into the gun. If you fail with a *speed-load* cylinder, though, your cowpoke doesn't get the cylinder in at all. Try again.

SPEED-LOAD

Rounds Loaded	TN
2 rounds	9
3 rounds	11

STREETWISE

Associated Trait: Smarts

A *streetwise* character knows how to work the streets and get information from the seedier elements of towns and cities.

This Aptitude is most often used to get illegal items or restricted information. The difficulty depends on the prize and the steps the character takes to secure it.

SURVIVAL

Desert, Mountain, Other

Associated Trait: Smarts

A frontiersman can survive with minimal tools and supplies in hostile environments. This might mean eating the stringy meat of prairie dogs while on the high plains, but it beats starving.

A successful *survival* roll feeds a person for one day. Every raise provides the bare necessities for one other person. The difficulty of the roll depends on the environment. An area with plentiful game and water has a difficulty of Foolproof (3), while it's an Incredible (11) task to find vittles in the Mojave desert. You can only normally make one *survival* roll per day.

SWIMMIN'

Associated Trait: Nimbleness

Few frontiersman can swim. Those who can't, usually sink like stones just trying to take their annual baths.

See your local watering hole or Chapter Four to find out about drowning. A character's Pace while swimming is his *swimmin'* level, up to a maximum Pace of 5.

TALE-TELLIN'

Associated Trait: Mien

Tale-tellin' is the talent of capturing an audience's attention with a ripping yarn or an exciting story. It's a rare but valuable ability, the need for which come up a lot more often than you might think. Preachers use the skill to deliver their fiery Sunday sermons, and politicians use it all the time to get themselves reelected.

Spreading the word of your posse's deeds is very important to becoming a legend of the Weird West. You can find out why telling your tales are vital once you've adventured a while and your Marshal feels you're up to handling the awful truth.

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TEAMSTER

Associated Trait: Nimbleness

This skill lets your character drive wagons, stagecoaches, buggies, and carts and control the ornery animals that pull them.

The basic movement rate for a wagon is that of the horse minus its load. See horses in the gear list and loads in Chapter Four.

THROWIN'

Balanced, Unbalanced

Associated Trait: Deftness

If a cowpoke's relying on throwing things at people, he's probably already won the fight and just having a little fun.

Balanced weapons are things like knives and hatchets. Unbalanced missiles are rocks, dynamite, and some magical spells.

Tinkerin'

Associated Trait: Smarts

A steam wagon is fine to get you across the Mojave. If it breaks down, though, you'd better make sure you can fix it.

Tinkerin' is the ability to fix contraptions, gizmos, and gadgets. This Aptitude is a must for mad scientists who want to make or repair the infernal devices they devise. *Mad science* covers the conception and design of infernal machines, but *tinkerin'* is the Aptitude that keeps them running.

Note that plenty of normal folks have the *tinkerin'* skill as well. You don't have to be mad to futz around with *Deadlands* steampunk, but it helps!

Trackin'

Associated Trait: Cognition

Good trackers usually find whoever or whatever they're looking for. Of course, that's not always a good thing in *Deadlands*.

A successful *trackin'* roll helps a character find a trail, stay on it, and maybe even figure out how many critters he's following. The difficulty for following tracks is shown on the chart below.

Tracking

People Trailed	TN
1–2	11
3–4	9
5–8	7
9–15	5
16+	3

Condition	Modifier
Snow	+4
Night	–4
Rain since tracks were made	–4
Rain before tracks were made	+4
High-traffic area	–4

Trade

Blacksmithing, Carpentry, Seamanship, Mining, Telegraphy, Undertaking, Others

Associated Trait: Knowledge

Life as a gunslinger, a huckster, or a muckraker can be a real kick in the pants, but somebody's got to actually do all the work. The hard jobs are done by the folks with the practical skills, and that's what they get paid for.

Trade is a catchall skill like the *professional* Aptitude. It covers hands-on jobs like blacksmithing and undertaking. The usual Aptitude used for *trade* checks is *Knowledge*, though this can change depending on the task. A sailor who needs to steer a sailing ship through the Maze, for instance, needs to make a *Deftness/trade: seamanship* roll to avoid disaster.

Like its counterpart—the *professional* Aptitude—*trade* concentrations are never related.

Four: Hindrances

Hindrances are physical or mental handicaps. You can take up to 10 points in Hindrances during character creation. The points from these can be used to buy Edges (which we'll get to in a little bit) or more Aptitudes.

The number of points each Hindrance is worth is listed next to its title. Ranges of numbers or numbers with slashes indicate that the Hindrance comes in more than one level of severity. The higher the number, the worse the Hindrance affects your hombre.

Hindrances and Fate Chips: While you get points for Hindrances now, they're far more important in helping you earn Fate Chips (more on that later). If you choose a Hindrance, you'd best be willing to roleplay it. That's how you earn rewards (Fate Chips). We'll tell you all about how to earn and use them in Chapter Five, amigo.

Ailin' 1/3/5

There are some things doctors just can't cure. If you get a rash in your crotch from time to time, it's damned inconvenient. If you've got consumption, you'd better make arrangements with the local undertaker.

Diseased characters are affected by their ailments depending on the severity and the circumstances of their particular affliction.

Lesser ailments are things like chronic allergies or colds, frequent lice, or worms. Some more serious diseases are consumption (tuberculosis), diabetes, and cancer. Remember this is the Weird West, so there are likely far worse ailments out there.

Ailin'

Value	Ailment
1	**Minor:** Your character has a minor but incurable ailment. This might cause him to cough at poor times, make social engagements difficult, give him the shakes, etc. Subtract –2 from any *persuasion* rolls and *sneak* attempts.
3	**Chronic:** Your hero has a chronic illness that causes constant agony and may eventually kill her. She suffers the penalties for a *minor ailment*, and at the start of each game session, she must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll. If she fails, she suffers –4 to all tasks she performs this session. The Marshal might modify your die roll depending on the weather and your particular illness
5	**Fatal:** You've got a chronic illness that might kill your character at any time. Roll as above. If you go bust, your character must also make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll. Should she fail, Death's door swings wide.

All Thumbs 2

You don't like machines, and they don't seem to like you much either.

Scientific and mechanical Aptitudes cost twice the normal points to learn or improve. All rolls made to use or repair machinery are made at –2.

Bad Ears 3/5

The quick and the deaf.

Choose the level of bad hearing your character suffers from the chart below.

Bad Ears

Value	Status
3	**Mild:** Subtract –2 from all *Cognition* tests based on hearing.
5	**Stone Deaf:** Your character can't hear at all.

Bad Eyes 3/5

Sometimes it's better not to see what's coming after you.

Bad eyes subtract from any Trait or Aptitude rolls you make for your hero to affect or see things at greater than 20 yards. The Marshal might sometimes allow you to use your *bad eyes* as a bonus to *guts* checks when viewing gruesome horrors at this range.

If your hero wears spectacles, reduce the value of the Hindrance by 1.

Bad Eyes

Value	Status
3	**Myopic:** Subtract –2 from your character's Trait and skill rolls made to see or affect things at greater than 20 yards.
5	**Near Blind:** As above, but the penalty is –4.

Bad Luck 5

Calamity Jane's got nothing on you.

If you go bust, whatever your character is doing has the absolute worst effect possible.

Big Britches 3

It's good to be confident, but only a fool charges 600 cavalrymen into 5,000 Sioux.

Your character is severely overconfident. He believes he can do anything, and he never turns down a challenge.

Big Mouth 3

A little lip-flapping can cause a whole passel of trouble.

Your hombre's lips are looser than Miss Kitty's drawstring. He always speaks before he thinks. Worse, he's constantly blurting out the posse's plans or telling the bad guys what they want to know. The hero also manages to put his boot in his mouth fairly often. No one ever trusts this habitual gossip twice.

Big 'Un 1/2

Your horse really hates to see you coming. Fortunately, it's pretty hard to bust up someone your size.

The effects of a character's bulk depend on whether he is merely husky or truly obese. Increasing your character's Size affects the damage he can take. See Chapter Four for details.

Big 'Un

Value	Status
1	**Husky:** Add +1 to your hero's Size and reduce his movement by one step (minimum is 4). His maximum *Nimbleness* is a d10
2	**Obese:** Add +2 to your hero's Size and reduce her movement by two steps (minimum is 4). Her maximum *Nimbleness* is a d8.

Bloodthirsty 2

Some folks are just plain mean. Others don't believe in leaving their enemies alive to come back and haunt them later.

Your character rarely takes prisoners, and she enjoys confrontations. If she's forced to take prisoners, they don't tend to live long when they're no longer useful.

Cautious 3

A good plan can turn a posse into an army. But no army ever won a war sitting on its kiester.

Your character is a planner. He likes to plot things out long before any action is taken, often to the chagrin of his impulsive, gun-fighting companions. Of course, sometimes this can be a lifesaver. Custer could have used a little of this Edge.

Curious 3

If it killed the cat, think what it can do to you.

Your hero wants to know all he can about just about everything he comes across. Anytime the character is confronted with a mystery, he must do everything in his power to try to solve it, no matter how dangerous the situation might be.

Clueless 3

Some folks can't find a needle in a haystack when they're sitting on it. The needle, that is.

Your cowpoke is about as alert as a lightpost. Whenever the Marshal asks for *Cognition* checks to notice things, you must subtract –2 from your roll. Yes, this includes surprise checks.

Death Wish 5

Sometimes a fellow just doesn't want to go on. Maybe his family has fallen victim to some heinous creature. Maybe he's got consumption and wants to go out in a violent blaze of glory. Or maybe he's a young upstart who knows just enough about the Harrowed to be dangerous.

Your character wants to die for some reason (secret or otherwise), but only under certain circumstances. Most want to go out in a blaze of glory, such as saving a town or taking some major villain or critter to Hell with them. Your hombre won't throw his life away for just any little thing (suicide is easy, after all).

The Marshal should reward your character for taking extreme chances, but only when they help him attain his most important goal.

Doubting Thomas 3

Some folks have a hard time believing in supernatural events even when they they're halfway down some critters' gullets.

Doubting Thomases are skeptics. It's hard not to believe in the supernatural after a few adventures, but these characters always look for some more mundane source than the blatantly paranormal.

Enemy 1–5

The past has a nasty way of coming back to haunt a cowpoke. Remember that every foe you put down likely has some friends or family who might come looking for you later.

Your character has an enemy or enemies of some sort. You and the Marshal should determine the value of any enemies based on their relative power level and frequency of appearance.

A vengeful but inexperienced youth who is stalking the character, for example, would likely be worth two points, since her appearance would be fairly common but she is relatively weak, not really a threat. If your hero's being hunted by Jesse James, that might be worth closer to five!

A deserter should take an enemy as well, but neither the USA or the CSA have much time or interest, so this is usually only worth 2 points.

Ferner 3

No man's an island. Sooner or later, a fellow needs a hand, and if they can't understand you, they can't help you.

"Ferners" are outsiders in the culture central to your adventure or campaign. Usually, the outsiders are Mexicans, Indians, or Chinese folks who have a difficult time adapting to the white man's language and way of life. An Englishman who insists on bad-mouthing the "democracy" or a Chinese railroad worker who speaks little English are likely to be shunned by most folks on the frontier.

Sometimes whites are the *ferners*. If your Marshal is running a campaign centered in the Sioux Nations, those who don't know the Sioux's practices and traditions will find themselves the subject of prejudice.

As long as your character can communicate well in the culture he's in and doesn't go out of his way to prove himself an outsider, he will likely suffer little prejudice and you need not take this Hindrance. Foreign characters may sometimes suffer from individual intolerance, of course.

Geezer 3/5

You may not have teeth, but you've still got a bite. You're practically a fossil in the Weird West, and most cowpokes call you "old timer". You've got one foot in the grave and the other in Hell.

Not all older characters have this Hindrance—some folks are old at 40 and others are still young at 90.

For 3 points, reduce your grandpa's *Vigor* and Pace by -2. On the plus side, you get an extra 5 points to buy any *Knowledge*-based skills during character creation.

For 5 points, reduce the character's *Vigor* by two steps, Pace by -4 and take 10 extra points for *Knowledge*-based skills.

Vigor cannot go lower than d4, and Pace cannot go lower than 2.

Greedy 2

It's one of the seven deadly sins. But while your mortal soul might be damned to Hell, you'll sure have a good time here on earth rolling in loot.

Money and power mean everything to your scoundrel, and she'll do most anything to get more of it.

Grim Servant o' Death 5

"And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."

— Revelations 6:8

Well, maybe that's a bit much, but folks do seem to get dead around you. A lot. Maybe you look like a loser, and all the other losers like to pick on you. At least until they find out how quick you are. Or maybe you look like a dandy, but you're really a huckster with a mean disposition.

Whatever the story, your hombre gets picked on a lot, even when he isn't looking for trouble. You aren't even necessarily mean-tempered. You're just trouble looking for a place to happen. Most of those troubles end up buried in Boot Hill while you're being carted off to the hoosegow.

As long as your hombre kills in self-defense, juries usually find him innocent. Unfortunately, your character spends a lot of time locked up, on the run, or sitting in a courtroom proving his innocence.

Needless to say, local lawmen aren't fond of your hero. They usually know your character's name and warn him about staying too long in their towns.

Worse than the local lawmen are hanging judges. They hate the competition and will dream up just about any method imaginable to see you swing.

Habit 1-3

Folks aren't much on cleanliness in the Weird West, but that doesn't mean they like to watch some tinhorn shove his picker up his nose.

Your character has a habit others find annoying or revolting. Besides putting off other characters, this Hindrance subtracts a number of points from your character's *persuasion* rolls equal to the value of the Hindrance. The value of the Hindrance depends on the frequency of the habit and just how gross and disgusting it is.

Hankerin' 1/3

If you just can't think without a stogie in your pie-hole, you've got yourself a habit. If it's alcohol or opium you're craving, welcome to Addiction City, population one.

A mild *hankerin'* means the character is highly addicted to some mildly harmful substance (such as tobacco), or slightly addicted to a more dangerous substance. A severe *hankerin'* means the character is addicted to alcohol, opium, laudanum, peyote, or some other dangerous drug.

Hankerin'

Value	Status
1	**Mild:** Subtract -2 from Mental skills if the substance is not available after 24 hours.
3	**Severe:** Your character suffers the same as above and also subtracts -4 (total) from Mental and Corporeal skills if the substance is not available every 48 hours.

Heavy Sleeper 1

Logs wake up faster than you.

Subtract -2 from your hero's *Cognition* rolls made to wake up in an emergency or when some critter is sneaking up on him. He usually oversleeps.

Heroic 3

You're a sucker for someone in trouble. Ever hear of nice guys finishing last? Heroes who go chasing down wild critters aren't likely to finish at all. At least they'll write something nice on your tombstone.

Your character can't turn down a plea for help. She doesn't have to be cheery about it, and she doesn't have to be a "nice" person, but she always helps those in need eventually.

High-Falutin' 2

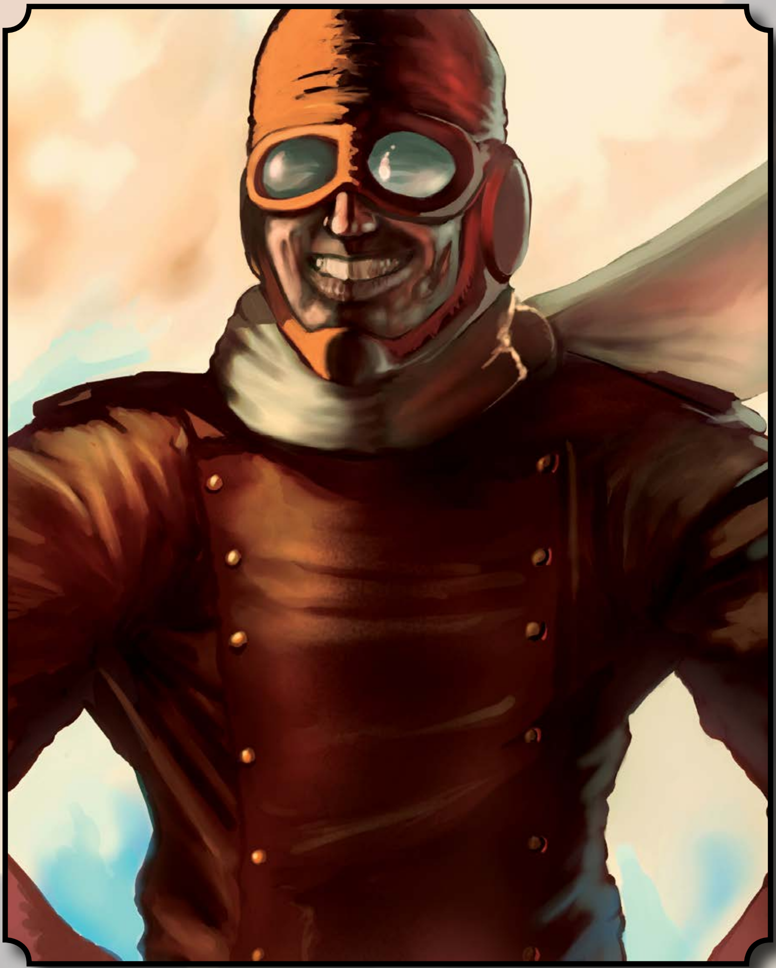
High-falutin' snobs turn up their noses so high they usually drown when it rains.

Your character has no tolerance for those of a lesser class. Those who notice your upturned nose don't like you. Subtract -2 from any friendly *persuasion* rolls you make toward those who know your hero thinks they are beneath him in social stature.

Illiterate 3

It's a terrible thing to come back from the dead and not be able to read the words on your own tombstone.

Illiterates can't read even the most basic words of their own language or any other they happen to speak.



IMPULSIVE 3

Some folks just can't keep their pistol in their pants (no, not *that* pistol—that's the *randy* Hindrance). We mean this one literally.

Impulsive characters are doers, not thinkers. They tend to go off based on their own hunches even while the rest of the posse makes elaborate plans and preparations. Of course, quick action sometimes saves the day, but this Hindrance also gets your character into a lot of trouble, which the rest of the posse may not feel obligated to help her out of.

Impulsive characters have a deep and abiding hatred for *cautious* pansies. The opposite, of course, is also true.

INTOLERANCE 1–3

There's some folks you just can't stand. They don't cotton to you, and you'd like to push them off a tall cliff.

Your character does not get along with certain kinds of people (Mexicans, white men, politicians, and so on) and has nothing to with them if possible. If forced to work with them, he insults and provokes them whenever he gets the chance. The value of the Hindrance depends on the frequency of encounters your character has with those he is intolerant of.

KID 2/4

Don't let that face fool you. A kid with a gun can still blow your guts out.

Your character is a *kid* 8-15 years of age. Most people don't take him seriously and call him "sawed-off," "runt", or "half-pint."

For two points, the *kid* is 11-15 years old. Reduce his *Strength* and *Knowledge* by one step to a minimum of d4.

For four points, the kid is 8-10 years old. Reduce his *Strength* and *Knowledge* by two steps to a minimum of d4.

As you character grows up, you must buy off this Hindrance with Bounty Points (see Chapter Five). When you do, increase his Traits as appropriate.

Don't worry about it too much. Most kids don't live that long.

LAW O' THE WEST 3

You've heard the expression "nice guys finish last?" There's some truth to it. A true gentleman of the West won't draw down on an enemy until the foe draws first. Boot Hill hides the bones of many of these honorable folks.

Your hero must live by a code of honor that not everyone else subscribes to. He treats all women with respect even if they're "soiled doves." He won't draw his gun on others who don't have their own weapons drawn (unless he's seriously outnumbered and even then he just uses the guns to threaten first). In a duel, he always lets his opponent go for her guns first. And he absolutely refuses to shoot someone in the back, or take a shot at a foe who's distracted (unless he's in a large firefight).

On the plus side, folks know your hombre is one of the white hats. You can add +2 to any negotiations or friendly *persuasion* attempts whenever your character's honorable reputation is known and might make a difference.

Lame 3/5

There's an old chestnut that says when something's chasing you, you've only got to outrun one person. Unfortunately, you're usually that one person.

This Hindrance affects a character's Pace and active defense (using the *dodge* or *fightin'* skill—see **Vamoosin'** in Chapter Four).

Lame

Value	Status
3	**Limp:** Your hero's Pace is reduced by –2 to a minimum of 2. Subtract –2 from active *dodge* rolls and other tests requiring mobility.
5	**Crippled:** One leg is missing or disabled. Your hero's Pace is 2 with crutches, 1 without. Subtract –4 from active *dodge* rolls and other tests requiring mobility.

Loco 1–5

No one in their right mind would stand up to some of the critters in *Deadlands*. Maybe that's why there are so many kooks wandering the High Plains.

Loco covers all sorts of crazy. This can range from being absentminded to being a compulsive liar or suffering from phobias, delusions, depression, or schizophrenia. The illness is always present, and it rules your character's actions most of the time. The value of the Hindrance depends on the severity of the illness and its effects on the character. You should discuss the exact dementia with the Marshal and work out the effects and penalties it has on your nutjob.

Phobias, by the way, usually inflict a -2 penalty when in the presence of the feared object or situation. This is usually a 2-point Hindrance unless the source of fear is very common, in which case the value is 3 or higher.

Major phobias inflict a -4 penalty. The base cost is 3, with higher values for how common the source of fear is.

Loyal 3

You may not be a hero, but your friends know they can count on you when the chips are down.

Your character is extremely loyal to his friends. He willingly risks his life to defend them and protect them for danger.

Lyin' Eyes 3

You can't hide those lyin' eyes.

Your character can't tell a lie to save his life. Besides suffering a -4 to his bluff rolls, he cannot mislead, deceive, or even omit the truth from others without giving himself away. Maybe his eyes twitch, or he wrings his hands. Whatever he does, it's a dead giveaway.

Miser 3

A miser knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Miserly characters must always buy the "cheapest" goods available and haggle incessantly over everything. Because of this, she can only buy "el cheapo" gear. See Chapter Three for more on "el cheapo" gear.

Mean as a Rattler 2

You think the whole world pissed in your canteen. Maybe it did.

People tend not to like your hero. He's hateful and mean-spirited. Besides making it hard for others to like your hombre, subtract –2 from friendly *persuasion* attempts. At the Marshal's discretion, you may occasionally be allowed to add +2 to hostile *persuasion* or *overawe* rolls.

Night Terrors

5

The Indians say nightmares are glimpses into the Hunting Grounds—a mad limbo where evil spirits devour the souls of the newly dead. Your nightmares make you think there might be some truth to this.

Your character's nightmares are far worse than most, something that keeps her from wanting to sleep much. Coffee is her best friend, and she usually only gets about 3-4 hours sleep at night.

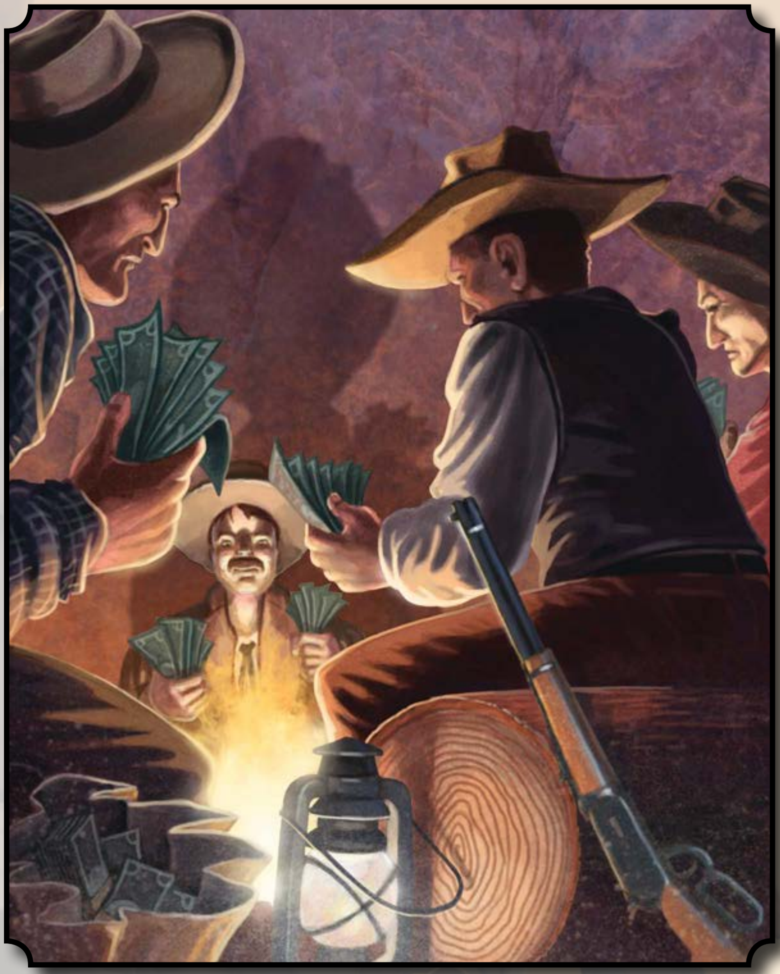
Make an Onerous (7) *Spirit* check at the beginning of each game session immediately after drawing Fate Chips. Chips left over from the previous session may be spent on this roll, but those you just drew cannot. Consider them "on loan."

If you fail, your character loses her lowest value chip. This represents the fatigue and strain the constant terror of sleep has on her. Go bust and your character loses her highest value Fate Chip.

Roleplay your character's sluggishness and fear of sleep and your Marshal should reward you with chips as usual, but the real benefit of *night terrors* lies in the dreams themselves.

A character who suffers from *night terrors* is actually a plaything of evil spirits. They drag her "dream self" into the "Hunting Grounds" and torment her with her own worst fears. Occasionally, however, these dreams reflect reality and can impart important clues into the heroine's current predicament.

The next time your character sleeps after failing her *Spirit* roll and losing her chip, the Marshal should take you aside and quickly describe your character's last nightmare. Hidden within the symbolism and pseudo-reality of the dream should be an important clue about something in the current adventure or the character's own background. It's up to you to interpret the dream, but the Marshal should give your tormented heroine something good for all her suffering.



Oath

1–5

A person is only as good as his word.

Your hero has an oath to perform some important task or always react to certain conditions. The value of the *oath* depends on how often it might come into play and the risk it involves.

Obligation

1–5

A man's got to do what a man's got to do.

Your character is obligated to his family, his job, the military, a town, or a duty of some sort. This should be frequently inconvenient, as he has to report to work or go off on an assignment from time to time. Note that this is not the same as an *oath*.

Outlaw

1–5

The only authority you abide by is the "law of the West." And even that's flexible when it suits your needs.

Outlaws are lawbreakers by nature. They have little respect for the law and are wanted for everything from petty larceny to horse thieving. The point value depends on just how little respect your character has for others. For 1 point, your "hero" swipes bottles of whisky from behind the counter when the bartender isn't looking. For 5 points, your blackheart is a cold-blooded killer.

The worst of these characters shouldn't normally be heroes in the world of *Deadlands,* but sometimes Fate leads folks down strange roads. A jealous, drunken bastard might join a group of "white hats" who are fighting evil. Maybe he sees the monsters as a greater evil than the law. More likely, there' some treasure or payment for putting an end to some varmint's rampage.

Be careful friend. Most *outlaws* meet bad ends.

One-Armed Bandit

3

There are a lot of folks who lost limbs in the war. Fortunately it only takes one finger to yank a trigger.

Your character has only one hand or arm. You must subtract -4 from any skills that require the use of two hands.

Pacifist

3/5

Being a *pacifist* doesn't mean a fellow is afraid of a fight. It's just that he'd rather find a different way.

Pacifists range from those who simply don't like to kill until it's absolutely (in their judgment) unavoidable (3 points) to those who won't kill under any circumstances (5 points).

Poverty

3

A fool and his money are soon parted, and what little cash you've got in your pocket is burning a hole straight through your jeans.

Your character has a hard time saving, and he spends money like water. He starts with only $50 instead of the normal $250. Try "el cheapo" gear (see page 75) to get your pauper suitably armed.

Randy

3

If it moves...

School marms run in terror at the sight of your drooling lech. Your character wants sex and lots of it. He or she hits on every reasonably good-looking member of the opposite gender in sight, usually more than once.

Like it or not, men and women suffer this Hindrance differently.

If your hero is a man, he's well-known in every bordello in the West. Polite society thinks he's a pig, and "respectable" women avoid him like the plague. The lecherous hero has a -4 to any *persuasion* rolls made to influence "nice girls." He suffers no penalties with ladies of lesser morals, but resists their charms at -4.

If your character is a woman, all other women, respectable or not, call her all sorts of unpleasant names. She suffers the same penalty as a man around polite society, but other men might treat her differently., especially if the two of them are alone. Your heroine will likely never gain any real respect from "respectable folk" or be able to hold a position of authority if her sordid past becomes known. It may not be fair, but that's just how it is in the Weird West.

On the plus side, a female with this Hindrance actually gains +4 to any *persuasion* rolls she makes to seduce a fellow. This can have its own consequences, of course, but it can be really handy in getting out of jail, distracting guards, or the like.

Scrawny

5

Beanpoles are thicker than you, and in a stiff breeze, you feel like bending. At least your horse is happy about it—he can barely feel you up there on his back.

Scrawny cowpokes (who usually run under the name "Slim") are slight and weak and must subtract -1 from their Size. Their maximum *Strength* is a d10. A character's slight frame might benefit him in certain situations, like crawling through a small cave or window, but usually it just gets him picked on.

Self-Righteous 3

If you're not always right, then you're at least sure the ignorant masses are always wrong. Given a chance, you're sure you can prove it.

Your character believes everything she does serves some greater cause (such as Christianity, the taming of the West, etc.). She never backs down from her beliefs.

Slowpoke 1-5

You'd better learn to fight, 'cause you ain't gonna get away from anything that's chasing you.

Your hombre is faster than a dead turtle. Barely. His Pace is reduced by 1 for each point in this Hindrance, down to a minimum base Pace of 2.

Squeaky 2

Your voice sounds like you swallowed a mouse. Actually, your voice and the mouse's sound quite similar.

Your character suffers –2 to any test of wills rolls he initiates (he can defend normally) that involve his voice.

Squeamish 3

You can't hold your chow when you see blood and gore. It's embarrassing compared to your gunslinger friends who don't flinch even with half their guts hanging out.

Guts checks caused by gory scenes are made at –2.

Stubborn 2

It's your way or not at all. If the rest of the world is too stupid to realize you're right, they can go hang themselves with an itchy rope.

The hero is pigheaded and as stubborn as a mule. He always wants to do things his way and holds out until everyone agrees or some major concession to his idea has been made.

Superstitious 2

Owls never hoot "just for the Hell of it," and black cats should be shot if they try to cross your path. You keep a rabbit's foot in your pocket, and you rarely wonder why it didn't seem to do the rabbit any kind of good.

Your character believes in superstitions and tries to live his life by signs and omens. You should check out a book of superstitions from your local library to help you roleplay this Hindrance.

Tinhorn 2

Dudes using "two-dollar words" are a dime a dozen in the Weird West after gold and ghost rock were discovered in California. Those who live on the frontier don't take kindly to these fast-talking dudes and their New York ways.

Tinhorns are big talkers, usually from back East. They use big words and brag about their families a lot.

Thin-Skinned 3

You get splinters from your own pistol grip and won't quit whining about it until you see a sawbones.

Increase your character's wound penalty by 1 whenever your hero is wounded (see Chapter Four).

Tuckered 1-5

A strong man can run a mile without getting winded. Others get tuckered out just getting up in the morning.

Reduce your character's Wind by 1 for each point of tuckered you take, down to a minimum of 4.

Ugly As Sin 1

It's too bad the old saying about "stopping a bullet with your face" isn't true. If it was, you'd sure never have to worry about being shot.

Subtract –2 from friendly *persuasion* rolls made whenever your character's looks might intervene. On the up side, you can add +2 whenever his looks might help, such as when making *overawe* or hostile *persuasion* attempts.

VENGEFUL

3

The world needs to be taught a lesson, and you're the schoolmarm.

Your character must always attempt to right a wrong committed against her. Whether this revenge is violent or not depends on her nature.

WANTED

1–5

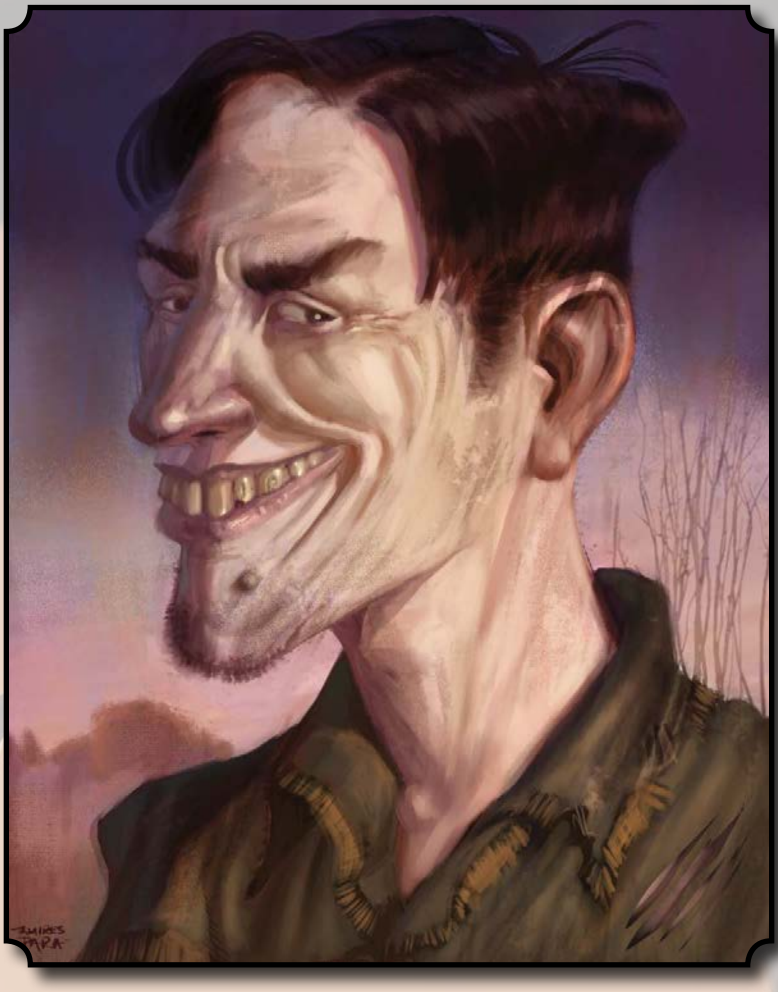
Your hombre's wanted for some crime. He may not be guilty, but he's on the run and doesn't want to be caught.

Most folks who are *wanted* are *outlaws* as well, but they don't have to be. Some are falsely accused of their crimes.

The value of this Hindrance depends on how bad the authorities want your hero and where exactly he's *wanted*. Below are a few examples to give you an idea of where your hombre might fit in.

WANTED

Value	Status
1	**Thief:** Your hero is wanted for a petty crime in a single town or county, or he's wanted for more serious charges in a foreign country.
2	**Swindler:** Your hero is wanted for a host of crimes that could net him a few years in prison.
3	**Outlaw:** Your hero once participated in a bank or train robbery and is *wanted* in either the North or the South, but not both.
4	**Desperado:** Folks have read about your sidewinder's life of crime in both the North and the South. He's likely killed a few guards in his sordid career. Someday he'll swing for his crimes.
5	**Villain:** Congratulations. Everyone hates this bastard. He's killed innocents and murdered in cold blood. He's wanted throughout the North and South. He's wanted dead, not alive.



YEARNIN'

1–5

Your character has a dream or goal of some sort. Maybe he wants to own his own cattle ranch or become the town marshal of Abilene.

The more difficult and dangerous the goal, the more points the Hindrance is worth. It's up to the player and the Marshal to come to an agreement as to exactly how many points this is worth.

If the hero ever attains his goal, he might have to buy off this Hindrance.

YELLER

5

You usually get shot in the backside and you've got the stitches to prove it.

Cowards don't have the heart for combat and try to avoid it whenever possible. "Real" men don't like them much unless they're female, in which case they might actually be *more* appealing. Subtract –2 from *guts* checks and *persuasion* rolls made on those with no respect for your character's cowardly ways.

FIVE: EDGES

If you're going to survive in the Weird West, you're going to need an Edge—probably more than one, in fact.

Edges are physical or mental bonuses or background advantages you can purchase for your character.

ARCANE BACKGROUND 3

Most folks encounter the supernatural and get eaten by it. A rare few have survived the ordeal and come away from it with strange knowledge and sometimes powers beyond mortal ken.

There are four types of *arcane backgrounds* available in *Deadlands*: *hucksters, mad scientists, the blessed,* and *shamans*. If you think might want to play one of these character types, choose the one that interest you most, then read the chapter that tells you all about your powers and abilities. It's best if you don't read all the *arcane background* abilities. *Deadlands* is very much a game of secrets and mysteries, and not knowing how all the character types work makes the posse as mysterious as some of the beings your hero is likely to encounter.

Chapter 6

Hucksters seem to be gamblers and cardsharps. Many claim they gamble with their lives as well by dabbling in the black arts. Rumors abound that they have decoded mystic secrets concealed in *Hoyles' Book of Games* and used them to unlock the secrets of tapping into the Hunting Grounds.

Chapter 7

Mad scientists build incredible devices of steam and steel, machines which often defy the laws of conventional reality. As with hucksters, there are those who claim the designs for their infernal devices come from dark spirits babbling in their absent-minded ears.

Chapter 8

Blessed characters are nuns, priests, or average folks who have been blessed by a divine entity. When the *blessed* are behaving themselves, they can invoke miracles that help them fight the evils of the Weird West

Chapter 9

Shamans are Indian holy men and women and the keepers of tribal medicine. Their power comes from dealing with the demanding spirits of nature. When these medicine men honor the spirits, they can accomplish amazing feats that make doubtful white men tremble.

BELONGIN'S 1–5

If a cowboy's gun is his best friend, his horse is his mistress. These two commodities satisfy most folks, but a few have something they consider equally valuable.

This Edge covers all the unusual equipment you might want for your character. You need to work out the specific point cost of any given item with the Marshal, but the list below should give you some good ideas.

BELONGIN'S

Cost	Sample Belongin's
1	$500 in cash; Some shares in a profitable railroad, a fast horse, a fancy pistol, 12 silver bullets.
2	$1000 in cash; A boat, a work of art, a silver dagger, an incredibly fast horse.
3	$5000 in cash; A pistol used by Jesse James, a tomahawk blessed by a powerful Indian shaman, a Gatling gun, a riverboat.
4	$20,000 in cash; A ship, a saloon or other business, a relic of specific but limited power.
5	$50,000 in cash; A relic of power, a train, a pardon for all deeds past and present in a certain region or state.

BIG EARS 1

Some folks got "head handles" as big as a donkey's. Those who do can usually hear a soft-toed critter creeping over stone at 100 yards.

A character with the *big ears* Edge adds +2 to *Cognition* rolls involving hearing things.

BRAVE 2

Most folks aren't really brave—they're just too stupid to know better. Maybe you're different, but it's doubtful.

Characters with this Edge add +2 to their *guts* checks.

BRAWNY 3

Some folks think a fellow as big as you is dumb as a post. They sometimes change their minds when you use your muscles to let them know what it feels like to be a post.

Your character is big. Not obese, just big and chock full o' muscles. He probably has a nickname like Hoss or Tiny. Your character must have at least a 2d8 Strength to take this Edge. If he does, you can add +1 to your hombre's Size. Your hero can't be brawny and a *big 'un*, by the way.

DINERO 1–5

Money talks in the Weird West. If you can't take out the bounty hunter after you, a little "dinero" might hire someone who can.

Wealthy individuals start with additional funds and can sometimes wire "home" for money. A wealthy character can come up with a lot more dinero given enough time, collateral and a good excuse.

Note that *belongin's* gives a character a one-time cash infusion (or an item of suitable value). *Dinero* means the character always has access to some of the green stuff.

DINERO

Cost	Starting Funds	Extra Funds
1	$250	$100
2	$500	$500
3	$1,000	$2,000
4	$2,000	$5,000
5	$5,000	$10,000

DON'T GET 'IM RILED 2

People shouldn't get your hero mad. When they do, he fights like a cornered wildcat.

Add Xd4 to your hero's hand-to-hand damage, where X is her highest wound penalty (not counting Edges or abilities that ignore such penalties).

EAGLE EYES 1

Sharp-eyed folks can spot a fly on a raisin cake at 20 paces. Others might just wonder what's so chewy.

You may add +2 to any *Cognition* rolls made for your character to spot or notice things at a distance.

FLEET-FOOTED 1–5

There often comes a time when a cowpoke needs to hightail it away from some angry varmint. If that's the case, remember the golden rule of skedaddling: you only have to outrun one person. Unless there's a lot of angry varmints, of course. Then you better be *fleet-footed* enough to outrun the rest of your posse!

For each point in this Edge, your character's base Pace is 1 more than his *Nimbleness*. A character with a *Nimbleness* of d12, for example, and *fleet-footed* at level 3, would have a base Pace of 15.

FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES 1–5

It's not who you know—it's who knows you.

Your character has friends who occasionally help him out. The value of the friend(s) depends on how powerful they are and how often they show up. A Texas Ranger who shows up with the cavalry every other game or so is worth 3 points, or 1 if he usually shows up alone. A newspaper editor who bails your character out of jail most of the time might be worth 2. There are many ways to use this Edge, so work out the details with your Marshal before you determine the final point cost.

GIFT OF GAB 1

There are a lot of languages spoken in the Weird West. It helps to understand a few. If some strange German-speaking hermit asks you and your posse to dinner, you'd best make sure he wants to feed you instead of eat you.

This Edge allows your character to pick up spoken languages very quickly. Given a few minutes of conversation, he has an effective oral skill of 1 in any language.

KEEN 3

Frontier veterans expect the unexpected. Other folks are just jumpy. The thing they've got in common is that they can both sense a mountain lion creeping up on them from 50 yards away.

A *keen* hero notices little details, sounds, and movements that others may ignore. She may add +2 to any *Cognition, search*, *trackin'* or *scrutinize* rolls made under these circumstances.

This covers raw observation, so include rolls made to hear, smell, taste, or otherwise sense whatever it is the hero is attempting to detect.

KEMOSABE 1/2

Anyone who wanders into the Sioux Nations or the Coyote Confederation better know how to say "howdy" without making anyone angry. Likewise, an Apache who doesn't know to spit in the spittoon instead of on the floor probably won't endear himself to the barkeep.

Kemosabe gives the character knowledge of a culture and a few casual friends within it. The cost depends on how different the culture is from the hero's native ways.

The cost is 2 if the contacts are totally foreign, such as whites to Indians and vice-versa, or Chinese to most any other Westerners.

Kemosabe costs only 1 point if your character knows the ways of a similar culture such as Protestants to Mormons or Sioux to Comanche.

LAW MAN 1/3/5

A badge carries a lot of weight in the Weird West. It also bears responsibility. The common folk depend on you to fight off marauders, bandits, and stranger things.

While this Edge grants your character a great amount of authority, jurisdiction is always limited. Marshals operate only within the limits of their town, Sheriffs patrol counties, and US Marshals' authority extends to their entire country.

Most law dogs should have an *obligation* or an *oath* as well.

Law Man

Cost	Authority
1	Deputized for a specific but long-term purpose (like the capture of Jesse James or Geronimo). Agency operatives typically have no official law-enforcement powers of their own, but they are often given authority by the US Government in specific regions or situations.
3	Sheriff of a county. Because this edge is only appropriate for a saga that takes place in a specific geographic area, it should only be bought with the Marshal's permission.
5	Federal Marshal or Texas Ranger. Your law dog has jurisdiction within the borders of the USA or CSA respectively.

Level-Headed 5

Veteran gunmen claim speed and skill are vital, but they're overrated compared to keeping your cool, aiming at your target, and putting it down. A hothead who empties his hogleg too fast soon finds himself taking root in the local bone orchard.

Immediately after drawing Action Cards in combat, a character with this Edge can discard his lowest card and draw another. If the character draws a black Joker on the first draw, he's out of luck and can't draw again.

Light Sleeper 1

Sleep doesn't always come easy in *Deadlands*, but this isn't always a bad thing. While it might make you grouchy before your morning coffee, being a light sleeper can be handy when some slimy critter tries to slither into your bedroll.

A character with the *light sleeper* Edge may add +2 to *Cognition* rolls made when he needs to wake up quickly.

LUCK O' THE IRISH 5

Some folks are just born lucky. Rattle off a Gatling pistol at them and you just ruin their new duds.

Characters with *luck o' the Irish* get to draw an extra chip at the beginning of each session. This chip can be used normally except that it may *not* be converted into Bounty Points.

MECHANICALLY INCLINED 1

Mechanical devices aren't common on the frontier, and neither are those who know how to fix them.

A character with this Edge adds +2 to rolls involving fixing or understanding machinery, including *tinkering* and *mad science.*

NERVES O' STEEL 1

Some of the Weird West's heroes are too darn stubborn to run even when their boots are full of "liquid fear." Most of their skeletons lie bleaching in the desert, but a few are still fighting the horrors of the High Plains.

Whenever the character fails a *guts* check and is forced to flee, the character can choose to stand his ground instead. He still suffers any other penalties, however.

A character with *nerves o' steel* isn't necessarily brave. Sometimes he's just more afraid of being branded a yellow-bellied coward than he is of death. Some folks are funny that way.

PURTY 1

They say an ugly fellow can stop a bullet with his face. A good-looking one might not get shot at in the first place.

A *purty* character may add +2 to most *persuasion* rolls or other situations where her good looks might come into play.

RANK 1–5

Soldiers are found all over the frontier. Most women like a man in uniform, and a little rank demands a certain amount of authority. The downside is that soldiers are the first people the locals come running to when something strange happens.

Individuals who belong to a military outfit spend most of their time in the service of their country and so aren't normally part of a *Deadlands* posse. If a posse tends to stay in one place, however, the local troops might frequently be part of their group.

If the Marshal allows it, a character can buy military rank as an Edge. All of them have a 5 point *obligation* to their local post. This is already built into the cost of the *rank* (hence the low cost), so don't take points for it again.

Military types who gain promotions don't have to pay additional points for the Edge—it's just a reward for good play. Similarly, a character busted to a lower rank doesn't get any points back for his demotion.

Rank

Cost	Rank
1	**Enlisted Man:** Private or Corporal.
2	**Enlisted Officer:** Sergeant (commands a cavalry troop of 50, or an infantry company of 100).
3	**Young Officer:** Lieutenant or Captain (commands 1 troop or company).
4	**High-Ranking Officer:** Major or Colonel (commands a regiment of 8 troops or companies).
5	**Commander:** General (commands an entire force, usually no more than a brigade, typically 2-4 regiments out West. Higher ranking generals should never be player characters).

Renown

1/3/5

A reputation's a funny thing. The bigger it gets, the more most folks stay out of your way. But the fellows who don't get out of the way are most likely gunning for you.

Recognizing a famous person by looks is a Fair (5) task for most—a Foolproof (3) task for those in the character's field, town, etc.

Renown

Cost	Reputation
1	Well-known among a small group (town, US Marshals, sportsmen).
3	Well-known among a large group of people (county, minor celebrity).
5	Known everywhere (major celebrity, war hero).

Sand

1–5

Sand, grit. You'd think the heroes of the Weird West never take baths. Well, most don't, but that's not the kind of *sand* we're talking about. We're talking about the kind of hombre who keeps fighting even when his boots are full of his own blood. The kind of cowgirl who can punch the Grim Reaper in the face and then ask him to dance—who could drive *los diablos* themselves from Texas to Kansas. In short, a hero with *sand* has fire in his eyes and spit in his belly.

Every level of *sand* allows the hero to add +1 to any stun and recovery checks he must make during combat.

Sense o' Direction

1

You can usually tell which direction is north—or south if you're a Reb.

To determine direction, make a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll. With a Hard (9) *Smarts* roll, your character also knows what time it is.

Sidekick

5

The dime novels paint the Weird West as being populated with lone-wolf gunslingers wandering around with nothing but their horses and six-shooters for company. If you buy that, you probably think the cavalry will come to your rescue when you need them, too.

In the Weird West, no man stands alone when a passel of prairie ticks are on the rampage. Not when he can push his best buddy out in front of him, at least. There's strength in numbers. Just try to make sure they add up in your favor instead of against you.

Lots of western heroes have allies, best friends, guy or gal pals, and *sidekicks*. If your character gains a close companion during the course of the campaign, you don't need to use these rules—that's just one of the rewards of roleplaying. If you want your character to start with a genuine *sidekick*, however, you need to buy this Edge.

The first thing you should do is write out a brief description of the companion and his relationship with your hero. How did they meet? What incredible adventure forged such a strong and lasting friendship? What does either of them to make the other really mad?

Once you've come up with the backstory, the Marshal should generate the character's game statistics based on your description. A *sidekick* should never be more powerful than your character. Otherwise your hombre would be *his sidekick*.

If your hombre's sidekick isn't around half the time, drop the cost by 1. If he only comes around when your hero calls for him—and that takes some time—then he has *friends in high places* instead. *Sidekicks* are more or less always in your hair.

Before you imagine you've picked up a living shield for your hero, let's get something straight: *sidekicks* are strictly under the control of the Marshal. Neither you nor your character control their every thought or action. Although they are very loyal, they probably won't throw themselves in front of bullets for you, even if you ask real nice. Comprende, amigo?

To reflect the relationship with your ally, both the *sidekick* and the character are *loyal* to one another. Don't take any additional points for being *loyal* (and don't count them against your 10 point Hindrance limit either). The Hindrance is free to both characters. No whining: it's the price of having another pair of hands to help out in a pinch.

One last thing. Take *real* good care of your hero's companion. The world of *Deadlands* is a creepy place, and old friends make nasty enemies if left for dead. Imagine having an enemy that knows your every weakness and how to cause you the most grief humanly possible. Now imagine having that enemy come back from the grave with a vendetta because you sent him into certain death. It's best to watch your sidekicks back just as vigilantly as he watches yours.

"The Stare" 1

There's something in your stare that makes others nervous. When your eye starts twitching, someone's about to get carried to Boot Hill. Clint Eastwood has it, and so does your gunslinger.

A character with "*the stare*" may add +2 to his *overawe* attacks as long as the intended victim is close enough to look into his steely gaze (usually less than 30 feet).

Thick-Skinned 3

Whether he's tough-as-nails or just plain dumb, a cowboy who can handle a little pain is a hombre who's hard to beat. Tinhorns cry over a splinter. *Thick-skinned* gunslingers blaze away with both guns even when they're up to their gunbelts in their own blood.

Thick-skinned characters reduce their wound penalty by 1. A character with a serious wound would normally have a wound penalty of –3. A *thick-skinned* hombre's modifier would only be -2. See Chapter Four for more details on wound penalties.

Tough as Nails 1–5

Some folks keel over in a stiff wind, but you chew razor blades for breakfast. A real hero's got to persevere no matter how hard things get.

Every level of *tough as nails* adds +2 to your character's Wind. She can tough out losing blood and getting banged around when others are curling up like babies with thumbs in their mouths.

Two-Fisted 3

A rare few are just as good with their left hand as they are their right. These folks make deadly gunfighters and better cheats.

A *two-fisted* character ignores the –4 penalty for using his off hand. If he's firing two guns or fighting with two hand-weapons, he'll still have to deal with the –2 penalty for using a second weapon, however. You'll learn all about that in Chapter Four.

Trust us. A really skilled *two-fisted* gunman with a couple of double-action Peacemakers is one tough hombre.

VETERAN O' THE WEIRD WEST

0

You can tell by the stare. Or the way her hand slowly eases down toward her six-gun when there's trouble. Some folks have seen what humanity was not meant to know and lived to tell the tale.

Your character has been around a while. She's experienced the Weird West and said "howdy" to a few of its less-than-friendly denizens with her six-guns blazing.

You get an extra 15 points with which to buy Edges or Aptitudes or even improve your hero's Traits (at the usual cost).

Most *veterans* have encountered the supernatural and should have an *academia: occult* of at least 1. Characters without this skill may or may not have encountered the forces of darkness, but their mettle has been forged in more mundane but no less amazing adventures.

Extra points sound great, huh? They are, but the hero's past experience doesn't come without a steep price. You need to write a brief story of your character's past. The Marshal is going to use that to assign your hero a few haunting reminders of his past. Give him a good background so that whatever he comes up with fits your hero and makes him a more interesting character.

The price might be as simple as a new Hindrance gained from your character's past encounters, such as an *enemy* or a terrible scar. More often, the price is much higher. Your hero might have lost a limb, be stalked by a nefarious creature, or find himself drawn into a struggle against evil far older than he ever have imagined.

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"THE VOICE"

1

A gunslinger with a gravely voice is much more threatening when he calls out some scoundrel from Back East than some tinhorn with a voice like a mouse.

You can choose what kind of *voice* your character has. A *soothing voice* adds +2 to *persuasion* rolls made in calm, seductive, or otherwise peaceful situations. A *threatening voice* adds +2 to *overawe* rolls. A *grating voice* adds +2 to *ridicule* rolls.

You can buy multiple *voices* for your hero. Each one costs 1 point.

Six: Background

Now it's time to add the "meat" to your hero's skeleton. You need to answer some basic questions about where he's been, where he's going, and what he wants out of life. Scratch these down on a separate piece of paper if you like, just so that you and the Marshal can keep it all straight. Pinnacle also makes character journals, called *Twisted Tales,* for this very purpose.

Try to put a decent amount of effort into this. A well-developed background can help you play your character and get those much-needed Fate Chips from the Marshal. It also helps set your gunslinger apart from every other gun-toting madman in the posse.

Characters with *arcane background* need a little extra attention. You should figure out how your character first learned of the occult, what drew him toward it (instead of pushing him away as it does with most), and who taught him to master the eldritch forces of the Hunting Grounds. Where is that teacher now? Is he or she alive? Did the two part on good terms?

Veterans of the Weird West also need a good amount of detail. If you're going to have a more experienced hero, you need to know exactly *what* he's experienced. Was he hardened in the War? Was he a law man? Has he traveled? Answering these questions can help you play your character and convince others that your hombre is a little ahead of the game.

Okay, we've beat you over the head with background stuff. But don't sweat it if you can't think of all the answers right away. Play a game or two and "try on" your hero. Once you've gotten a feel for him, come back and fill in whatever you've left out.

Seven: Gear

Heroes start with $250 and the clothes on their back. Everything else—weapons, horses, ammunition— must be bought. We broke the list out into its own chapter to make it easy to refer to after you and your group have played a while. You'll find all the guns, goods, and grub you can shake a totem pole at in the very next chapter, compadre.

If you're looking for something that's not on the list, ask the Marshal to make it up or check an antique catalog. They're usually available in large libraries or on the world wide web. It's amazing how much you can find out there if you look.

Spaghetti... With Meat!

So let's make a character. The first thing we need is a concept. Let's try the "good bad-man" character. The roguish, reluctant hero you see in the spaghetti westerns.

Step One: Our hombre's name is Ronan Lynch. He was a Lieutenant for the Union in the War between the States, during which time he learned he had nerves of steel. Lesser men fled the field of battle while he stood his ground, firing his six-guns until the barrels grew hot.

CHARACTER CREATION SUMMARY

APTITUDES

Aptitude	Trait
Academia	Knowledge
Animal Wranglin'	Mien
Area Knowledge	Knowledge
Artillery	Cognition
Arts	Cognition
Bluff	Smarts
Bow	Deftness
Climbin'	Nimbleness
Demolition	Knowledge
Disguise	Knowledge
Dodge	Nimbleness
Drivin'	Nimbleness
Faith	Spirit
Fightin'	Nimbleness
Filchin'	Deftness
Gamblin'	Smarts
Guts	Spirit
Hexslingin'	Special
Horse Ridin'	Nimbleness
Languages	Knowledge
Leadership	Mien
Lockpickin'	Deftness
Mad Science	Knowledge
Medicine	Knowledge
Overawe	Mien
Performin'	Mien
Persuasion	Mien
Professional	Knowledge
Quick Draw	Quickness
Ridicule	Smarts
Ritual	Special
Science	Knowledge
Scrutinize	Cognition
Search	Cognition
Scroungin'	Smarts
Shootin'	Deftness
Sleight of Hand	Deftness
Sneak	Nimbleness
Speed-Load	Deftness
Streetwise	Smarts
Survival	Smarts
Swimmin'	Nimbleness
Tale-Tellin'	Mien
Teamster	Nimbleness
Throwin'	Deftness
Tinkerin'	Smarts
Trackin'	Cognition
Trade	Knowledge

HINDRANCES

Hindrance	Cost
Ailin'	-1/-3/-5
All Thumbs	-2
Bad Ears	-3/-5
Bad Eyes	-3/-5
Bad Luck	-5
Big Britches	-3
Big Mouth	-3
Big 'Un	-1/-2
Bloodthirsty	-2
Cautious	-3
Curious	-3
Clueless	-3
Death Wish	-5
Doubting Thomas	-3
Enemy	-1-5
Ferner	-3
Geezer	-3/-5
Greedy	-2
Grim Servant o' Death	-5
Habit	-1-3
Hankerin'	-1/3
Heavy Sleeper	-1
Heroic	-3
High-Falutin'	-2
Illiterate	-3
Impulsive	-3
Intolerance	-1-3
Kid	-2/-4
Law o' the West	-3
Lame	-3/-5
Loco	-1-5
Loyal	-3
Lyin' Eyes	-3
Miser	-3
Mean as a Rattler	-2
Night Terrors	-5
Oath	-1-5
Obligation	-1-5
Outlaw	-1-5
One-Armed Bandit	-3
Pacifist	-3/-5
Poverty	-3
Randy	-3
Scrawny	-5
Self-Righteous	-3
Slowpoke	-1-5
Squeaky	-2
Squeamish	-3
Stubborn	-2
Superstitious	-2
Tinhorn	-2
Thin-Skinned	-3
Tuckered	-1-5
Ugly As Sin	-1
Vengeful	-3
Wanted	-1-5
Yearnin'	-1-5
Yeller	-5

EDGES

Edge	Cost
Arcane Background	3
Belongin's	1-5
Big Ears	1
Brave	2
Brawny	3
Dinero	1-5
Don't Get 'Im Riled!	2
Eagle Eyes	1
Fleet-Footed	1-5
Friends in High Places	1-5
Gift of Gab	1
Keen	3
Kemosabe	1/2
Law Man	1/3/5
Level-Headed	5
Light Sleeper	1
Luck o' the Irish	5
Mechanically Inclined	1
Nerves o' Steel	1
Purty	1
Rank	1-5
Renown	1/3/5
Sand	1-5
Sidekick	5
"The Stare"	1
Thick-Skinned	3
Tough as Nails	1-5
Two-Fisted	3
Veteran o' the Weird West	0
"The Voice"	1

After his discharge—Was it honorable? We'll figure that out later—Ronan headed west. He's looking for something better than killing, but it seems his reputation always precedes him. Every cowtown he visits wants him to be their sheriff or clean up the local trouble.

Step Two: We draw 12 cards for Ronan's Traits. Here are the cards and the dice they give us:

RONAN'S CARDS

Card	Trait Die/Level
Joker	?d12
King of Hearts	3d10
Queen of Spades	4d10
Jack of Spades	4d8
Ten of Hearts	3d8
Ten of Diamonds	2d8
Eight of Diamonds	2d6
Seven of Clubs	1d6
Six of Diamonds	2d6
Five of Hearts	3d6
Four of Clubs	1d6
Three of Clubs	1d6

We ditch the Three and Four of Clubs, since they only give us 1d6 each. For our Joker, we immediately draw another card for the Trait Level and get a Diamond, for a final total of 2d12.

Now we need to assign all these numbers to Ronan's Traits. The most important Traits for a gunfighter like him are *Quickness* and *Deftness*. The former gets the 2d12, and the latter gets 4d10. Look on the character sheet to see where we put the rest of his dice.

Mysterious Past: The Marshal sees us draw the Joker, meaning Ronan has a "mysterious past." He draws a card and consults his secret, don't-look-under-pain-of-death, classified table in the *Marshal's Handbook* and cackles maniacally. He wouldn't normally tell us what our mysterious past is, but since this is an example character, he grins and reveals that Ronan is actually a dead man.

The Marshal wants to keep the mechanics of that secret for a while (and we don't want to spoil any surprises for you either), but the story of Ronan's death is told in the Dime Novel *Perdition's Daughter* if you're interested.

Step Three: A character gets the grand total of his *Cognition, Knowledge,* and *Smarts* Trait die types in Aptitude points. For Ronan, this is 22.

He gets 1 level in *climbin', search,* and *sneak* for free. He gets 2 levels of *area knowledge: home county* as well.

His first concern as a gunfighter is his *shootin': pistol* Aptitude. We use 5 of our Aptitude points to bring this up to the starting maximum of 5. Ronan also wants a good *quick draw* skill, so we raise it to level 4.

As a man who makes his living dispensing his own kind of justice from the end of a gun, Ronan is a student of all forms of slug throwing weaponry. For an additional 6 Aptitude points, we buy him two other shootin' concentrations, *shootin' rifles* and *shootin': shotguns*.

The rest of Ronan's points are spent as you see on the character sheet.

Step Four: Now it's time for Hindrances. Let's start with *heroic* for -3 points. Ronan isn't a goody two-shoes, but he can't turn down a damsel in distress either. Ronan spends cash like water so give him *poverty* for -3 points. *Vengeful* and a *hankerin'* for a good stiff drink after a gunfight bring him up to 10 total points in Hindrances.

Step Five: We've got 3 points to buy some Edges. Ronan uses 2 Colt Peacemakers, so he needs the 3-point *two-fisted* Edge to avoid off-hand penalties in combat.

Step Six: We already decided Ronan's basic history in Step One, so we're good for now.

Step Seven: Our last task is to buy Ronan's gear. Unfortunately, because Ronan has the *poverty* Hindrance, we only have $50 to spend on equipment. Ronan uses two Peacemakers. These costs $15 each, and we have to spend another $3 on a box of 50 shells. $33 of our $50 is already gone.

With only $17 in his pocket, Ronan sets out into the Weird West.

Wish him luck. He's going to need it.

Name: Ronan Lynch

Occupation: Gunslinger

Traits & Aptitudes

Ammo One
1
2
3
4
5
6

Cognition 2 d 6
Artillery
Arts
Scrutinize
Search(1)
Trackin'

Deftness 4 d 10
Bow
Filchin'
Lockpickin'
Shootin' 5d10
Pistols, Rilfes, Shotguns
Sleight o' Hand
Speed Load
Throwin'

Ammo Two
1
2
3
4
5
6

Knowledge 2 d 6
Academia
Area Knowledge
Home Country (2) 2d6
Demolition
Disguise
Language

Mad Science
Medicine
Professional
Science
Trade

Mien 4 d 8
Animal Wranglin'
Leadership
Overawe
Performin'
Persuasion
Tale Tellin'

Nimbleness 2 d 8
Climbin' (1)
Dodge
Drivin'
Fightin'

Horse Ridin'
Sneak(1)
Swimmin'
Teamster

Quickness 2 d 12
Quick Draw 4d12
Pistols

Smarts 3 d 10
Bluff
Gamblin'
Ridicule
Scroungin'
Streetwise
Survival
Tinkerin'

Spirit 1 d 6
Faith
Guts 2d6

Strength 1 d 6

Vigor 2 d 8

White Chips
1
2
3
4
5
6
7

Red Chips
1
2
3
4
5

Blue Chips
1
2
3
4
5

Shootin' Irons & Such

Weapon	Shots	RoF	Range	Damage
Peacmaker	6	2	10	3d6

Hand to Hand Weapons

Weapon	Defense	Speed	Damage
Fist	–	1	STR (3d6)

Ammo Three
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15

Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Grit:

Wound Key

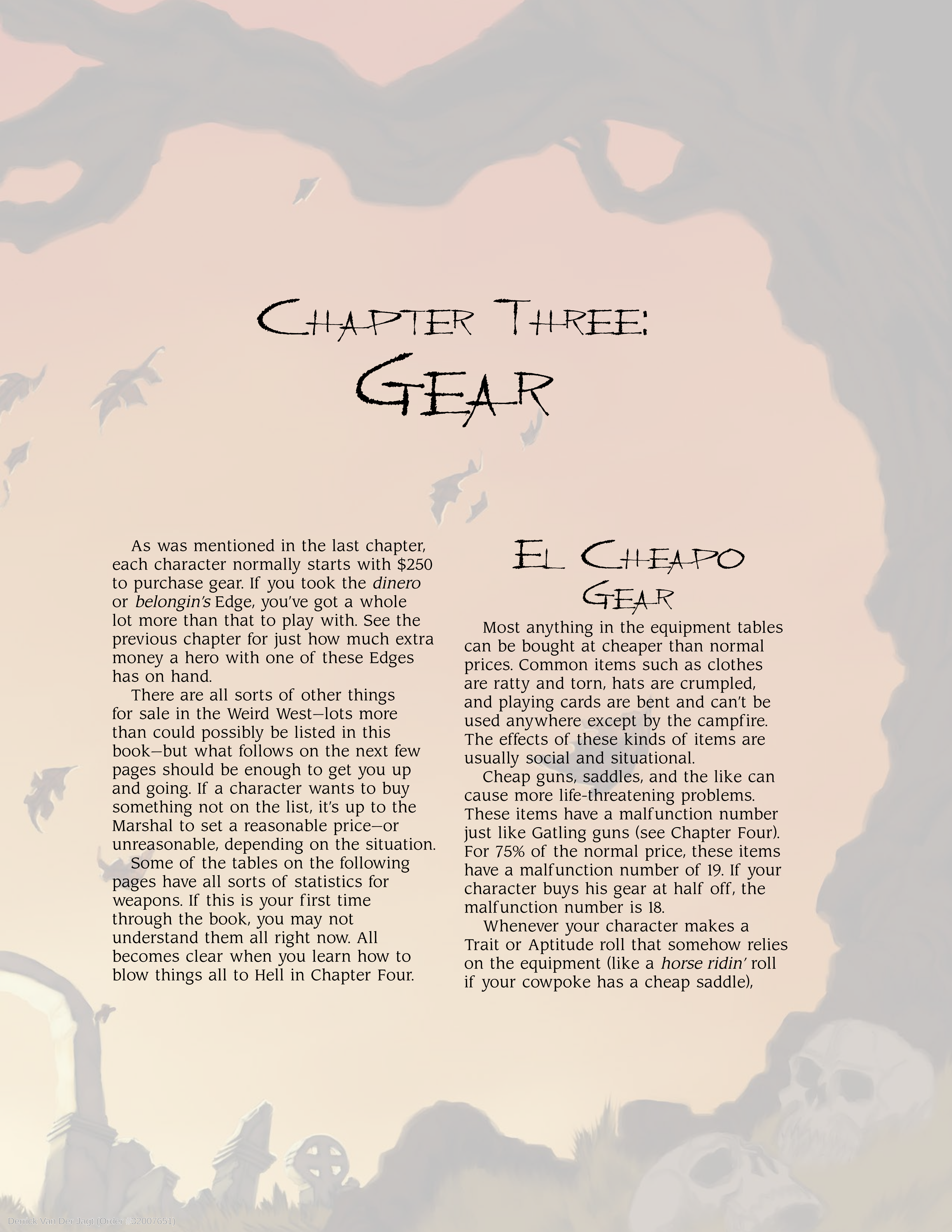
Light	White
Heavy	Green
Serious	Yeller
Critical	Red
Maimed	Black

(mark wounds with colored paper clips)

Wounds
Head
Rt. Arm
Lt. Arm
Guts
R. Leg
Lt. Leg

Wind
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34

DALY



Chapter Three: Gear

As was mentioned in the last chapter, each character normally starts with $250 to purchase gear. If you took the *dinero* or *belongin's* Edge, you've got a whole lot more than that to play with. See the previous chapter for just how much extra money a hero with one of these Edges has on hand.

There are all sorts of other things for sale in the Weird West—lots more than could possibly be listed in this book—but what follows on the next few pages should be enough to get you up and going. If a character wants to buy something not on the list, it's up to the Marshal to set a reasonable price—or unreasonable, depending on the situation.

Some of the tables on the following pages have all sorts of statistics for weapons. If this is your first time through the book, you may not understand them all right now. All becomes clear when you learn how to blow things all to Hell in Chapter Four.

El Cheapo Gear

Most anything in the equipment tables can be bought at cheaper than normal prices. Common items such as clothes are ratty and torn, hats are crumpled, and playing cards are bent and can't be used anywhere except by the campfire. The effects of these kinds of items are usually social and situational.

Cheap guns, saddles, and the like can cause more life-threatening problems. These items have a malfunction number just like Gatling guns (see Chapter Four). For 75% of the normal price, these items have a malfunction number of 19. If your character buys his gear at half off, the malfunction number is 18.

Whenever your character makes a Trait or Aptitude roll that somehow relies on the equipment (like a *horse ridin'* roll if your cowpoke has a cheap saddle), roll a d20 as well. If the result of your die roll is higher than the malfunction number, something's gone wrong. The Marshal will let you know the consequences of your extreme thriftiness.

Read on for some price lists and a few notes on some of the items your hombre might want to carry with him into the Weird West.

Horses

While steamwagons and trains make it easier and easier to get around the Weird West these days, that noble animal, the horse, remains the most popular form of personal transportation.

Horses come in all colors and qualities. The prices for them vary on the time of year, the location, and the demand, but an average horse sells for $150.

Animal Traits are relative, so don't worry about your trusty mount outsmarting your gunslinger. A horse with a 1d6 *Knowledge* knows a few simple commands and can figure out a new rider's instructions, but he won't be performing simple math any time soon.

Profile: Typical Horse

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d12, S:2d10, Q:1d8, V:2d10.

Fightin': brawlin' 1d12, swimmin' 4d12

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Guts 2d4, overawe 1d6.

Pace: 20

Size: 10

Wind: 14

Terror: 0 (5 when angered)

Special Abilities:

Damage: Kick (STR+2d6)

Description: Horses come in a wide variety of colors and breeds.

Exceptional Horses

Exceptional horses can be found on occasion, if the hero knows where to look or maybe even just gets lucky. If a cowpoke makes an Onerous (7) *Cognition/horse ridin'* roll, she can tell if a horse she's examining has any exceptional qualities about it or not.

Exceptional horses cost an extra $150. Below are a few qualities that might be found among uncommon stock. Many more are possible

Brave: This horse stands fast even in the face of extreme danger. The animal has a *Spirit* of 2d8 and a *guts* of 4d8.

Fast: Too bad the Pony Express didn't get a hold of this animal. The horse has a Pace of 24.

Smart: The animal responds exceptionally well to its master's commands. The horse's owner can add +2 to her *horse ridin'* rolls.

Strong: Strap this horse to a plow and he'll make any farmer proud. Huge and burly, the horse has 3d12 *Strength*.

Surly: The horse is ill-tempered to those he isn't used to. He kicks and bites with only a little provocation.

Tough: The horse is made of tougher stuff than normal, and has 2d12 *Vigor.*

COMMON GEAR

Clothes

Boots	$8
Chaps (Armor -2)	$4
Duster	$10
Longjohns	$2
Shirt/blouse, dress	$3
Shirt/blouse, work	$1
Silk stockings	$1
Shoes	$2
Suit/fancy dress	$15
Trousers/skirt	$2
Winter coat	$15

Explosives

Blasting cap	$1
Dynamite (per stick)	$3
Fuse (per foot)	5¢
Nitro (per pint)	$2.50

Food & Drink

Bacon (per pound)	15¢
Coffee (per pound)	25¢
Restaurant, good	
Breakfast	50¢
Lunch	25¢
Dinner	$1
Restaurant, cheap	
Any meal	25¢
Trail rations (per day)	50¢

General Equipment

Ax	$2
Backpack	$2
Barbed wire (per yard)	5¢
Bed roll	$4
Camera	$3
Canteen	$1
Cigar	5¢
Detonator, plunger	$10
Detonation wire (50')	$2.50
Drill	$2
File	25¢
Guitar	$8
Hammer	50¢
Handcuffs	$3.50
Harmonica	50¢
Hatchet	$1
Iron skillet	50¢
Lantern	$2.50
Lantern oil (per gallon)	10¢
Matches (box of 100)	50¢
Mess kit	$2
Photographic plate	$1
Pick	$2
Pipe	$2
Playing cards	25¢
Rope (50')	$5
Shovel	$1.50
Spectacles	$5
Tobacco, chewing (tin)	50¢
Tobacco, smoking (pouch)	50¢
Watch, standard	$2.50
Watch, gold	$10

Gun Accessories

Gun belt	$2
Holster	$3
Quick-draw holster	$11
Rifle scabbard	$3
Shotgun thong	25¢
Speed-load cylinder	$3

Hats

Bonnet	$2
Derby	$1.50
Fedora	$3
Sombrero	$3.50
Stetson	$5

Liquor

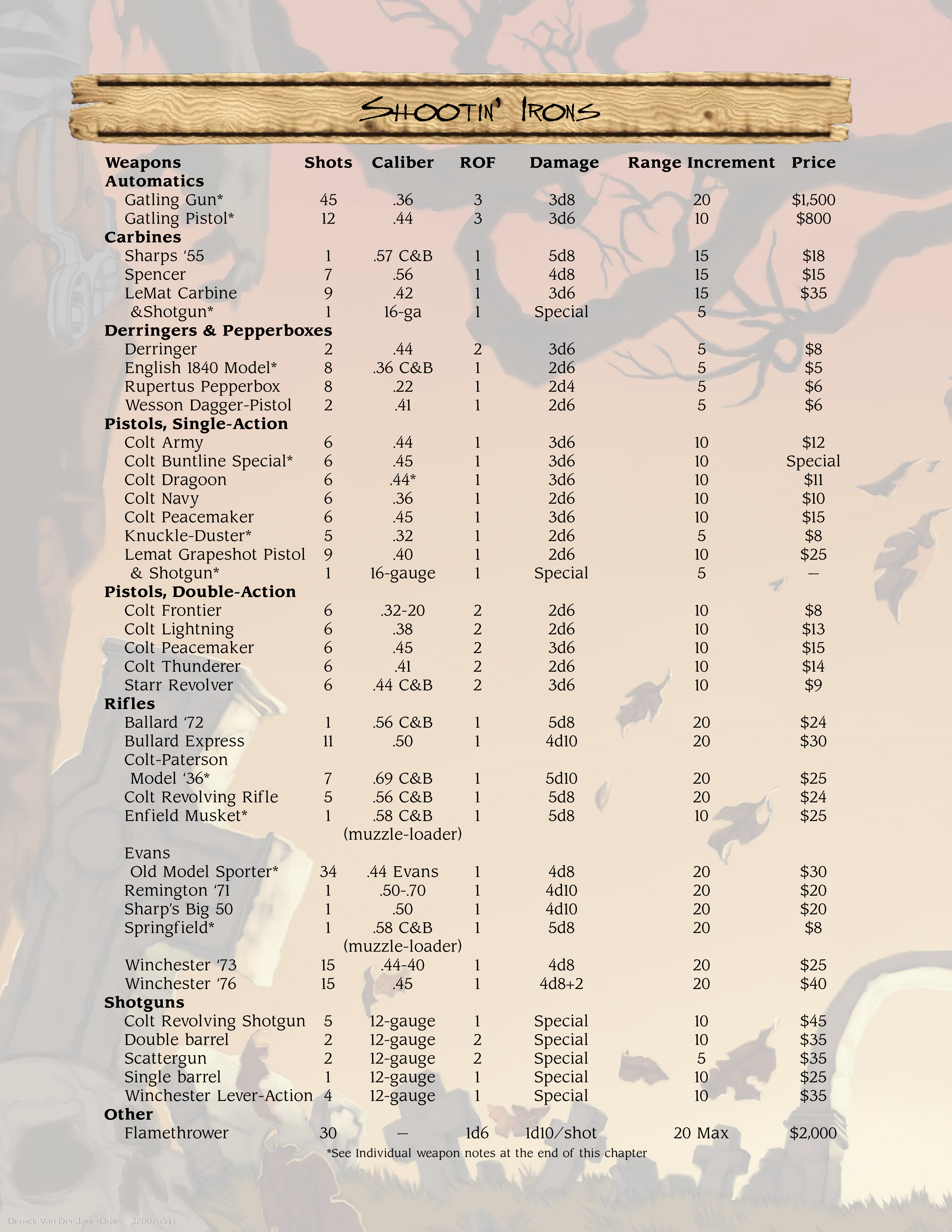
Beer (glass)	5¢
Cheap stuff	
Shot	10¢
Bottle	$2
Good stuff	
Shot	25¢
Bottle	$5

Transportation

Buckboard	$75
Buggy/cab	$200
Conestoga wagon	$200
Horse	$150
Mule	$50
Riverboat (per mile)	5¢
Saddle	$25
Saddle bags	$5
Stagecoach (per mile)	10¢
Train ticket (per mile)	5¢

Services

Bath	$1
Burial	$5
Doctor visit	
Office	$3
House Call	$5
Photo	$10
Room (per day)	
Boarding house (w/meals)	$3
Low-class hotel	$2
High-class hotel	$10
Shave and a haircut	25¢
Telegram (per word)	5¢



SHOOTIN' IRONS

Weapons	Shots	Caliber	ROF	Damage	Range Increment	Price
Automatics						
Gatling Gun*	45	.36	3	3d8	20	$1,500
Gatling Pistol*	12	.44	3	3d6	10	$800
Carbines						
Sharps '55	1	.57 C&B	1	5d8	15	$18
Spencer	7	.56	1	4d8	15	$15
LeMat Carbine	9	.42	1	3d6	15	$35
&Shotgun*	1	16-ga	1	Special	5	
Derringers & Pepperboxes						
Derringer	2	.44	2	3d6	5	$8
English 1840 Model*	8	.36 C&B	1	2d6	5	$5
Rupertus Pepperbox	8	.22	1	2d4	5	$6
Wesson Dagger-Pistol	2	.41	1	2d6	5	$6
Pistols, Single-Action						
Colt Army	6	.44	1	3d6	10	$12
Colt Buntline Special*	6	.45	1	3d6	10	Special
Colt Dragoon	6	.44*	1	3d6	10	$11
Colt Navy	6	.36	1	2d6	10	$10
Colt Peacemaker	6	.45	1	3d6	10	$15
Knuckle-Duster*	5	.32	1	2d6	5	$8
Lemat Grapeshot Pistol	9	.40	1	2d6	10	$25
& Shotgun*	1	16-gauge	1	Special	5	—
Pistols, Double-Action						
Colt Frontier	6	.32-20	2	2d6	10	$8
Colt Lightning	6	.38	2	2d6	10	$13
Colt Peacemaker	6	.45	2	3d6	10	$15
Colt Thunderer	6	.41	2	2d6	10	$14
Starr Revolver	6	.44 C&B	2	3d6	10	$9
Rifles						
Ballard '72	1	.56 C&B	1	5d8	20	$24
Bullard Express	11	.50	1	4d10	20	$30
Colt-Paterson Model '36*	7	.69 C&B	1	5d10	20	$25
Colt Revolving Rifle	5	.56 C&B	1	5d8	20	$24
Enfield Musket*	1	.58 C&B (muzzle-loader)	1	5d8	10	$25
Evans Old Model Sporter*	34	.44 Evans	1	4d8	20	$30
Remington '71	1	.50-.70	1	4d10	20	$20
Sharp's Big 50	1	.50	1	4d10	20	$20
Springfield*	1	.58 C&B (muzzle-loader)	1	5d8	20	$8
Winchester '73	15	.44-40	1	4d8	20	$25
Winchester '76	15	.45	1	4d8+2	20	$40
Shotguns						
Colt Revolving Shotgun	5	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$45
Double barrel	2	12-gauge	2	Special	10	$35
Scattergun	2	12-gauge	2	Special	5	$35
Single barrel	1	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$25
Winchester Lever-Action	4	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$35
Other						
Flamethrower	30	—	1d6	1d10/shot	20 Max	$2,000

*See Individual weapon notes at the end of this chapter

EQUIPMENT NOTES

Some of the gear listed on the tables were not available in our world's 1876. Remember this is not the Old West, it's the Weird West. The appearance of mad scientists and ghost rock has ratcheted the technology level of the *Deadlands* world up a few notches.

RELIABILITY

Some weapons are subject to jams, misfires, and other malfunctions. To check a weapon's "Reliability," roll a d20 with the attack dice whenever you fire it. If the d20 comes up over the weapon's Reliability, it suffers a malfunction. Unless the weapon has its own rules for misfires, the Marshal has a special table that tells him how bad the misfire is.

FAST-DRAW HOLSTERS

Fast-draw holsters add +2 to *quick draw* rolls. No gunfighter would be caught dead without one. Unless, of course, she's already been on the wrong side of a headstone.

FIREARMS

Each gun has a number of statistics listed below it. These are explained in detail in Chapter Four, but we'll give you a quick overview.

Shots is the number of bullets or shells the gun holds in its magazine.

Caliber is the diameter (size) of the bullet used by the gun. You can't switch ammo between guns that take different caliber rounds.

ROF, or "rate of fire," is the number of times the gun may fire each action.

Damage is how many dice of damage the weapon does when you score a hit. Roll these dice and add them together, as instructed in Chapter Four.

Range Increment is how accurate the weapon is. Divide the range from the shooter to the target by this number and add it to 5 to figure out the final TN of a ranged attack.

Price. We think you can figure this one out.

AMMO

Ammunition is plentiful in the West, but any given store might not have the caliber a cowpoke needs. Forty-five and .38 ammo is most common. Ammo for a gun like the Evans Old Model Sporter probably has to be special ordered.

AMMUNITION

Ammo	Number	Price
Arrow	20	$2
Pistol (.22,-.38)	50	$2
Pistol (.40-.50)	50	$3
Rifle (.38-.52)	50	$4
Rifle (.56+)	50	$5
Powder & Shot	20	$1
Percussion Caps	60	$.50
Shotgun shells	20	$2

SINGLE AND DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVERS

If you're not a gun nut, these terms may be strange to you. Single-action pistols require the user to cock the hammer before he can pull the trigger and fire. Double-actions allow the shooter to simply pull the trigger—the "action" cocks the gun for you if it wasn't already.

Double-actions are a little faster and more reliable in the late 1870s. Single-actions allow a gunslinger to fan, however, firing the entire load in one action if he wants. Chapter Four describes exactly how this is done in the game.

CAP & BALL WEAPONS

Firearms using metallic cartridges are a fairly new development in the late 1870s. Many people still carry older cap-and-ball (percussion) weapons. No, your hero won't want these antiquated guns for everyday use, but sometimes that's all that's available.

Cap-and-ball weapons get their name from the way they're fired. The bullet (ball) and gunpowder are loaded by hand into the gun's chamber, and a small percussion cap is fitted onto a nipple on the outside of the chamber. When the trigger is pulled, the hammer detonates the cap, which in turn ignites the powder in the chamber and fires the bullet.

Because each chamber has to be individually charged with powder and ball, percussion weapons take much longer to reload than cartridge weapons: three actions for each chamber. It's usually easier to simply pop out the empty cylinder and replace it with a fully loaded spare. This only takes two actions.

Percussion weapons have a few quirks. Since there are so many "parts" involved in firing, it's easy for them to misfire.

To represent this, the shooter must make a Reliability check when he fires a percussion weapon. Most cap and ball guns have a Reliability of 19. When a misfire occurs, roll 2d6 to determine how bad it is.

CAP & BALL MISFIRES

Roll	Malfunction
2-5	**Minor Malfunction:** A spent cap drops off into the firing mechanism, jamming the gun. It's easy to get at and can be cleared by spending a single action.
6-10	**Major Malfunction:** A spent cap drops into the mechanism and is crushed. Removing it requires a Fair (5) *tinkerin'* or *shootin'/Knowledge* roll. This takes 1 round.
11-12	**Catastrophe:** The last shot touched off the other chambers, and the weapon explodes. Treat this as an explosion that harms only the firer and does 1d6 damage per unfired chamber.

INDIVIDUAL FIREARM NOTES

Colt Buntline Special: The original model was made specially for Ned Buntline. It has a 16-inch barrel and a detachable shoulder stock. Buntline had others made and gave them as gifts to prominent Western personalities.

These pistols cannot normally be bought. They must be ordered directly from the Colt factory in New Jersey (for $500) or taken from one of the individuals that received one as a gift. Since this list includes Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, and Wild Bill Hickok, ordering one is likely the better option.

When used with the stock, increase the weapon's range increment to 15 as well.

Buntlines are slow on the draw due to their long barrel (and even require a special holster). Subtract -2 from the shooter's *quick draw* roll when he needs to whip out this hand-cannon.

Colt-Paterson 1836 Rifle: This is a revolving cylinder rifle. It's reloaded like a revolver.

Evans Old Model Sporter: This high-capacity rifle has a four-column magazine in its stock. It uses special .44 caliber ammo made by the manufacturer. This is extremely hard to come by out West but can be ordered directly from the company (which takes about three weeks).

English Model 1840 Pepperbox: Once you've emptied this gun's eight barrels, you can cut yourself a good plug of chaw. A large knife blade juts out from between the weapon's barrels.

Gatling Guns: Gatling guns have become commercially available since the Great Rail Wars. Most towns won't allow them (even pistols—there's too much risk of hitting innocent bystanders). Gatlings have a Reliability of 19.

LeMat Grapeshot Revolver: This unusual weapon mounts a 16-gauge scattergun barrel under the pistol barrel. A switch moves the hammer between the two, so only one or the other can be fired in a single action. Early models were cap-and-ball, but modern (1876) models use cartridges.

Knuckle-Duster: This is a tiny revolver with a solid brass frame and handle. It has a ring grip that allows a character to use the pistol as a set of brass knuckles.

Wesson Dagger-Pistol: Just like the English Model 1840, this gun has a small knife blade attached under the barrel.

Other Ranged Weapons

Weapons	Ammo	ROF	Damage	Range Increment	Price
Bolas	Bolo	1	STR+1d4	5	$3
Bow & arrow	Arrow	1	STR+1d6	10	$3
Dynamite*	1 stick	1	3d20 (BR 10)	5	$3
Nitro*	8 oz. bottle	1	3d20 (BR 10)	5	$1.25
Thrown knife	Knife	1	STR+1d6	5	$3
Thrown spear	Spear	1	STR+2d6	5	$3

Other Ranged Weapons

Ammo is the type of projectile the device fires. In most cases, the projectile is the weapon.

ROF is the "rate of fire," or how many attacks can be made in a single action with this weapon.

Damage is how much devastation the weapon wreaks when it hits. Weapons powered by the user are figured by adding the weapon's damage dice (added like a firearm's) to a normal *Strength* roll.

Range Increment is figured just like with a firearm.

Price is how much each of the items in question costs.

Individual Weapon Notes

Explosives: Some folks think it's fun to wander around with a backpack full of dynamite, but as the saying goes, if you play with fire, you're bound to get burned.

Anytime a hero carrying dynamite is hit by a bullet, hand-to-hand weapon, or other physical force in a body area where he is carrying dynamite, roll a d6. On a 1, the dynamite is hit and detonates. Boom.

Nitroglycerine is a very unstable liquid. The slightest impact might set it off. Nitro can be set off by stray hits just like dynamite. In addition, any time a hero carrying nitro tumbles, falls or takes a jolt of some sort, roll a d6. On a 1-3, it detonates. Boom. If a character ever takes a big fall, the nitro automatically explodes. Boom again.

Hand-to-Hand Weapons

Here's a quick list of what those funny headers on the **Fightin' Weapons** table mean.

DB is the weapon's Defensive Bonus. Anyone trying to hit a character with this weapon must add this to their TN.

Damage is the damage the weapon does. Note that hand-to-hand damage is a normal *Strength* roll added to the weapon's own damage (which is added together normally).

Price is...oh, you know what that is.

Individual Weapon Notes

Bolas, Whip, Lariat: Instead of doing damage, these weapons can entangle a character. See Chapter Four for details.

Fightin' Weapons

Weapon	DB	Damage	Price
Bolo			
Brass Knuckles	–	STR+1d4	$1
Club, small	–	STR+1d4	–
Club, large	+1	STR+1d6	–
Fist	–	STR	–
Knife	+1	STR+1d4	$2
Knife, large (Bowie)	+1	STR+1d6	$4
Rapier	+2	STR+2d6	$10
Saber	+2	STR+2d8	$15
Spear	+3	STR+2d6	$3
Tomahawk	–	STR+2d6	$3
Whip	+1	STR	$10
Lariat	–	–	$4

Using the Archetypes

The Archetypes

On the following pages you'll find 22 premade archetype characters to get you started in the Weird West All of them have been designed for you to photocopy and use right out of the book. (We prefer color photocopies ourselves, but black-and-white ones work just fine). Each character has his Traits, Aptitudes, special abilities, gear, leftover cash, Edges, and Hindrances all picked out for you.

The only things you really need to come up with are the character's history and name. Be as creative as you like.

Maybe your buffalo soldier was born in Haiti and had some dabbling with a voodoo priest that ran him off the island. He's seen a lot stranger things since he joined up with the Union army.

Or maybe your mad scientist was a respected researcher at a prestigious university Back East, until he felt the crazed inspiration that drives him today.

Your saloon gal could be the only witness to a horrible crime or event, running for her life from the people—or things—who perpetrated it.

Go nuts! After all, we don't call this the "Weird" West for nothing!

What's Yer Name, Partner...

As for a name for your Weird Western wanderer, go for something colorful. Lots of heroes have nicknames that they've earned in the course of their lives, people like Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum or "Bad Luck" Betty McGrew. After all, who's going to want to tell your tales around the campfire if they can't remember your name?

Using the Character Sheet

You may still want to write your character down on a character sheet. That way you can keep track of wounds, Wind, and ammunition a little easier. Also, when you start improving your hero, you're going to want somewhere to write all your new Aptitudes and powers You can always keep a color photocopy of the original around, though, if for nothing more than the pretty picture.

Modifying the Archetypes

You can swap Traits and Aptitudes around if you want, just make sure the numbers add up when you're done. You can also pick out new Edges and Hindrances that better suit your play style.

All of the archetypes are balanced with the same numbers and types of dice. You might do a little better if you make your own character from scratch. Use the archetypes for your first foray into the Weird West or if you want to run a quick "pickup" game, or study them as an example of how you might build a Deadlands hero of your own.

If you plan on playing a campaign—we call them "sagas"—you'll probably want to make your own character from scratch.

A Little Legalese

If your local copy center gives you grief over copying the archetypes out of your *Deadlands* book, show them this: We give you permission to photocopy the archetypes, character sheets, and mad scientist's blueprint for your own personal use.

BUFFALO GIRL

TRAITS & APTITUDES

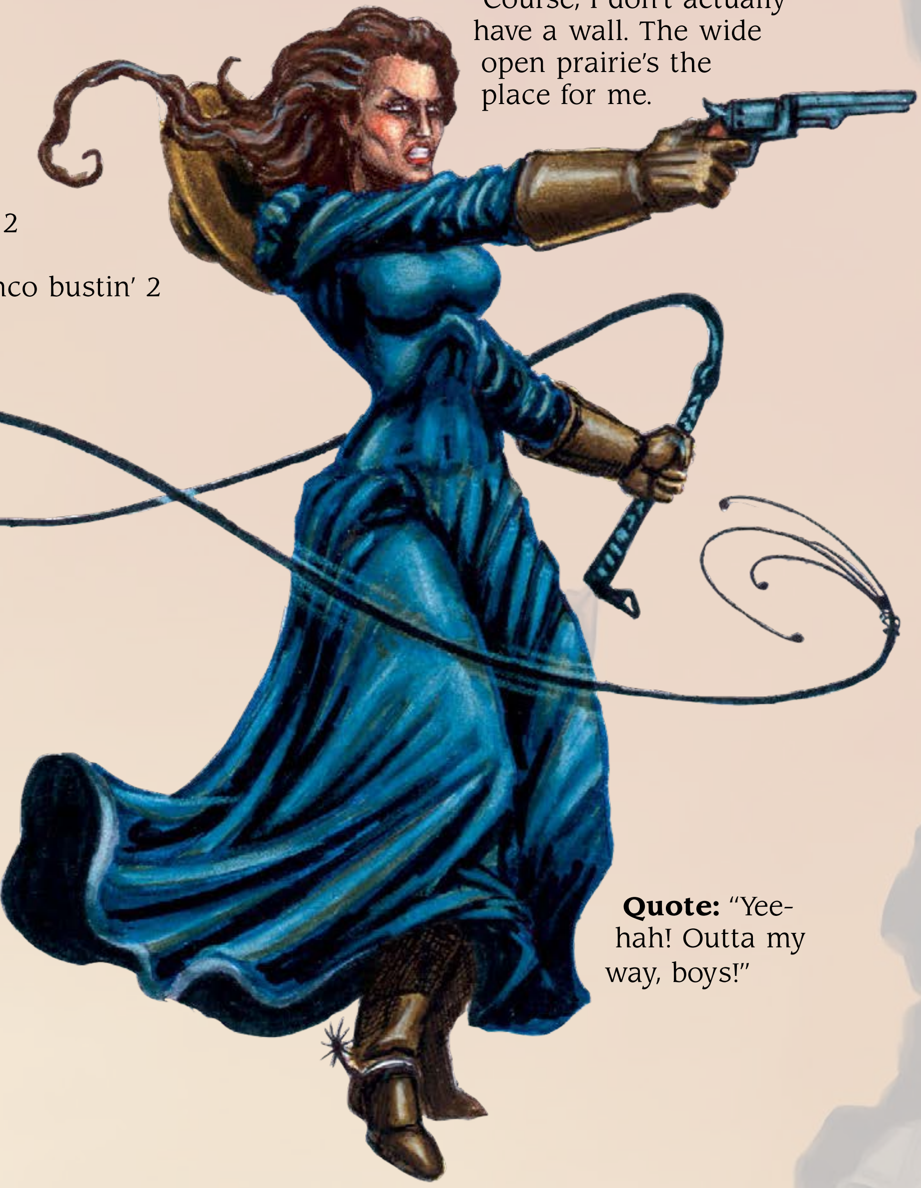
Deftness 4d10
  Shootin': rifle 4
Nimbleness 2d12
  Climbin' 1
  Fightin': whip 3
  Horse ridin' 2
  Sneak 1
Quickness 2d10
Strength 2d6
Vigor 4d6
Cognition 1d8
  Search 1
  Scrutinize 2
  Trackin' 3
Knowledge 1d6
  Area knowledge 2
  Language: Indian sign 2
Mien 3d8
  Animal wranglin': bronco bustin' 2
  Persuasion 3
Smarts 2d6
  Gamblin' 2
  Ridicule 2
  Survival:
    plains 1
Spirit 3d6
  Guts 2
Wind 12
Edges:
  Purty 1
  Brave 2
Hindrances:
  Big Britches -3
  Curious -3
  Heroic -3
  Intolerance -1:
    Feminine women.
Gear: Winchester '73,
  box of 50 shells,
  whip, horse, $61.

PERSONALITY

Yee-hah! I'm the wildest thing this side o' the Pecos. I'm a whip-crackin', butt-kickin', pistol-packin' gal o' the plains.

I've seen some ornery lookin' critters out here in the West, and I aim to rope me a few. Maybe I'll catch one and sell it to a rodeo or one o' them newfangled zoos. Or maybe I'll just stuff the durn varmint and mount it on my wall.

'Course, I don't actually have a wall. The wide open prairie's the place for me.



Quote: "Yee-hah! Outta my way, boys!"

COWPOKE

TRAITS & APTITUDES

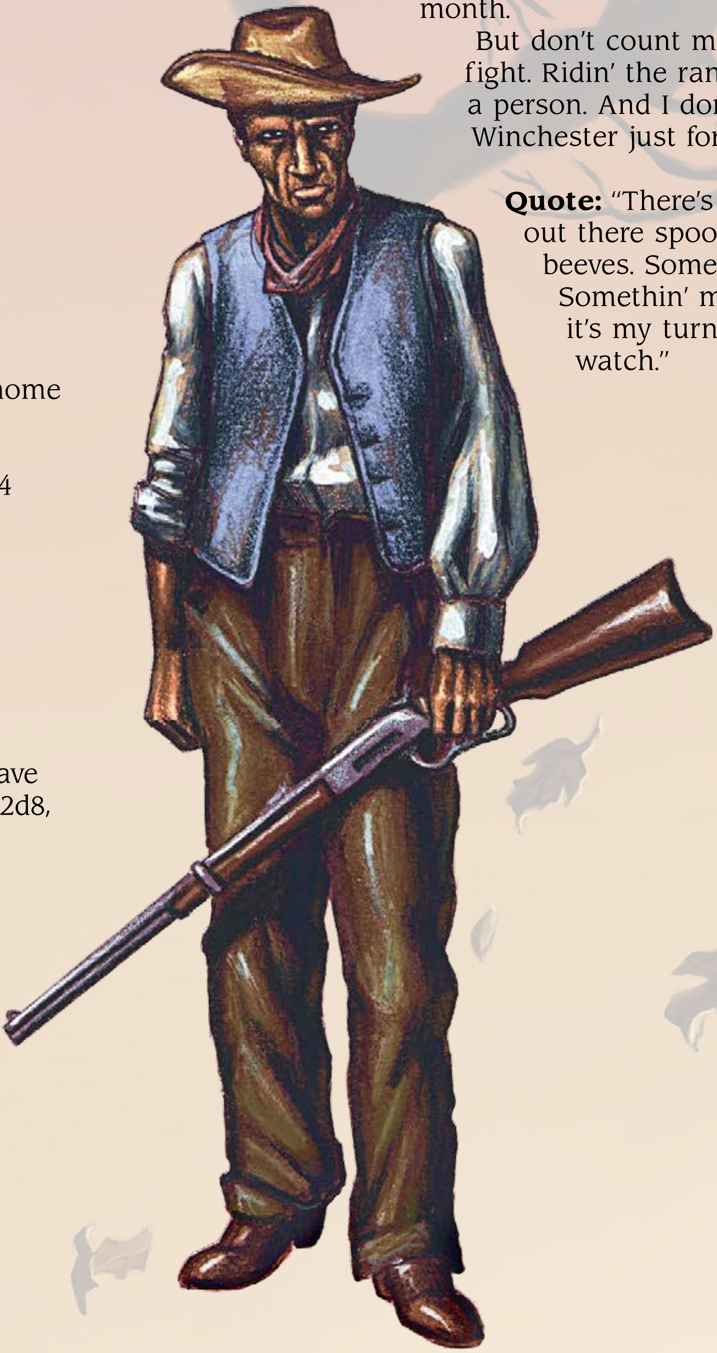
Deftness 4d10
Shootin': pistol, rifle 3
Nimbleness 3d8
Climbin' 1
Dodge 2
Fightin': brawlin' 2
Horse ridin' 3
Sneak 1
Teamster 2
Quickness 4d6
Strength 2d10
Vigor 2d12
Cognition 3d6
Search 1
Knowledge 1d6
Area knowledge: home range 2
Mien 1d8
Animal wranglin' 4
Overawe 2
Smarts 2d6
Gamblin' 2
Scroungin' 2
Survival: plains 2
Spirit 2d6
Wind: 18
Edges:
Belongings 1: A brave horse (*Spirit* of 2d8, *guts* of 4d8, it's used to cattle)
Hindrances:
All thumbs -2
Loyal -3
Poverty -3
Slowpoke -2
Gear: Winchester '73, box of 50 shells, Bowie knife, bed roll, $14.

PERSONALITY

I ain't no hero. Just a cowpoke. I roam from job to job, following the herds, the railroads—whoever's payin' that month.

But don't count me out of a fight. Ridin' the range hardens a person. And I don't carry this Winchester just for show.

Quote: "There's somethin' out there spookin' the beeves. Somethin' big. Somethin' mean. Reckon it's my turn for the watch."



Coyote Brave

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d8
  Shootin': rifle 2
  Throwin': tomahawk 2
Nimbleness 4d10
  Climbin' 1
  Fightin': tomahawk 3
  Horse ridin' 2
  Sneak 3
  Swimmin' 1
Strength 2d12
Quickness 2d10
Vigor 3d8
Cognition 4d6
  Search 2
  Trackin' 3
Knowledge 3d6
  Area knowledge 2
  Language: Indian sign 2
  Language: English 1
Mien 2d6
Smarts 1d6
  Survival: plains 2
Spirit 3d6
  Faith 1
  Guts 2
Wind 14
Edges:
  Two-fisted 3
Hindrances:
  Ferner -3
  Poverty -3
  Stubborn -2
  Superstitious -2
Special Abilities
  Ritual 1: Pledge
  Favor: Strength of the bear
Gear: Two tomahawks, Winchester '73, box of 50 shells, horse, $65 in white man's cash.

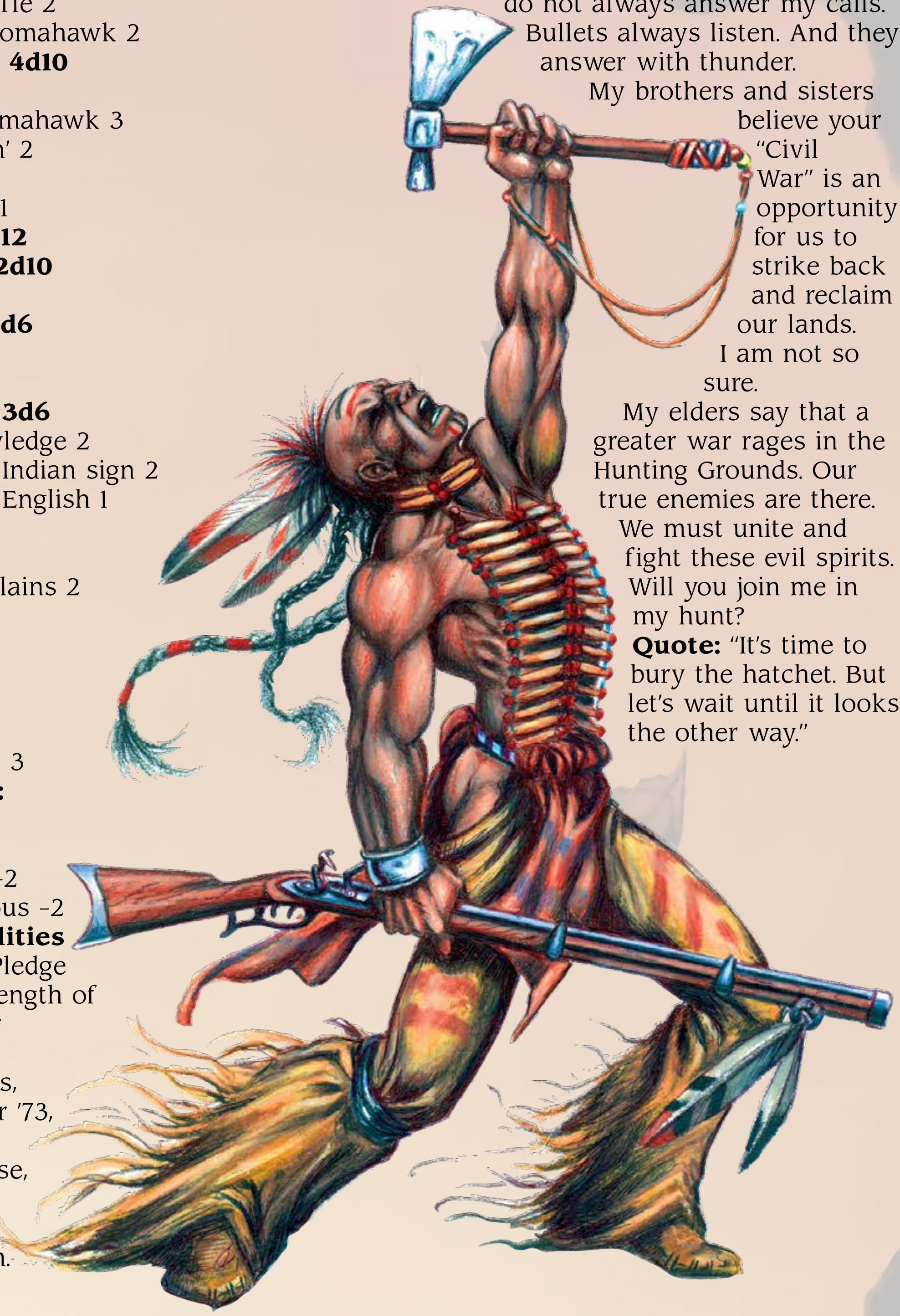
Personality

Yes, the spirits are powerful, but they do not always answer my calls. Bullets always listen. And they answer with thunder.

My brothers and sisters believe your "Civil War" is an opportunity for us to strike back and reclaim our lands. I am not so sure.

My elders say that a greater war rages in the Hunting Grounds. Our true enemies are there. We must unite and fight these evil spirits. Will you join me in my hunt?

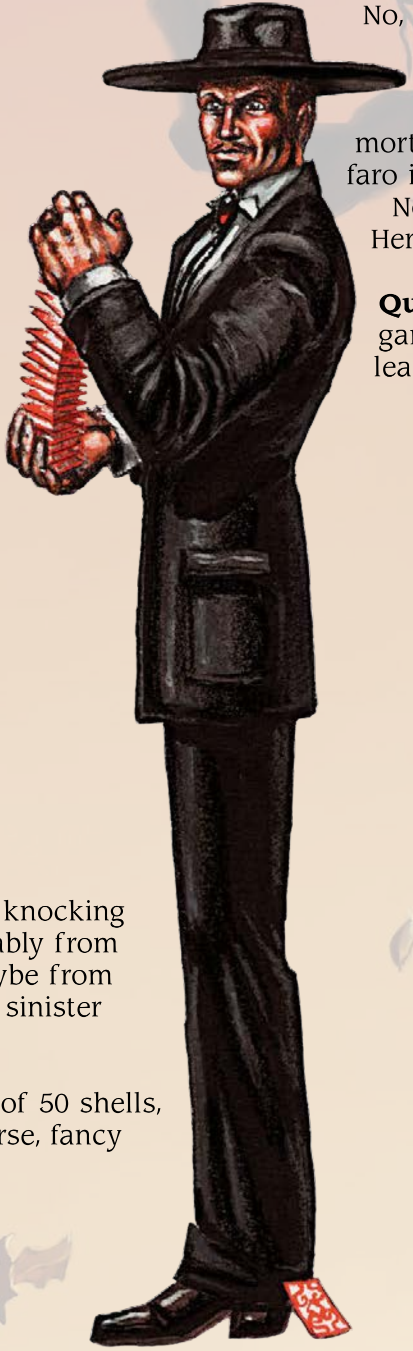
Quote: "It's time to bury the hatchet. But let's wait until it looks the other way."



GAMBLER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 4d10
  Shootin': pistol 3
  Sleight o' hand 3
Nimbleness 2d6
  Climbin' 1
  Dodge 3
  Horse ridin' 1
  Sneak 1
Quickness 4d6
  Quick draw 2
Strength 1d6
Vigor 3d6
Cognition 2d10
  Scrutinize 4
  Search 2
Knowledge 1d8
  Area knowledge 2
Mien 2d6
  Persuasion 2
Smarts 2d12
  Bluff 4
  Gamblin' 5
  Ridicule 4
Spirit 2d6
  Guts 2
Wind: 12
Edges:
  Dinero 2
  Keen 3
  Purty 1
Hindrances:
  Ailin' -5: Chronic; you're knocking on death's door, probably from consumption, but maybe from something with more sinister origins.
  Death Wish -5
Gear: .36 Navy pistol, box of 50 shells, Rupertus pepperbox, horse, fancy suit, playing cards, $312.



PERSONALITY

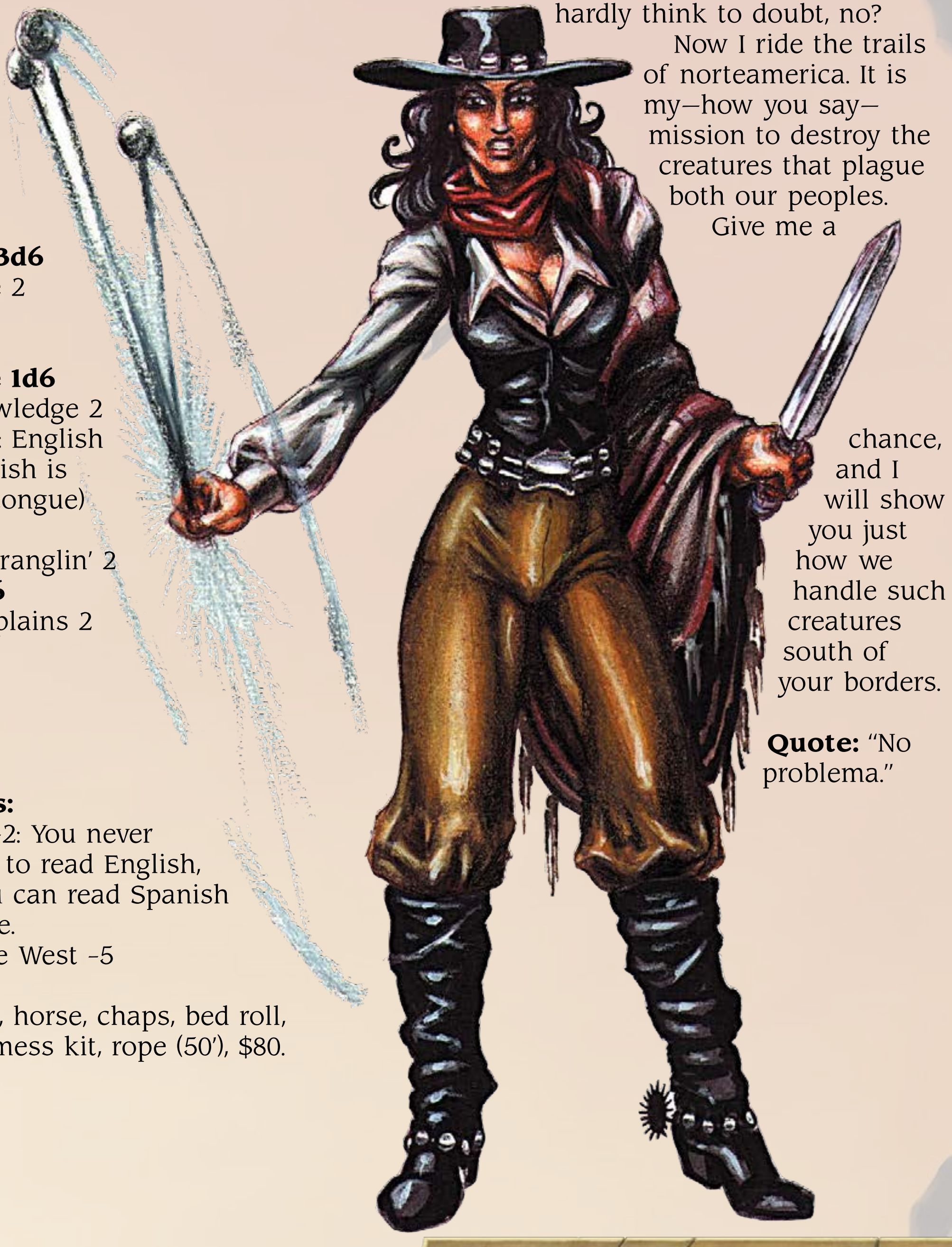
Life is a gamble. Want to play? I'll bet you $100 I can ride through that ambush without taking a hit. Are you game? No, I'm not afraid of death. The Grim Reaper has been my constant companion for years now. When I shed this mortal coil, you'll find me playing faro in Hell with the old boy. Now get your money ready. Here I go...

Quote: "Would you like a game? I promise to lose for at least the first half-hour."

GAUCHO

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 4d10
Shootin': shotgun 2
Throwin': bolo 3
Nimbleness 2d12
Climbin' 1
Dodge 3
Horse ridin' 3
Sneak 1
Quickness 2d10
Strength 3d8
Vigor 1d8
Cognition 3d6
Scrutinize 2
Search 3
Trackin' 3
Knowledge 1d6
Area knowledge 2
Language: English 2 (Spanish is native tongue)
Mien 2d6
Animal wranglin' 2
Smarts 2d6
Survival: plains 2
Spirit 4d6
Guts 2
Wind: 12
Edges:
Purty 1
Hindrances:
Illiterate -2: You never needed to read English, but you can read Spanish just fine.
Law o' the West -5
Heroic -3
Gear: Bolos, horse, chaps, bed roll, canteen, mess kit, rope (50'), $80.



PERSONALITY

Hola, señor. Encantado.

Si, I've worked the herds from Brazil to Texas, and I've seen things along the trail you wouldn't believe. I did not believe them myself, at first, but when these horrors grab you about the waist, you hardly think to doubt, no?

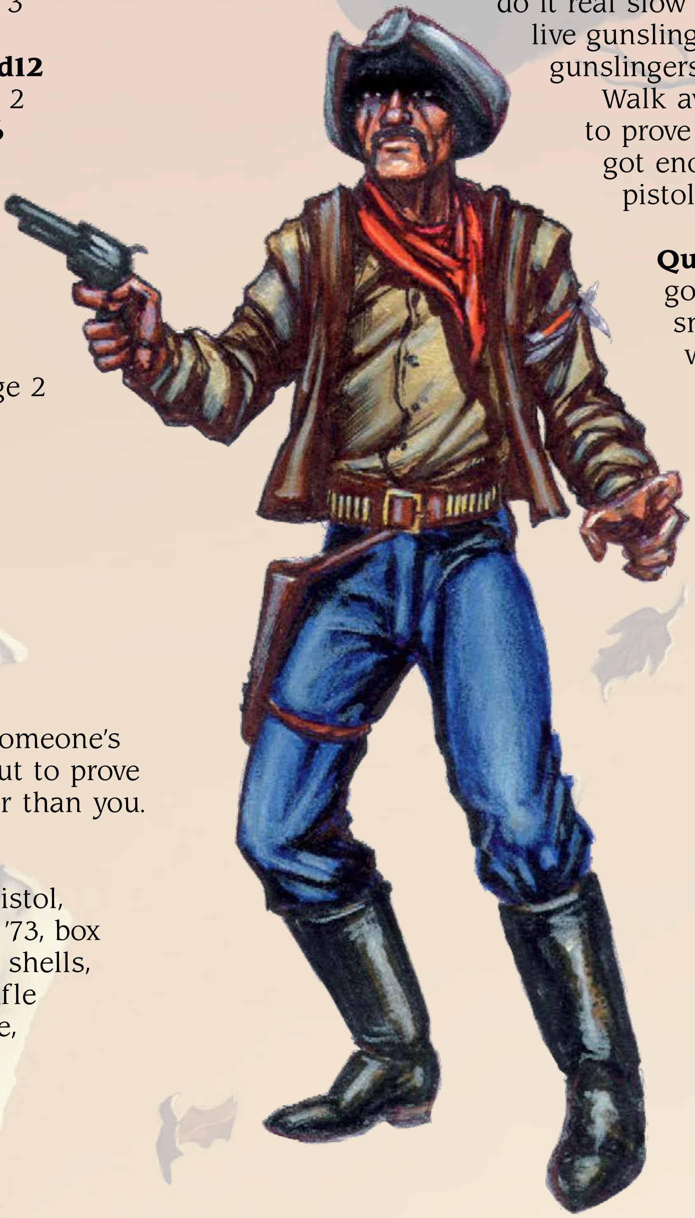
Now I ride the trails of norteamerica. It is my—how you say—mission to destroy the creatures that plague both our peoples. Give me a chance, and I will show you just how we handle such creatures south of your borders.

Quote: "No problema."

GUNSLINGER

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 3d10
Shootin': pistol, rifle 3
Speed load: pistol 2
Nimbleness 1d8
Climbin' 1
Dodge 3
Fightin': brawlin' 2
Horse ridin' 3
Sneak 1
Quickness 2d12
Quick draw 2
Strength 2d6
Vigor 2d6
Cognition 2d8
Search 1
Knowledge 1d6
Area knowledge 2
Mien 1d10
Overawe 3
Smarts 2d6
Spirit 1d8
Guts 2
Wind 14
Edges:
Keen 3
Renown 1
Hindrances:
Enemy -1: Someone's always out to prove he's faster than you.
Heroic -3
Vengeful -3
Gear: Army pistol, Winchester '73, box of 50 pistol shells, box of 50 rifle shells, horse, $56.



Personality

I was brought here because I'm the best. You draw that pistol, and I'll show you what I mean.

You think you're bad news? I've seen things that would make you wet your pants.

Now put that gun away, kid. And do it real slow like. The only live gunslingers are jumpy gunslingers.

Walk away. You don't have to prove anything. And I've got enough notches on my pistol already.

Quote: "Are you going to skin that smokewagon or whistle Dixie?"

HUCKSTER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d8
  Filchin' 2
  Sleight of hand 3
Nimbleness 2d6
  Climbin' 1
Strength 2d6
Quickness 3d6
Vigor 1d6
Cognition 2d8
  Scrutinize 3
  Search 3
Knowledge 2d10
  Academia: occult 4
  Area knowledge 2
Mien 2d6
  Performin' 2
Smarts 3d12
  Bluff 3
  Gamblin' 4
  Ridicule 2
  Streetwise 2
Spirit 1d8
  Guts 2
Wind 14
Edges:
  Arcane background: huckster 3
  Gift of gab 1
Hindrances:
  Bad luck -5
  Curious -3
  Habit -1: You shuffle cards constantly, a habit that annoys most but helps hide your hexes.
  Outlaw -1: Some say you're a shyster; you consider yourself a performer.
Special Abilities:
  Hexslingin' 4
  Hexes: Missed me!, phantom fingers, shadow man, soul blast
Gear: .44 Derringer, box of 50 shells, deck of cards, $238.75.

PERSONALITY

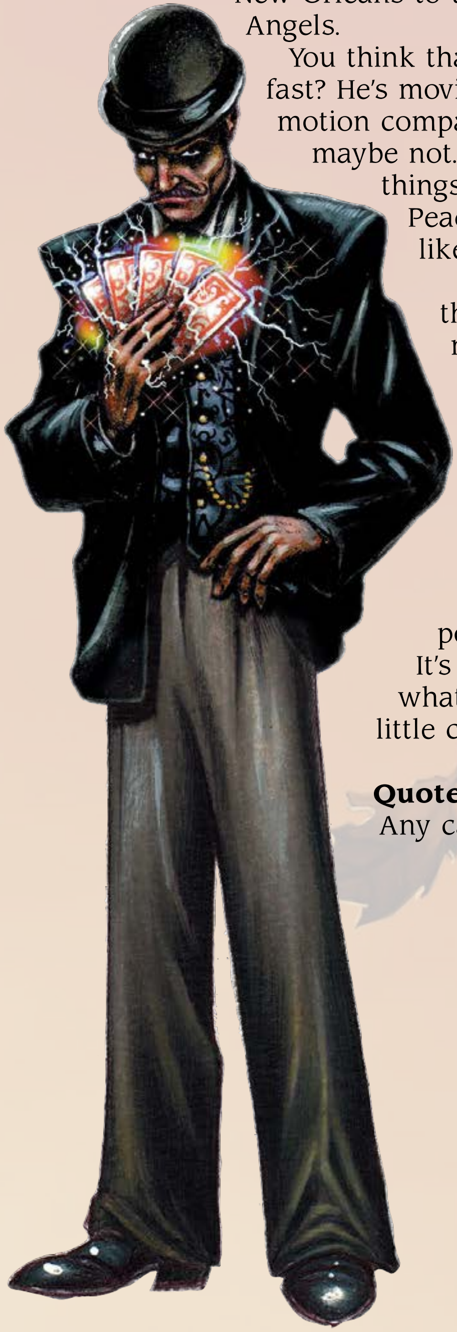
Want to see a trick?

I know a few that will make your head spin. I've dazzled some of the best, from New Orleans to the City of Lost Angels.

You think that gunslinger's fast? He's moving in slow motion compared to me. Well, maybe not. But I can do things that make his Peacemakers look like pop guns.

And I know things, too. Things man was not meant to know. I've looked into the depths of Hell and invited the demons into my very soul. The price is steep, but the power is incredible. It's a gamble, but what's life without a little chance?

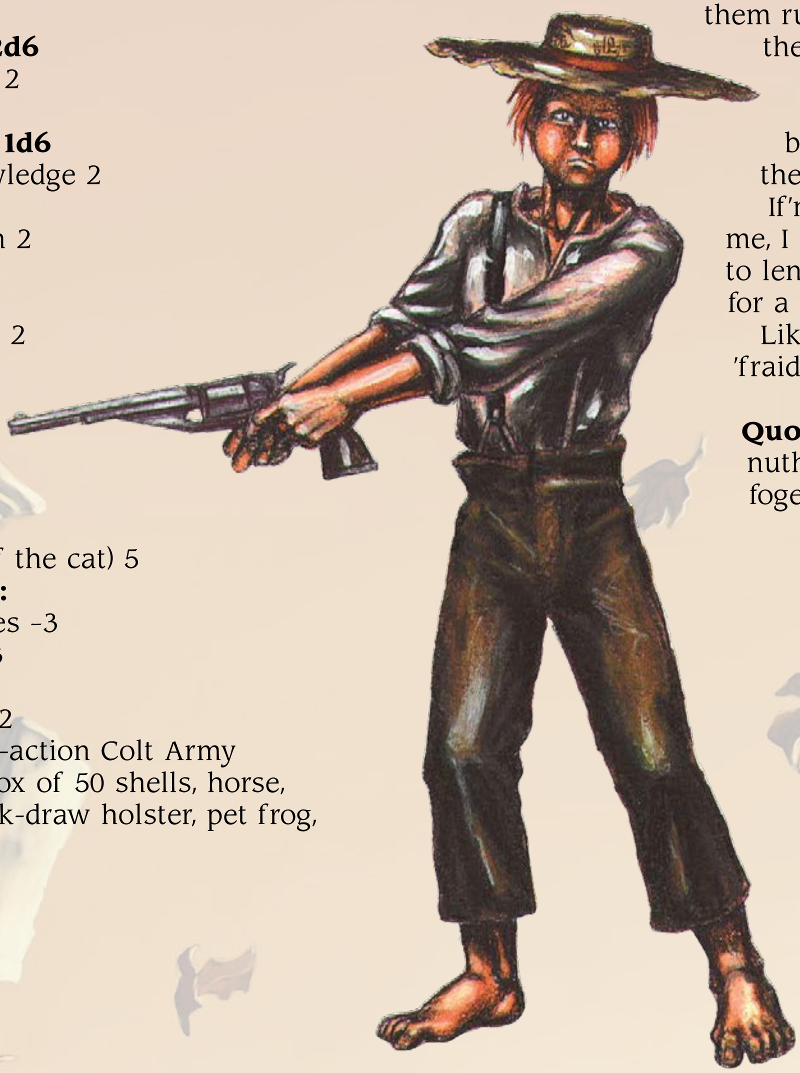
Quote: "Take a card. Any card."



Kid

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d8
  Filchin' 2
  Shootin': pistol 2
Nimbleness 2d12
  Climbin' 2
  Fightin: brawlin' 1
  Horse ridin' 2
  Sneak 3
  Swimmin' 1
Quickness 4d6
  Quick draw 1
Strength 2d6
Vigor 3d6
Cognition 2d6
  Scrutinize 2
  Search 2
Knowledge 1d6
  Area knowledge 2
Mien 4d10
  Persuasion 2
Smarts 2d6
  Bluff 1
  Scroungin' 2
Spirit 2d10
  Guts 3
Wind: 12
Edges:
  Knack (child of the cat) 5
Hindrances:
  Big britches -3
  Curious -3
  Kid -2
  Squeaky -2
Gear: Single-action Colt Army revolver, box of 50 shells, horse, knife, quick-draw holster, pet frog, $60.



Personality

Don't talk down ta me, mister. I may look young for my age, but I'm nearly 13.

I've already seen more o' this world than most people twice my age, 'n' there're things in it that would curl yer toenails afore they ripped them outta yer feet and used 'em to clean their teeth after feastin' on yer innards.

Course, I ain't 'fraid o' nuthin'. Not even them critters that killed my family while I was runnin' around the back 40. I got back just in time ta see them runnin' off with their spiky tails 'tween their legs, and I've been huntin' them ever since. If'n you can help me, I might see fit to lend you a hand for a while.

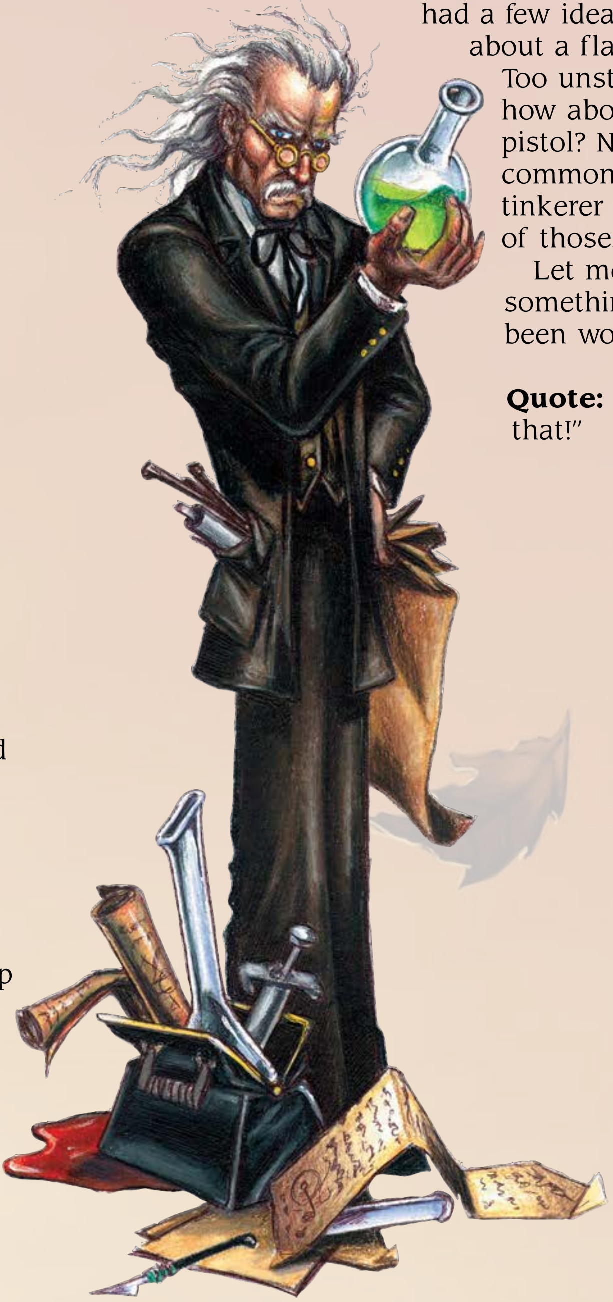
Like I said, I ain't 'fraid o' nuthin'.

Quote: "See? Ain't nuthin' to it, ya ol' fogey."

Mad Scientist

Traits & Aptitudes

- **Deftness 4d6**
  - Shootin': flamethrower 3
- **Nimbleness 1d6**
  - Climbin' 1
  - Drivin': steamwagon 3
  - Sneak 1
  - Teamster 2
- **Strength 2d6**
- **Quickness 3d6**
- **Vigor 3d6**
- **Cognition 2d10**
  - Scrutinize 1
  - Search 3
- **Knowledge 2d12**
  - Area knowledge 2
  - Demolition 2
  - Mad Science 4
  - Science: engineering 3
  - Science: chemistry 2
  - Science: physics 2
- **Mien 1d8**
- **Smarts 4d10**
  - Scroungin' 3
  - Tinkerin' 4
- **Spirit 3d8**
  - Guts 2
- **Wind** 14
- **Edges:**
  - Arcane background: mad scientist 3
  - Dinero 2
  - Mechanically inclined 1
- **Hindrances:**
  - Bad eyes -2: You have to wear spectacles to read and see things up close.
  - Curious -3
  - Stubborn -2
  - Tinhorn -2
- **Gear:** Flamethrower, tool kit, doctor's bag full of strange chemicals, spectacles, $75.



Personality

Just a minute, please. Let me put out this fire. Hair is so combustible, you know?

Now what is it you wanted? A time travel device, perhaps? I've had a few ideas. Or how about a flamethrower? Too unstable? Then how about a Gatling pistol? No, that's too common. Any two-bit tinkerer can build one of those.

Let me show you something special I've been working on.

Quote: "Don't touch that!"

MAN-IN-BLACK

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 3d8
   Lockpickin' 2
   Shootin': automatics 3
Nimbleness 2d10
   Climbin' 1
   Fightin': brawlin' 2
   Sneak 3
Strength 1d6
Quickness 4d6
Vigor 2d6
Cognition 2d12
   Scrutinize 3
   Search 3
Knowledge 1d8
   Academia: occult 3
   Area knowledge 2
   Professional: law 2
Mien 4d10
   Leadership 2
   Overawe 2
   Persuasion 2
Smarts 3d6
   Bluff 2
   Streetwise 3
Spirit 2d6
   Guts 2
Wind 12
Edges:
   Belongin's 3: Gatling pistol
Hindrances:
   Enemy: -2: Texas Rangers .
   Habit -3: You never tell your posse everything unless you have to.
   Obligation -3: You are frequently called on to investigate unnatural phenomenon.
   Tinhorn -2
Gear: Gatling pistol, derringer, pad and paper, two boxes of 50 shells, $235.

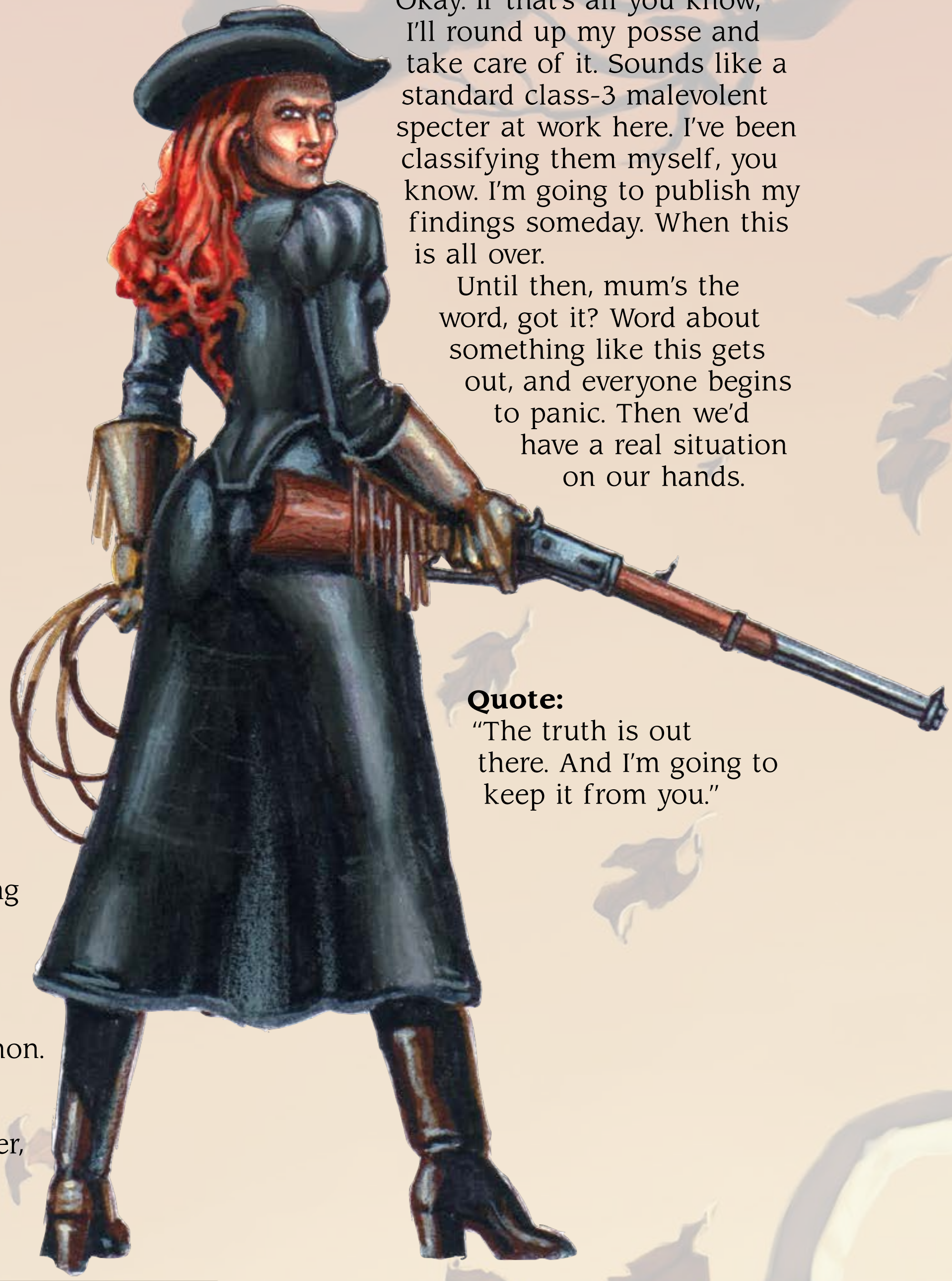
PERSONALITY

Tell me all about the thing you say you saw. Not too loudly, please. The neighbors might hear.

Were you drinking when you saw the creature? Calm down. I'm just trying to get the facts, you understand.

Okay. If that's all you know, I'll round up my posse and take care of it. Sounds like a standard class-3 malevolent specter at work here. I've been classifying them myself, you know. I'm going to publish my findings someday. When this is all over.

Until then, mum's the word, got it? Word about something like this gets out, and everyone begins to panic. Then we'd have a real situation on our hands.

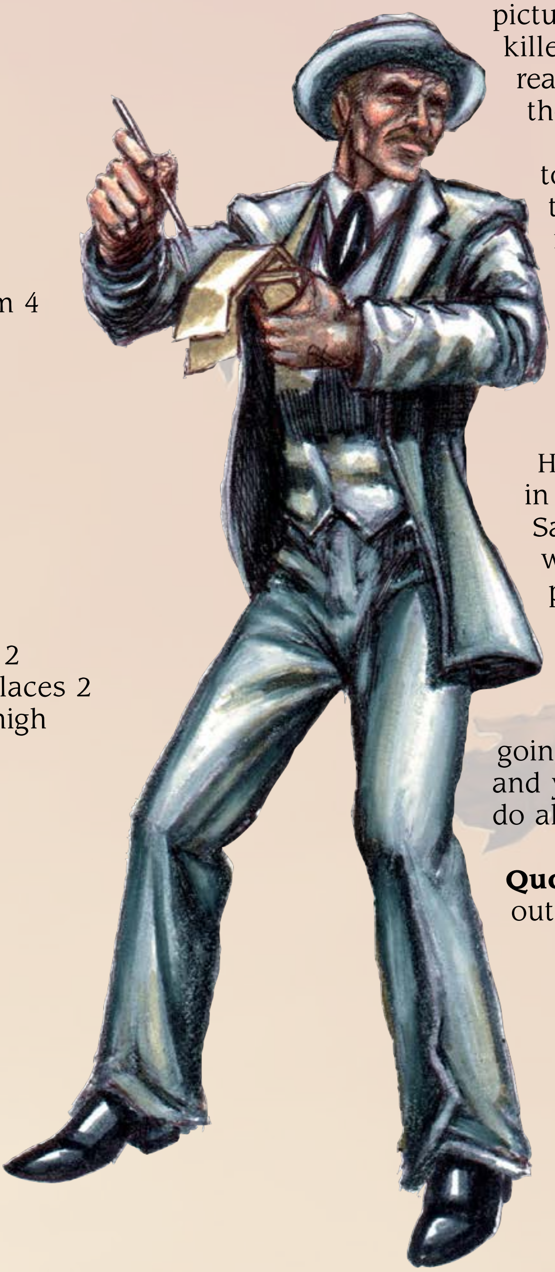


Quote:
"The truth is out there. And I'm going to keep it from you."

MUCKRAKER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 3d6
  Shootin': pistol 2
  Lockpickin' 2
Nimbleness 3d6
  Climbin' 1
  Sneak 2
Strength 2d6
Quickness 4d6
Vigor 1d6
Cognition 2d12
  Scrutinize 4
  Search 3
Knowledge 2d10
  Area knowledge 2
  Disguise 2
  Professional: journalism 4
Mien 3d8
  Persuasion 4
  Tale-tellin' 4
Smarts 4d10
  Bluff 3
  Streetwise 3
Spirit 1d8
  Guts 2
Wind 14
Edges:
  Friends in high places 2
  More friends in high places 2
  Even more friends in high places 2
  Luck o' the Irish 3
  Gift of gab 1
Hindrances:
  Curious -3
  Oath -5: It's your vow to tell the truth, no matter what.
  Pacifist -3
Gear: Pad and paper, Navy pistol, box of 50 shells, $236.



PERSONALITY

Tell me everything you can remember, but hurry. I've got to telegraph my story to the Epitaph by morning to make the Sunday edition. That pays the best, you know.

Do you mind if I take a picture of the thing you killed? Good. A picture really does say a thousand words.

Now I've just got to get the Sheriff to help us get the rest of these things. Could you come with me? I've been bugging him all week, and I'm afraid he's getting a little annoyed. He even threw me in jail last night. Said my yammering was "disturbing the peace."

Hah! Disturbing the peace, indeed. If he'd only wake up and realize what's going on, guys like me and you wouldn't have to do all the dirty work.

Quote: "Let's check it out. I smell a story!"

Nun

Traits & Aptitudes

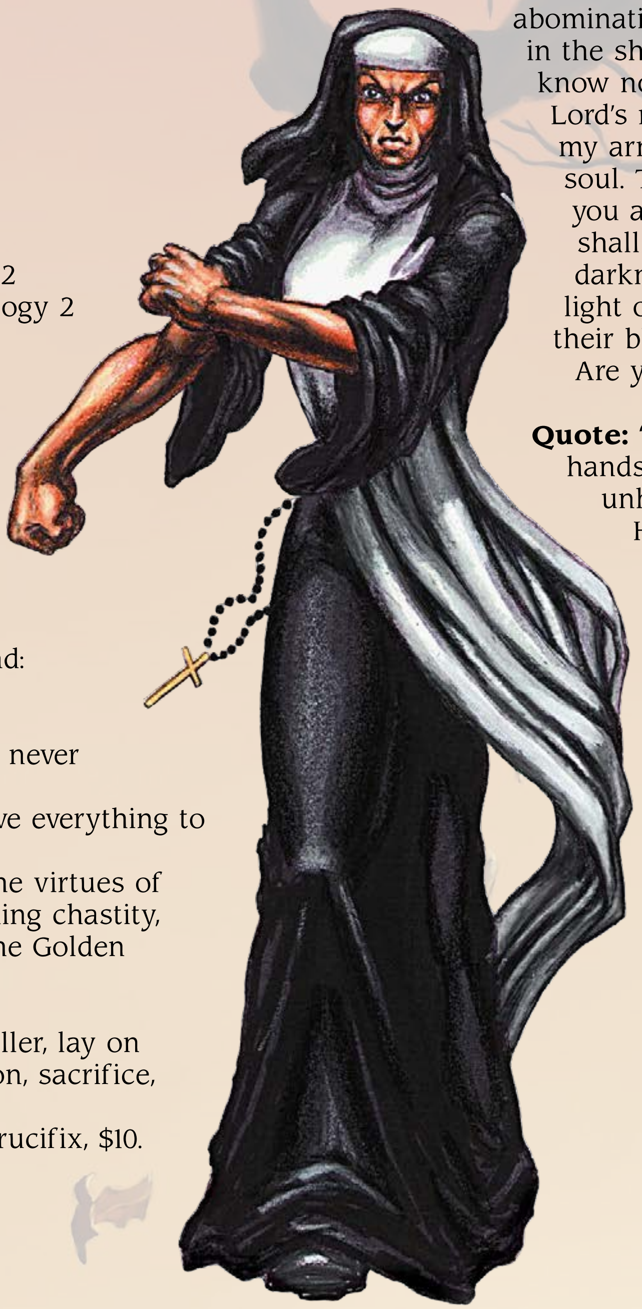
Deftness 1d6
Nimbleness 1d8
  Climbin' 1
  Fightin': brawlin' 3
  Sneak 1
Quickness 4d6
Strength 3d8
Vigor 3d6
Cognition 2d10
  Scrutinize 2
  Search 2
Knowledge 2d6
  Language: Latin 2
  Medicine: general 2
  Professional: theology 2
Mien 4d10
  Leadership 2
  Overawe 3
  Tale-tellin' 3
Smarts 2d6
Spirit 2d12
  Faith 5
  Guts 3
Wind: 16
Edges:
  Arcane background: blessed 3
Hindrances:
  Big Mouth -3: You never lie.
  Poverty -3: You give everything to charity.
  Oath -5: Uphold the virtues of the Lord, including chastity, pacifism, and the Golden Rule.
Special Abilities:
  Miracles: Holy roller, lay on hands, protection, sacrifice, smite, succor.
Gear: Habit, silver crucifix, $10.

Personality

Gather close, my friends. I have come to lead you against the horrors of the night, and I shall not be stopped in my holy crusade!

I have seen the abominations that lurk in the shadows, and I know not fear, for the Lord's might is within my arms as well as my soul. Together, with you at my side, we shall march into the darkness and hurl the light of the Lord against their blasphemous faces! Are you with me?

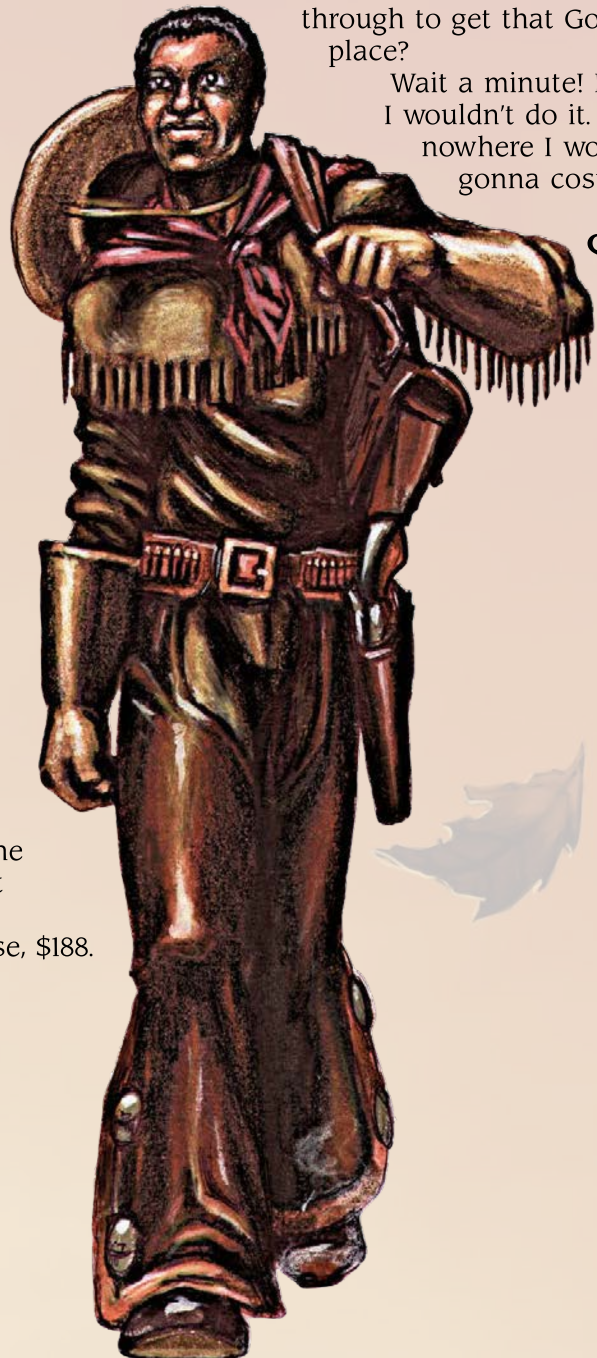
Quote: "Get your filthy hands off her, you unholy horror from Hell!"



PONY EXPRESS RIDER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

- **Deftness 3d8**
  - Shootin': pistol 3
- **Nimbleness 4d10**
  - Climbin' 1
  - Dodge 4
  - Fightin': brawlin' 2
  - Horse ridin' 5
  - Sneak 2
  - Teamster 1
- **Quickness 4d6**
  - Quick draw 2
- **Strength 2d6**
- **Vigor 2d10**
- **Cognition 3d6**
  - Search 2
  - Trackin' 2
- **Knowledge 1d6**
  - Area knowledge: major trails 3
- **Mien 3d6**
- **Smarts 1d8**
  - Survival 3
- **Spirit 2d6**
  - Guts 2
- **Wind:** 12
- **Edges:**
  - Belongings 1: fast horse
  - Fleet-footed 2 (Pace 12)
- **Hindrances:**
  - Scrawny -5
  - Obligation -5: Deliver the mail, no matter what
- **Gear:** Double-action Colt Peacemaker, a fast horse, $188.



PERSONALITY

Sure I can be hired for "special" deliveries. Where do you want me to go? Where? You know how many bandits, hostile Indians, and worse I gotta go through to get that God-forsaken place?

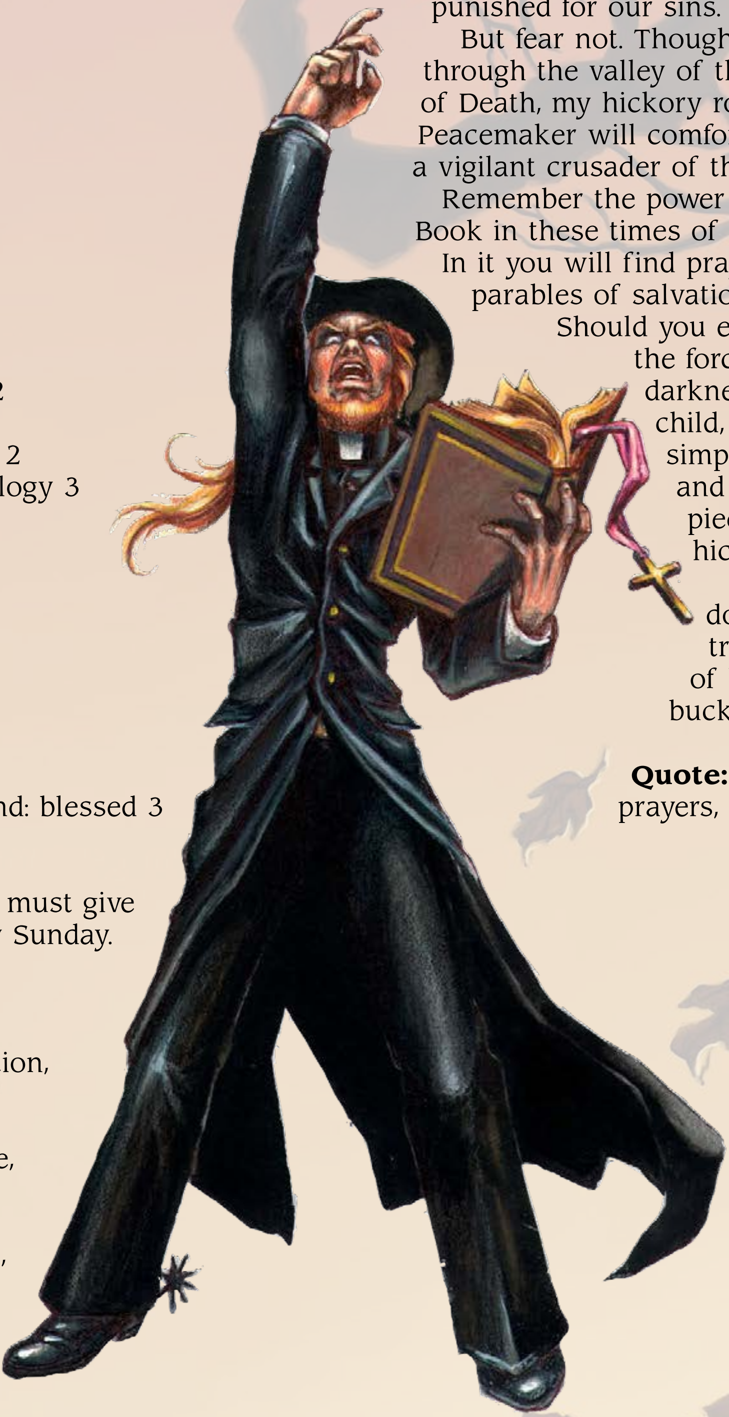
Wait a minute! I didn't say I wouldn't do it. There ain't nowhere I won't go. But it's gonna cost ya.

Quote: "Better put that hogleg down, mister! You don't wanna see me go postal on you!"

PREACHER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 1d8
  Shootin': pistol 2
Nimbleness 1d6
  Climbin' 1
  Fightin': club 3
  Horse ridin' 2
  Sneak 1
Strength 3d6
Quickness 3d6
Vigor 2d6
Cognition 4d6
  Scrutinize 3
  Search 2
Knowledge 3d8
  Area knowledge 2
  Language: Latin 2
  Medicine: general 2
  Professional: theology 3
Mien 4d10
  Overawe 3
  Persuasion 2
Smarts 2d10
Spirit 2d12
  Faith 5
  Guts 2
Wind 18
Edges:
  Arcane background: blessed 3
Hindrances:
  Heroic -3
  Obligation -1: You must give a sermon every Sunday.
  Pacifist -3
  Self-righteous -3
Special Abilities:
  Miracles: Protection, holy roller, inspiration, lay on hands, smite, succor.
Gear: Hickory club (STR+1d6 damage), Peacemaker, 50 shells, Bible, cross, $227.



PERSONALITY

There are devilish abominations loose in the world. We are being punished for our sins.

But fear not. Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, my hickory rod and my Peacemaker will comfort thee. I am a vigilant crusader of the light.

Remember the power of the Good Book in these times of darkness. In it you will find prayers and parables of salvation.

Should you encounter the forces of darkness, my child, first try a simple prayer and a stout piece of hickory.

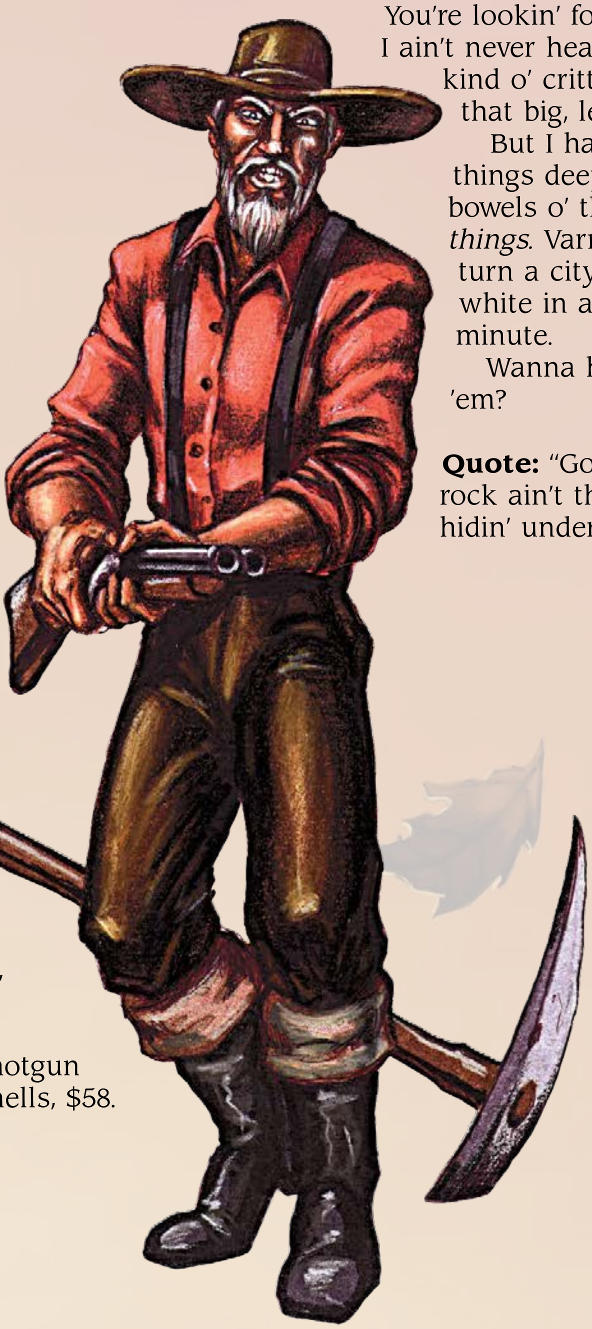
If that doesn't work, try a load of blessed buckshot.

Quote: "Say yer prayers, varmint!"

PROSPECTOR

TRAITS AND APTITUDES

Deftness 4d6
  Shootin': shotgun 3
Nimbleness 3d8
  Climbin' 3
  Sneak 1
  Swimmin' 1
  Teamster 2
Quickness 2d10
Strength 2d12
Vigor 4d8
Cognition 1d8
  Search 4
Knowledge 1d6
  Demolition 3
  Language: Indian sign language 2
  Trade: mining 3
Mien 3d6
  Animal wranglin' (for your mules) 2
Smarts 2d6
  Gamblin' 2
  Survival: mountains 2
Spirit 2d6
  Guts 2
Wind: 14
Edges:
  Thick-skinned 3
Hindrances:
  Bad Ears -3
  Geezer -5 (Pace -2)
  Stubborn -2
Gear: Pick (STR+2d6), shovel, bed roll, 2 mules, cheapo buckboard (reliability 19), cheapo double-barreled shotgun (reliability 19), box of 20 shells, $58.



PERSONALITY

This is my hole, ya' doggone dirty claim-jumper!

Eh? Sorry, mister. These old ears don't hear so well any more.

You're lookin' for *what?* No, I ain't never heard tell o' that kind o' critter. Not one that big, leastways.

But I have seen other things deep in the bowels o' the earth. *Evil things*. Varmints that'd turn a city-slicker's hair white in a New York minute.

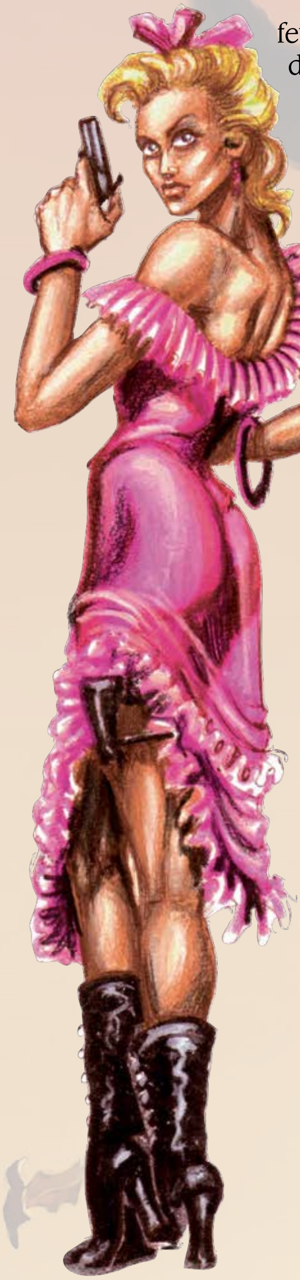
Wanna hear about 'em?

Quote: "Gold and ghost rock ain't the only things hidin' under the dirt."

SALOON GAL

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 3d6
  Lockpickin' 2
  Shootin': pistol 2
Nimbleness 4d6
  Climbin' 1
  Sneak 4
Strength 1d6
Quickness 3d6
Vigor 2d6
Cognition 4d10
  Scrutinize 3
  Search 3
Knowledge 1d8
  Area knowledge 2
  Medicine: general 3
Mien 2d12
  Persuasion 4
Smarts 4d10
  Bluff 3
  Gamblin' 3
  Ridicule 2
  Scroungin' 3
  Streetwise 3
Spirit 3d8
  Guts 2
Wind 14
Edges:
  Light sleeper 1
  Purty 1
  The voice 1: soothing
Hindrances:
  Curious -3
  Greedy -2
  Poverty -3
  Vengeful -3
Gear: Derringer .44, box of 50 shells, fancy dress, $24.



PERSONALITY

Howdy, sugar. You wanna tango? It's a dime a dance. This is a high-class joint, you know.

Oh, so you want information. That'll cost you even more.

Yeah, I've been "out" with the Mayor a few times. Though I'd appreciate it if you didn't tell his wife.

Now that you mention it, he does act a little strange. Always carrying that black bag around. Was he with me the night of the murder? No. Not the whole night anyway. He's got a short fuse—if you know what I mean.

Hey, I've got an idea. Let's set a trap. If he's the culprit, I'll get it out of him. I can get anything out of any man, sugar.

Don't worry about my safety. I've got a little something hidden up my garter for just such an emergency.

Quote: "Why don't you come up and see me sometime, big boy?"

SHERIFF

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d12
  Shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun3
Nimbleness 2d10
  Climbin' 1
  Dodge 3
  Fightin': brawlin' 3
  Horse ridin' 3
  Sneak 1
  Swimmin' 1
Quickness 4d10
  Quick-draw 3
Strength 3d8
Vigor 4d6
Cognition 1d8
  Scrutinize 3
  Search 3
Knowledge 1d6
  Professional: law 1
Mien 3d6
  Leadership 3
  Overawe 3
Smarts 2d6
Spirit 2d6
  Guts 2
Wind: 12
Edges:
  Law Man 3
  Level-Headed 5
  Veteran o' the Weird West
Hindrances:
  Law o' the West -5
  Obligation -5 (to your town or county; pay is about $60 a month plus bounties)
Gear: Smith & Wesson Frontier .44, box of 50 shells, horse, $82.

PERSONALITY

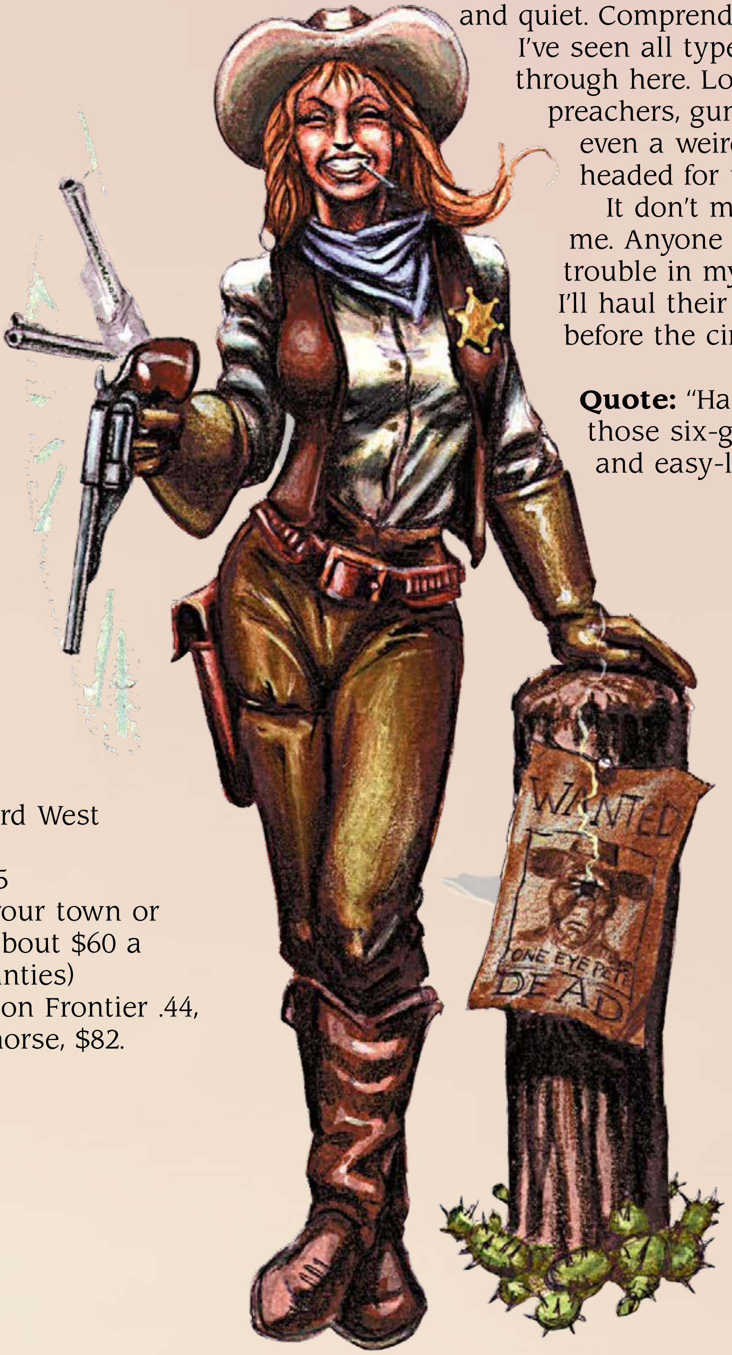
How ya doin', stranger? Like our little town? Peaceful, ain't it?

That's the way we like it. Nice and quiet. Comprende?

I've seen all types come through here. Loudmouthed preachers, gunfighters, even a weird cult headed for the desert.

It don't matter to me. Anyone causes trouble in my town, and I'll haul their carcass before the circuit judge.

Quote: "Hand over those six-guns, nice and easy-like."



SHYSTER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 3d8
- Filchin' 3
- Lockpickin' 2
- Sleight o' hand 3

Nimbleness 3d6
- Climbin' 1
- Sneak 3

Quickness 4d6

Strength 1d6

Vigor 2d6

Cognition 4d10
- Scrutinize 3
- Search 3

Knowledge 2d12
- Disguise 2

Mien 2d10
- Performin' 3
- Persuasion 4
- Tale-tellin' 3

Smarts 1d8
- Bluff 4
- Gamblin' 3
- Ridicule 3

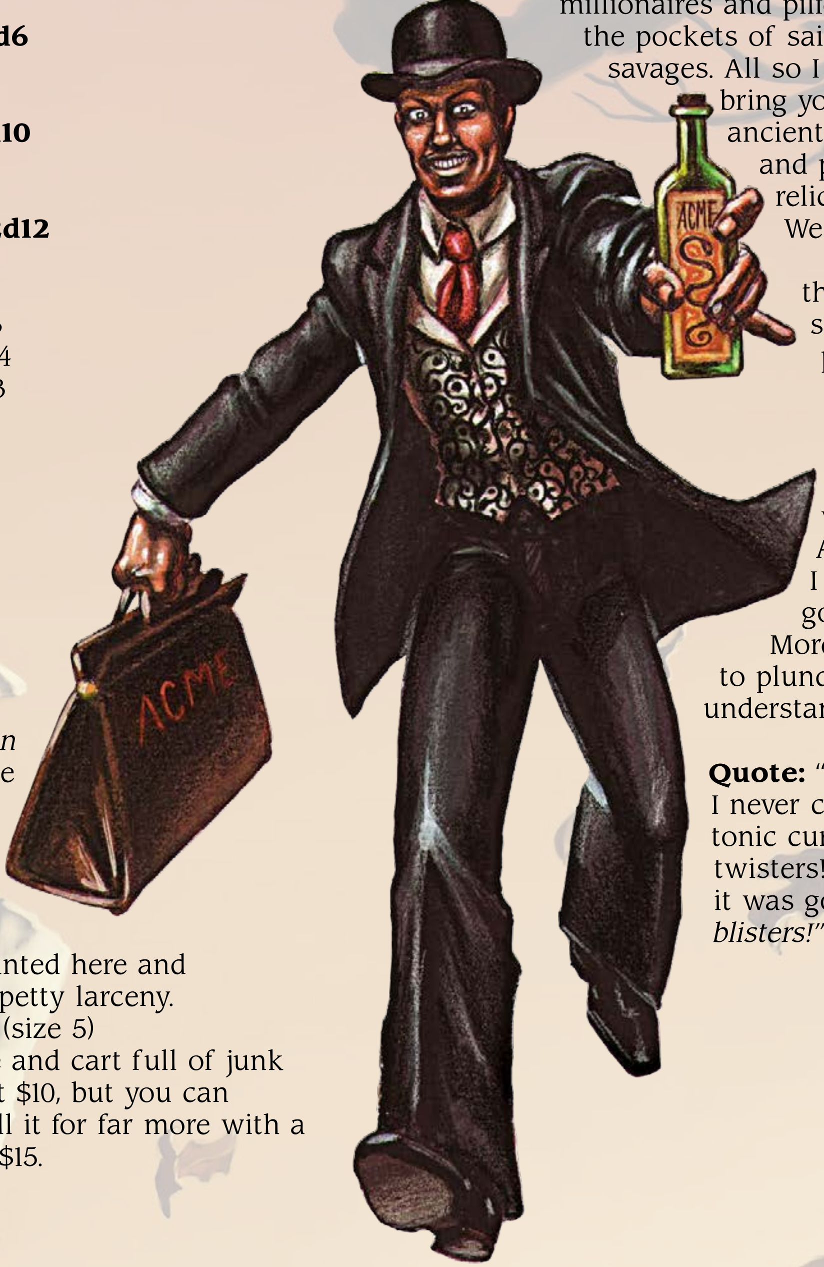
Spirit 2d6
- Guts 2

Wind: 12

Edges:
- "The voice" 1 (+2 to *persuasion* rolls made to sell or convince)

Hindrances:
- Greedy -2
- Outlaw -3: You're wanted here and there for petty larceny.
- Scrawny -5 (size 5)

Gear: A horse and cart full of junk worth about $10, but you can probably sell it for far more with a little effort, $15.



PERSONALITY

Gather 'round, friends! Come gaze upon treasures and playthings gathered from the vaults of kings.

I've skulked through ruins no white man has set foot in for a thousand years! I've bamboozled millionaires and pilfered the pockets of saints and savages. All so I could bring you the most ancient treasures and priceless relics in the West.

What's that? You've seen my picture before? On a poster? No, I'm sure it wasn't me. Anyway, I must be going now. More ruins to plunder, you understand...

Quote: "No, sheriff, I never claimed this tonic cures tummy twisters! I said it was good for *blisters!*"

SIOUX SHAMAN

TRAITS & APTITUDES

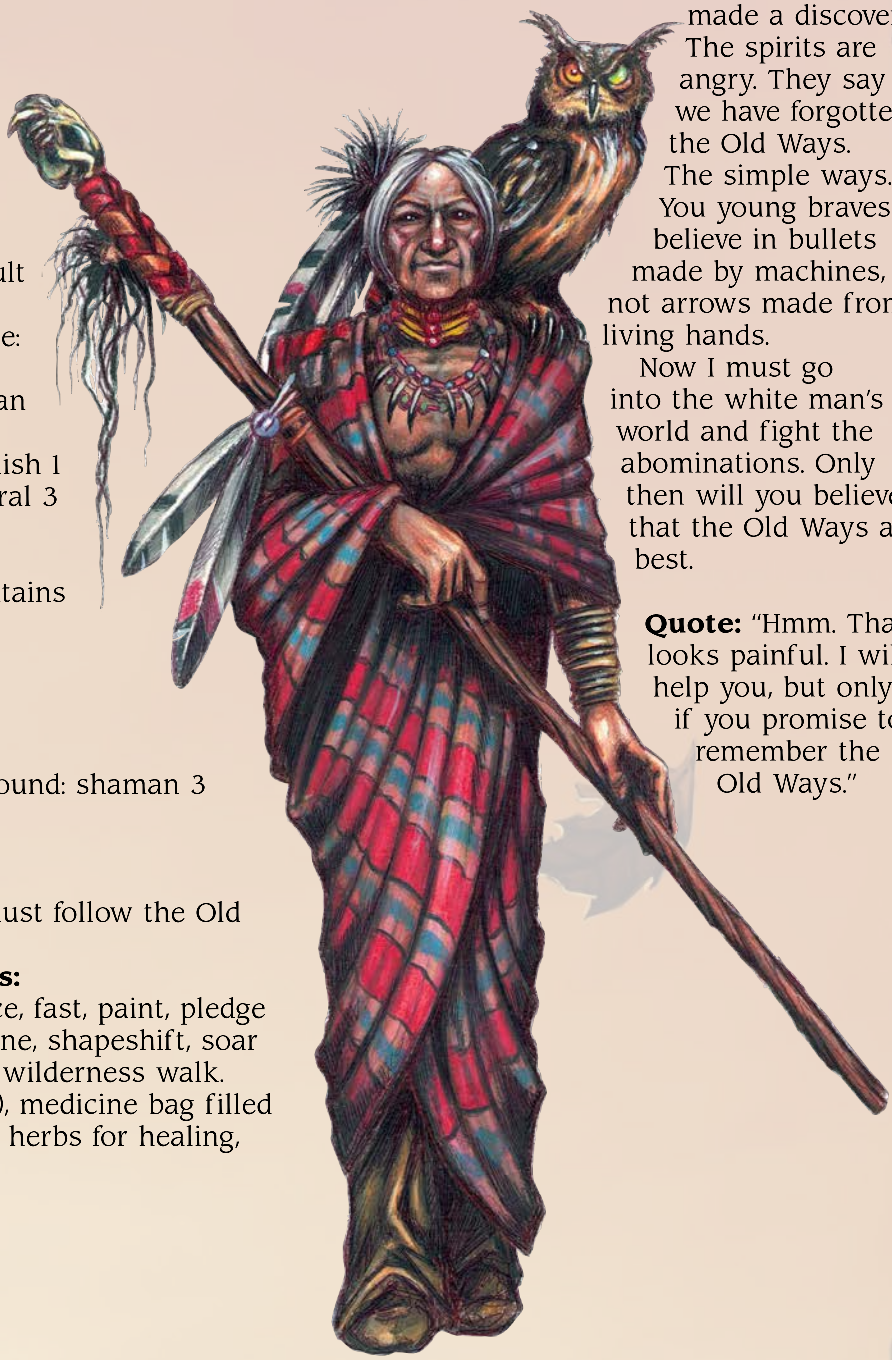
Deftness 2d6
Nimbleness 2d6
  Climbin' 3
  Fightin': spear 2
  Sneak 3
Strength 1d6
Quickness 1d8
Vigor 3d6
Cognition 2d10
  Scrutinize 2
  Search 2
Knowledge 3d8
  Academia: occult 3
  Area knowledge: Dakotas 3
  Language: Indian sign 2
  Language: English 1
  Medicine: general 3
Mien 2d10
Smarts 3d8
  Survival: mountains 3
Spirit 4d12
  Guts 3
Wind 18
Edges:
  Arcane background: shaman 3
Hindrances:
  Curious -3
  Lame -3
  Oath -4: You must follow the Old Ways.
Special Abilities:
  Ritual 4: Dance, fast, paint, pledge
  Favors: Medicine, shapeshift, soar with eagles, wilderness walk.
Gear: Spear (3d6), medicine bag filled with roots and herbs for healing, $240.

PERSONALITY

I don't speak often, so listen carefully to my words of wisdom. I have looked into the Hunting Grounds and talked with the spirits of nature, and I have made a discovery. The spirits are angry. They say we have forgotten the Old Ways. The simple ways. You young braves believe in bullets made by machines, not arrows made from living hands.

Now I must go into the white man's world and fight the abominations. Only then will you believe that the Old Ways are best.

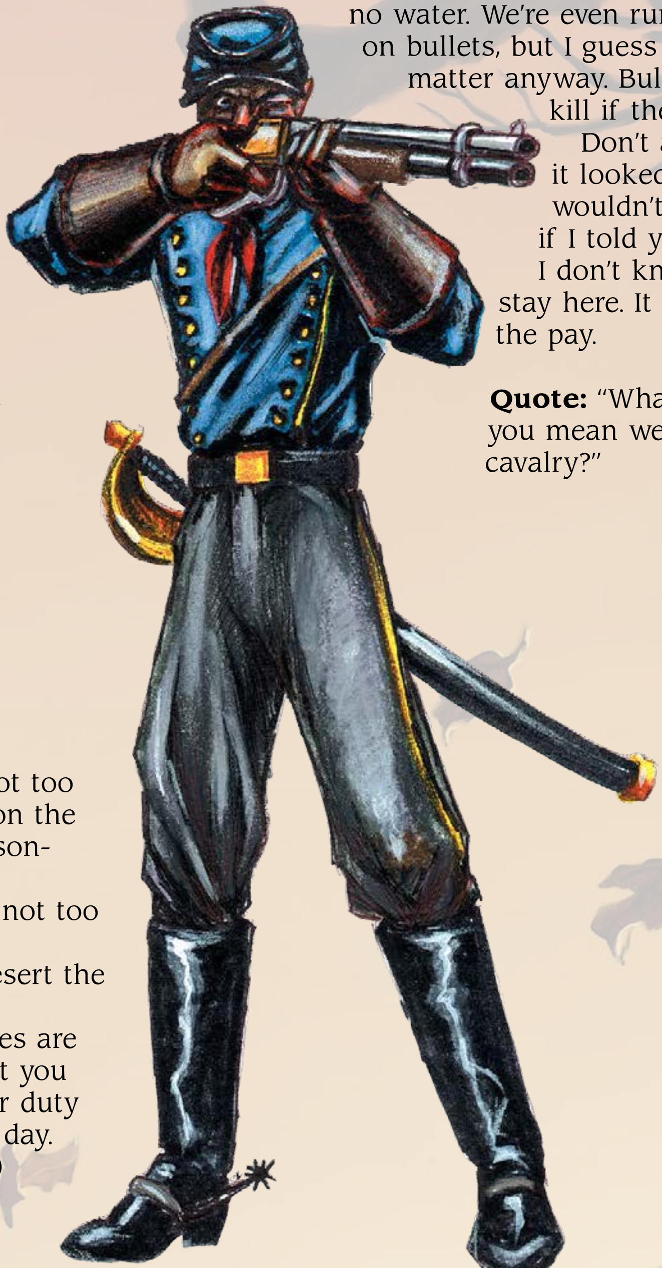
Quote: "Hmm. That looks painful. I will help you, but only if you promise to remember the Old Ways."



SOLDIER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d12
  Shootin': rifle 4
  Speed-load: rifle 2
Nimbleness 4d10
  Climbin' 1
  Dodge 2
  Fightin': brawlin' 2
  Horse ridin' 2
  Sneak 1
Strength 2d10
Quickness 3d8
Vigor 1d8
Cognition 4d6
  Artillery 2
  Search 1
  Trackin' 2
Knowledge 1d6
  Area knowledge 2
  Language: Indian sign 2
Mien 3d6
  Leadership 2
Smarts 2d6
  Survival: any 2
Spirit 3d6
  Guts 2
Wind 14
Edges:
  Brave 3
  Rank 1: Private
Hindrances:
  Intolerance -2: You're not too fond of the soldiers on the other side of the Mason-Dixon line...
  Enemy -2: ...and they're not too fond of you either.
  Loyal -3: You'd never desert the unit or your friends.
  Obligation -3: Your duties are lighter than most, but you still have to report for duty for a few hours each day.
Gear: Spencer carbine, 30 rounds of ammunition, horse, $75 (saved pay).



PERSONALITY

The Captain told us to ride out and see what was killin' all those folks. Well, we found it. And filled it full of holes, just like we was told.

Only that didn't kill it. Now it's got us trapped here in the fort. No food; no water. We're even runnin' low on bullets, but I guess that don't matter anyway. Bullets didn't kill if the first time. Don't ask what it looked like. You wouldn't believe me if I told you anyway. I don't know why I stay here. It sure ain't the pay.

Quote: "What do you mean we are the cavalry?"

Spy

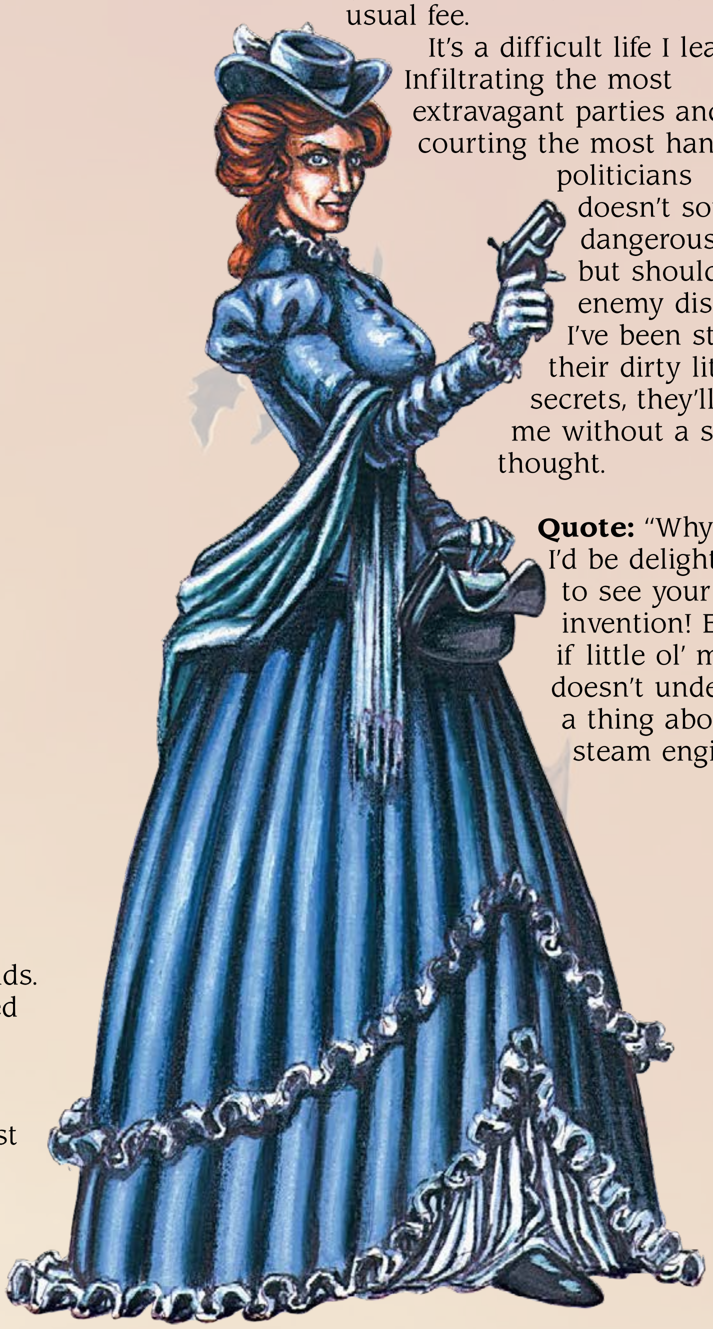
Traits & Aptitudes

- **Deftness 1d8**
  - Filchin' 3
  - Lockpickin' 3
  - Shootin': pistol 3
- **Nimbleness 2d6**
  - Climbin' 2
  - Horse ridin' 2
  - Sneak 4
  - Swimmin' 1
- **Quickness 4d6**
  - Quick-draw 2
- **Strength 2d6**
- **Vigor 3d6**
- **Cognition 2d12**
  - Scrutinize 4
  - Search 3
- **Knowledge 3d8**
  - Area knowledge 2
  - Demolition 3
  - Disguise 4
- **Mien 4d10**
  - Overawe 2
  - Performin' 2
  - Persuasion 2
- **Smarts 2d10**
  - Bluff 3
  - Gamblin' 2
  - Scroungin' 2
  - Tinkerin' 2
- **Spirit 1d6**
  - Guts 2
- **Wind:** 12
- **Edges:**
  - Dinero 3: Your patron provides you with funds.
  - Kemosabe 1: You're versed in the ways of your enemy.
  - Luck o' the Irish 3
  - Veteran o' the Weird West
- **Hindrances:**
  - Curious -3
  - Enemy -5: If you're caught, you're dead.
  - Obligation -2: You must carry out the wishes of your patron.
- **Gear:** Knuckle duster, fancy suit/dress, nitro disguised as perfume, $740.50.

Personality

I could answer your questions, but then I'd have to kill you. All I can say is that this message has to get back to Washington, and I'll pay double your usual fee.

It's a difficult life I lead. Infiltrating the most extravagant parties and courting the most handsome politicians doesn't sound dangerous, but should the enemy discover I've been stealing their dirty little secrets, they'll hang me without a second thought.

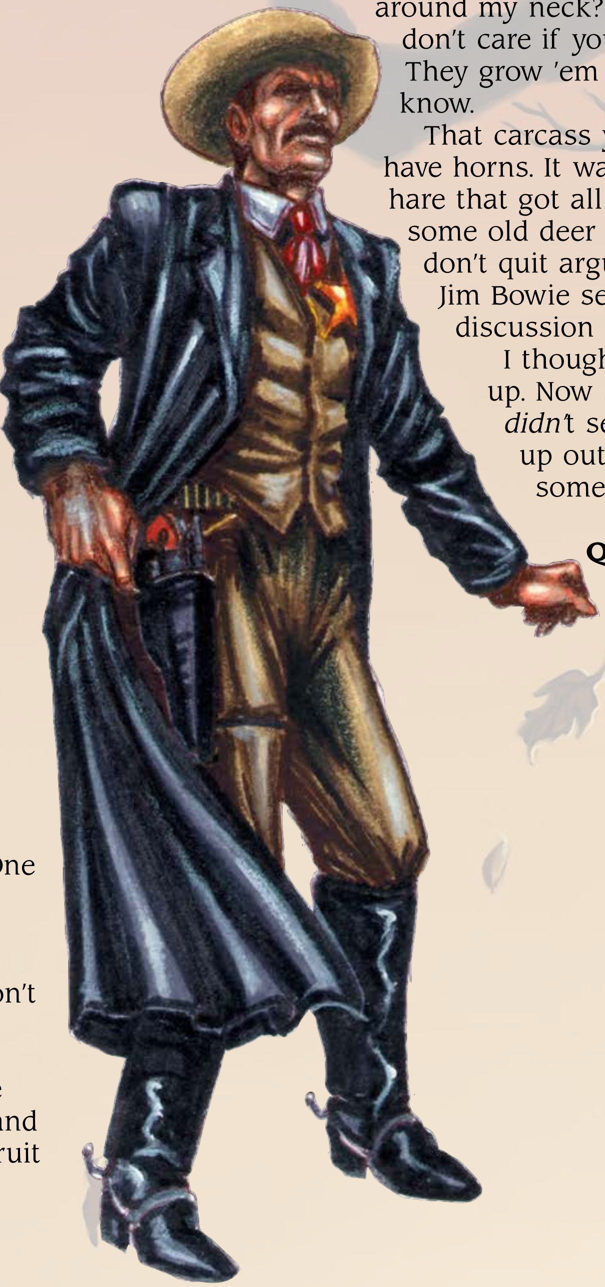


Quote: "Why sir, I'd be delighted to see your new invention! Even if little ol' me doesn't understand a thing about steam engines!"

TEXAS RANGER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

- **Deftness 2d12**
  - Shootin': pistol, rifle 3
- **Nimbleness 2d10**
  - Climbin' 1
  - Dodge 2
  - Fightin': knife 3
  - Horse ridin' 2
  - Sneak 1
- **Strength 3d8**
- **Quickness 4d10**
  - Quick draw 2
- **Vigor 4d6**
- **Cognition 1d8**
  - Search 1
  - Trackin' 2
- **Knowledge 1d6**
  - Area knowledge 2
  - Language: Mexican Spanish 1
- **Mien 3d6**
  - Leadership 1
  - Overawe 2
- **Smarts 2d6**
  - Survival: any 2
- **Spirit 3d6**
  - Guts 2
- **Wind** 12
- **Edges:**
  - Law man 5
- **Hindrances:**
  - Big britches -3: One riot, one Texas Ranger.
  - Enemy -2: Northerners don't like you.
  - Obligation -5: Hunt down the supernatural, and shoot it or recruit it.



Gear: 2 Army pistols, box of 50 shells, horse, $73 in Confederate scrip.

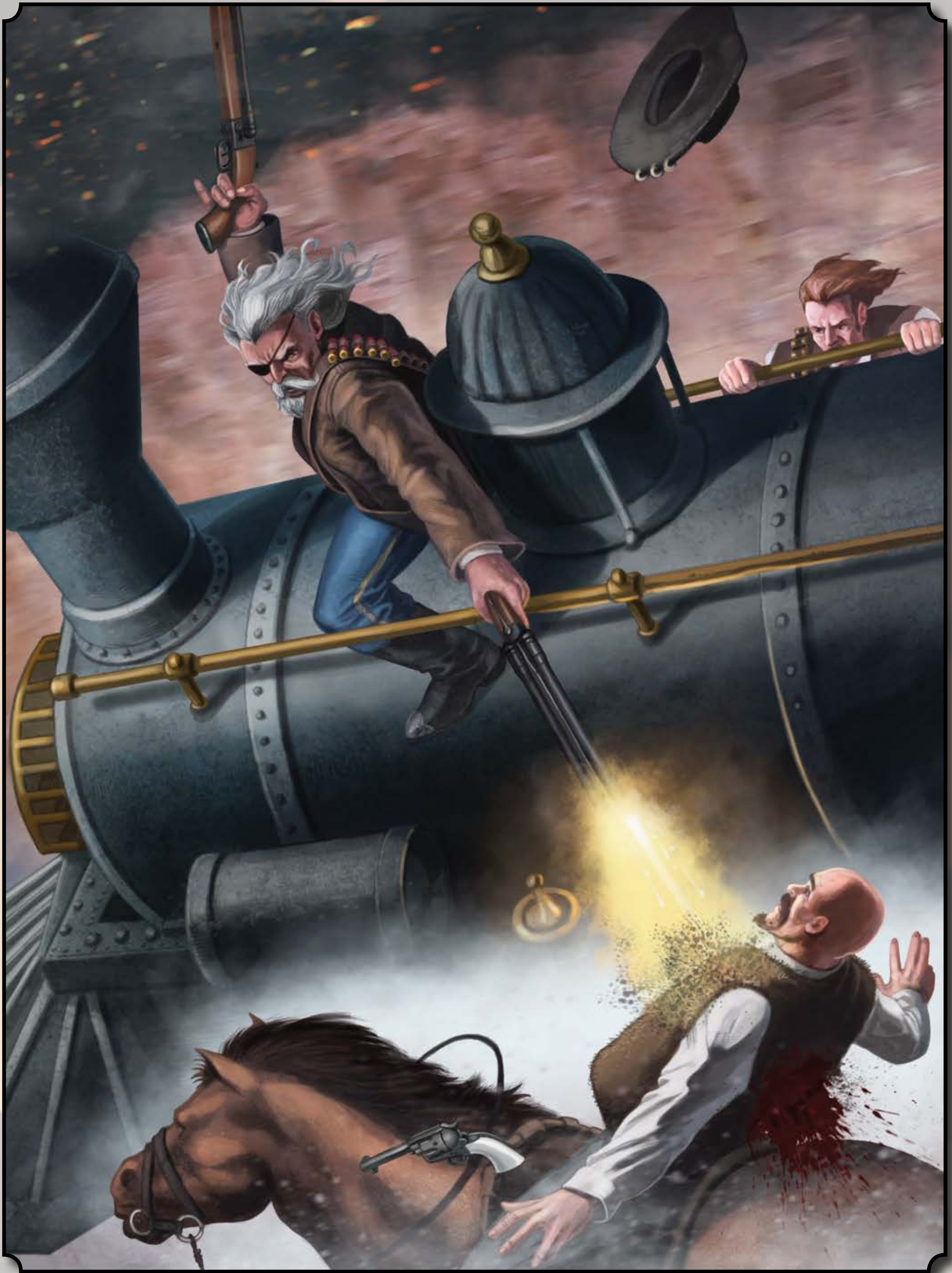
PERSONALITY

Hush up. That's crazy talk. There's no such thing as "jackalopes." This paw around my neck? It's a rabbit's foot. I don't care if you think it's too long. They grow 'em big in Texas, you know.

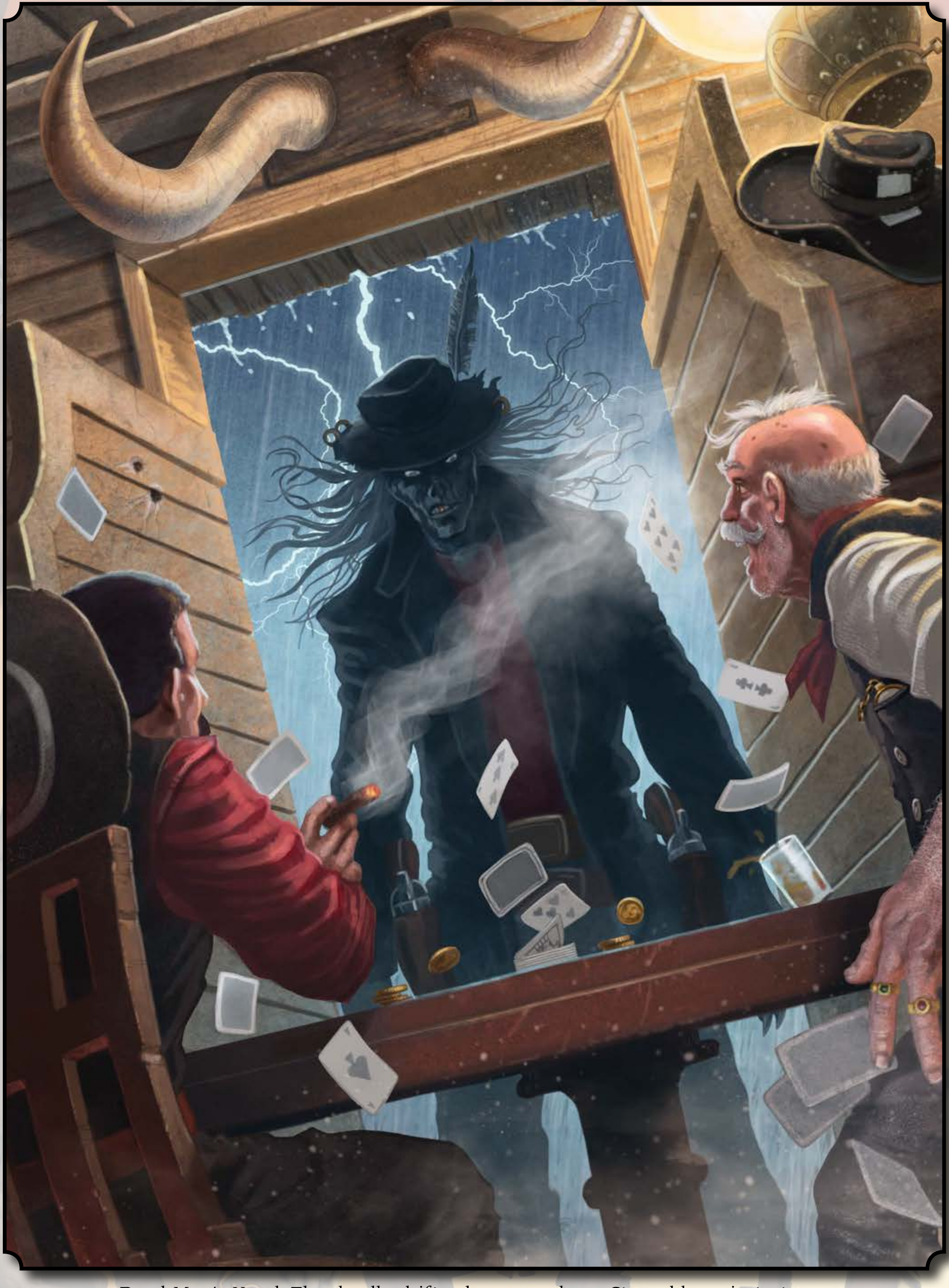
That carcass you gave me didn't have horns. It was just some dumb hare that got all tangled up in some old deer antlers. And if you don't quit arguing, I'm gonna let Jim Bowie settle my side o' the discussion for me.

I thought that'd shut you up. Now show me where you *didn't* see Aunt Minnie crawl up outta her grave. I got some carvin' to do.

Quote: "You shouldn'ta done that, varmint. You're messin' with the pride o' Texas."

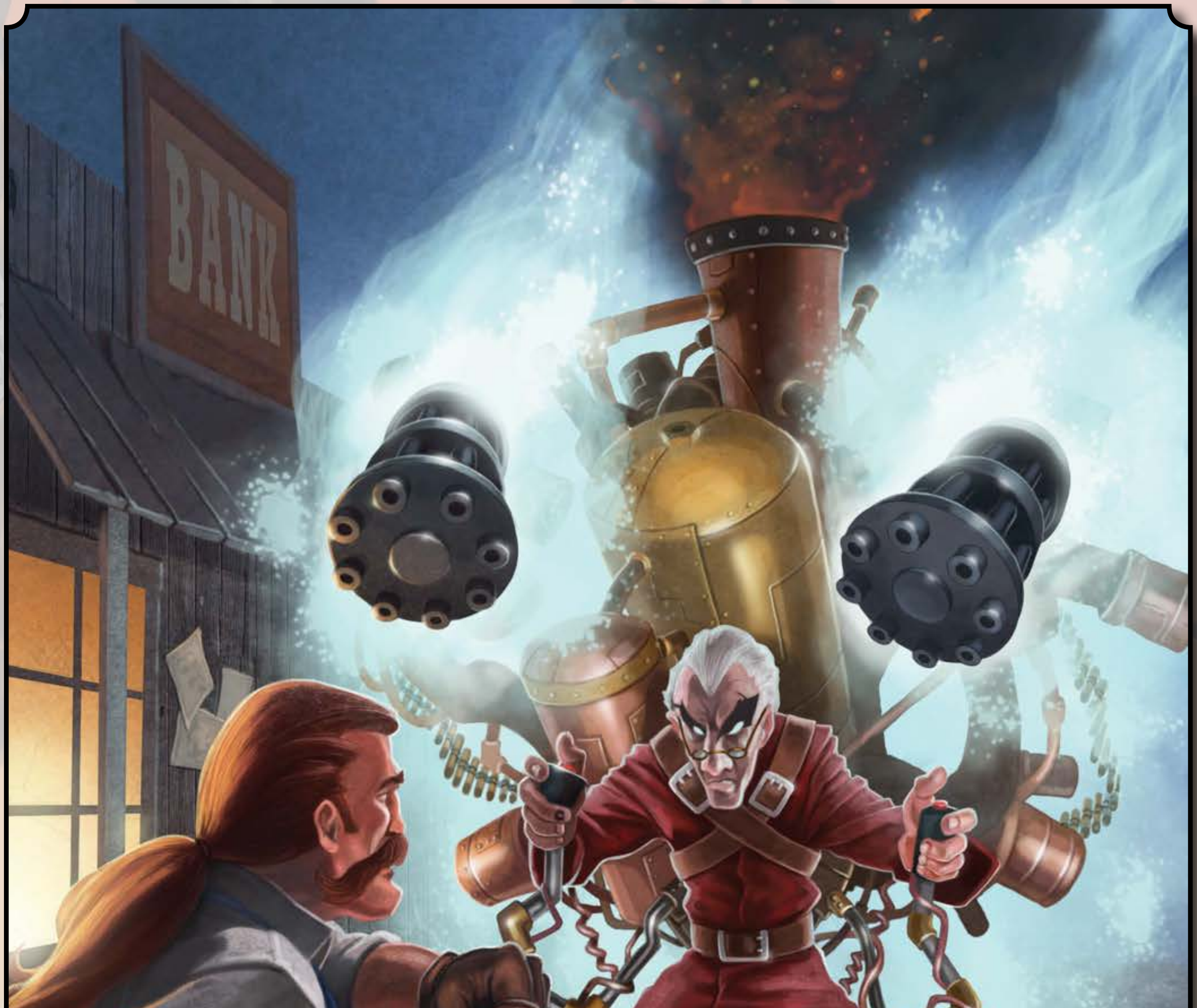


Hank "One Eye" Ketchum teaches some bandits the true meaning of"one riot, one Ranger"

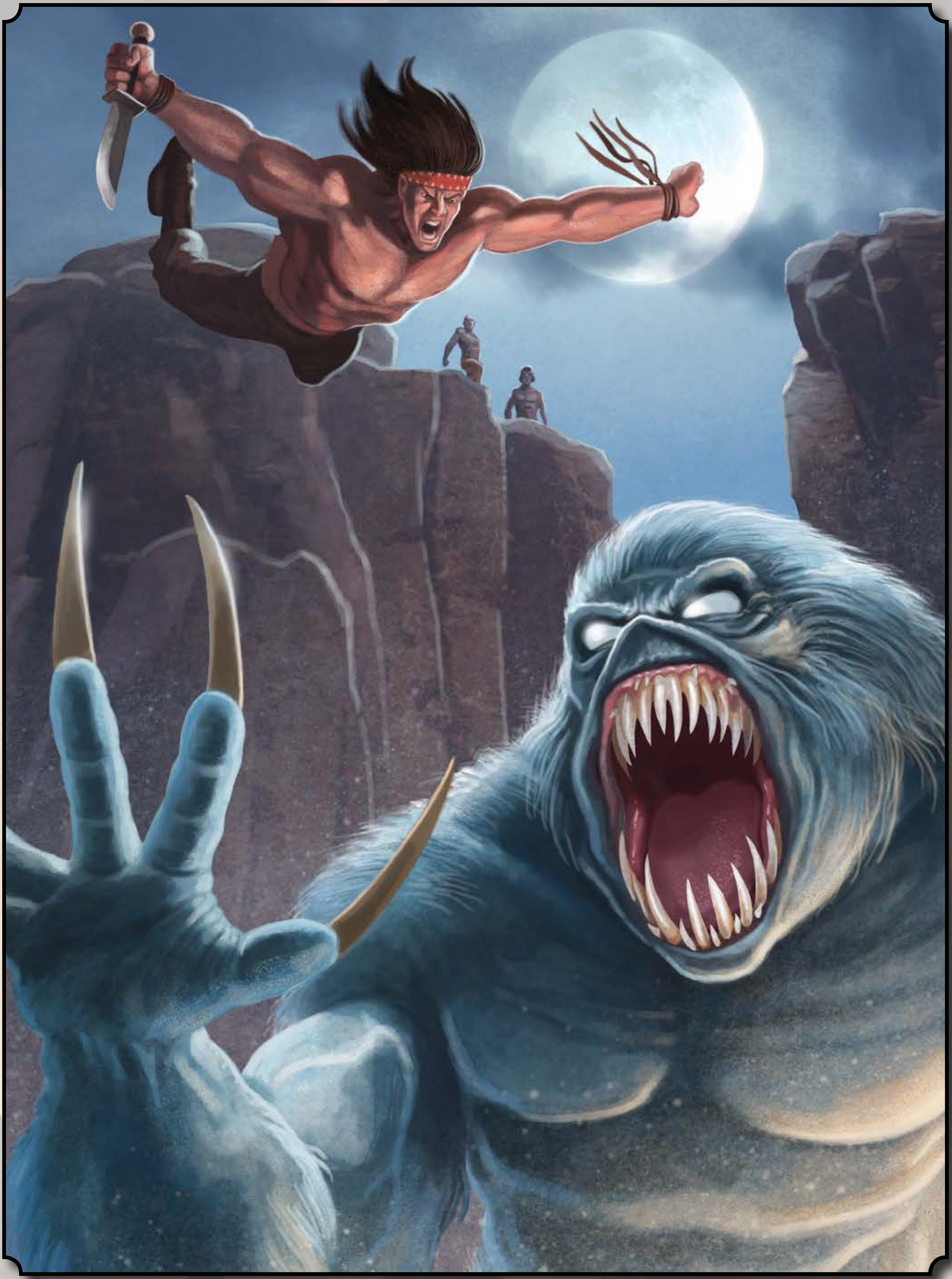


Dead Man's Hand: The deadly drifter known only as Stone blows in to town.

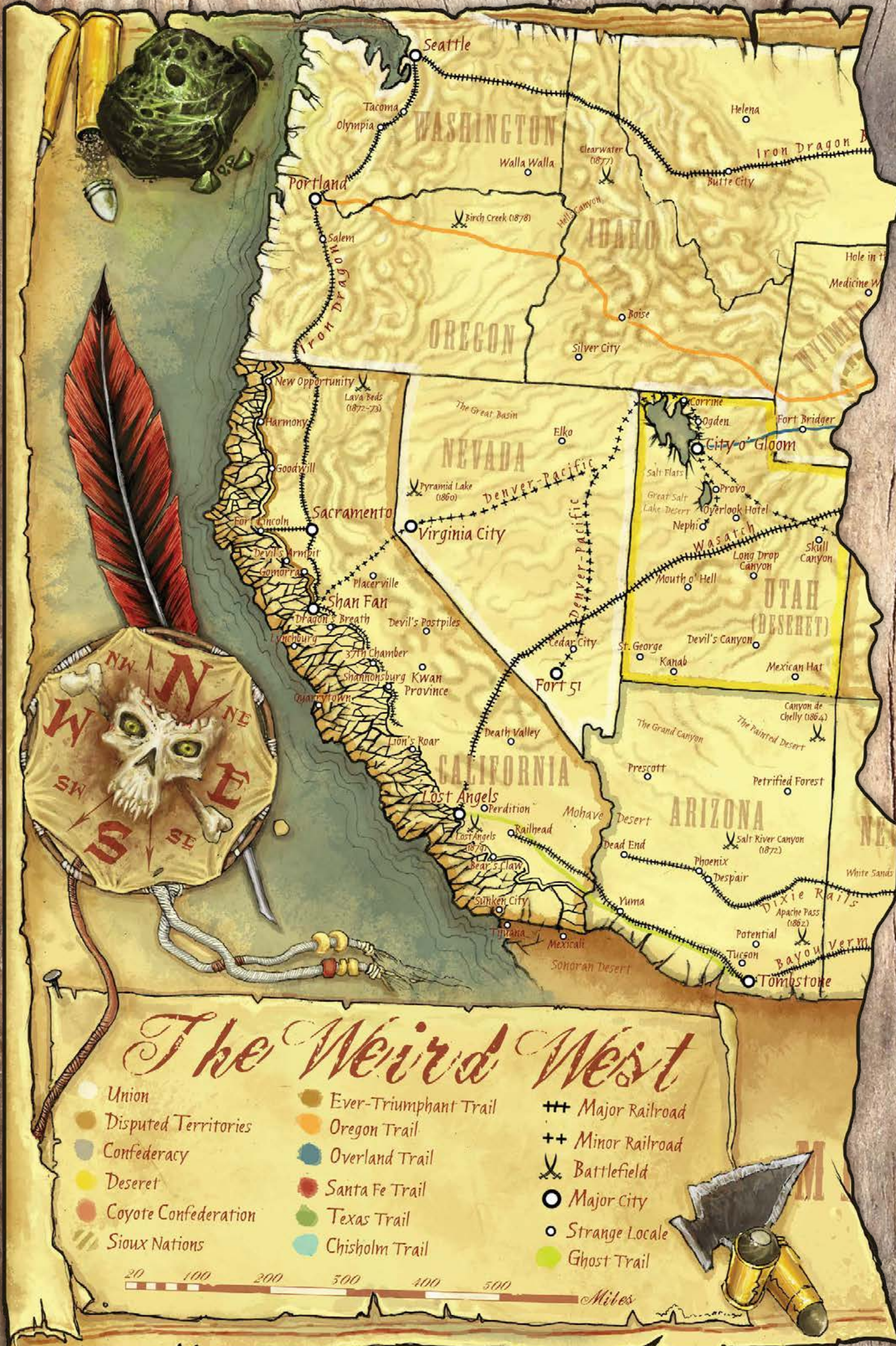
Sinister cults infest the Weird West, worshipping their dark and perverted dieties.

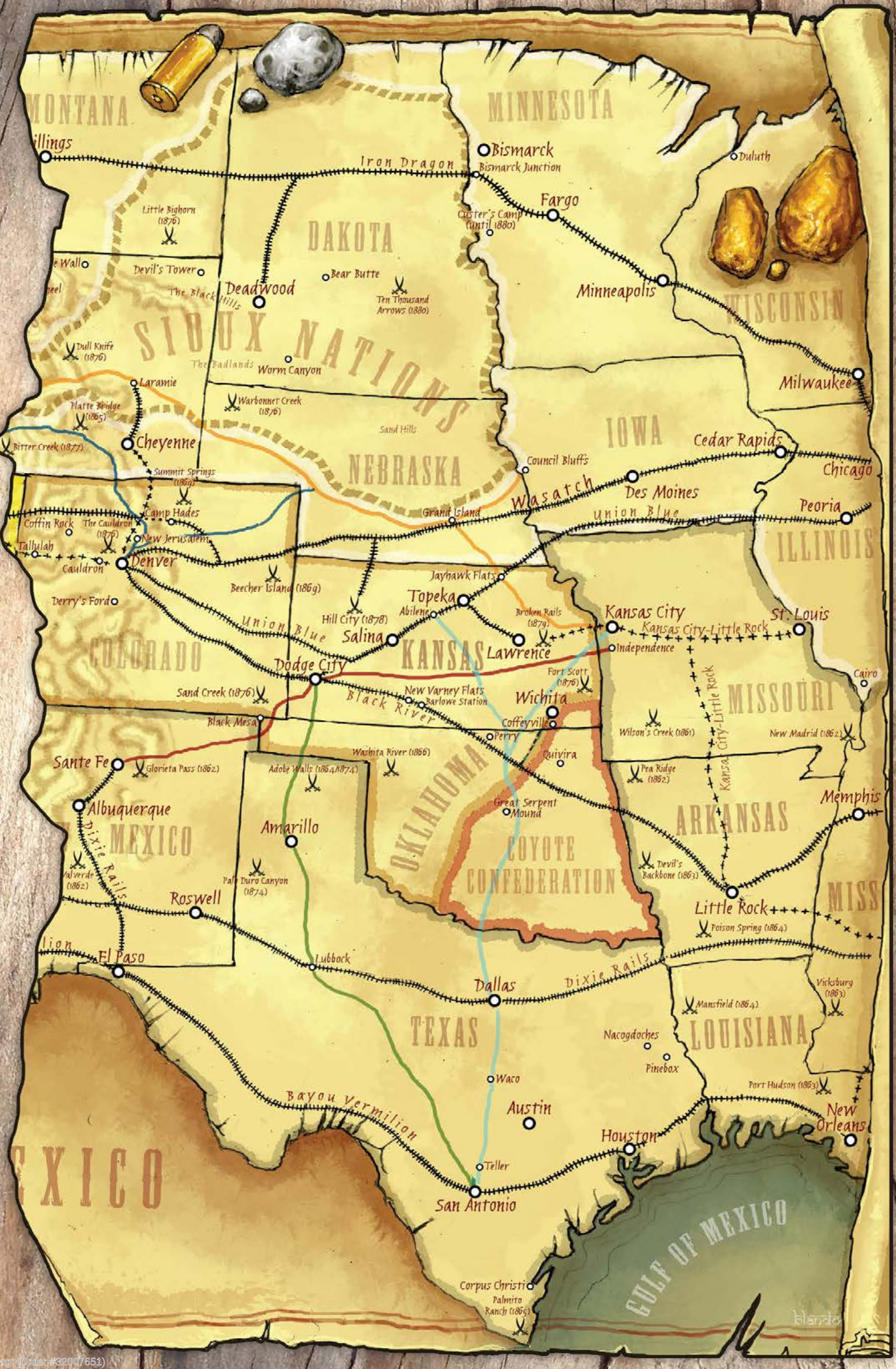


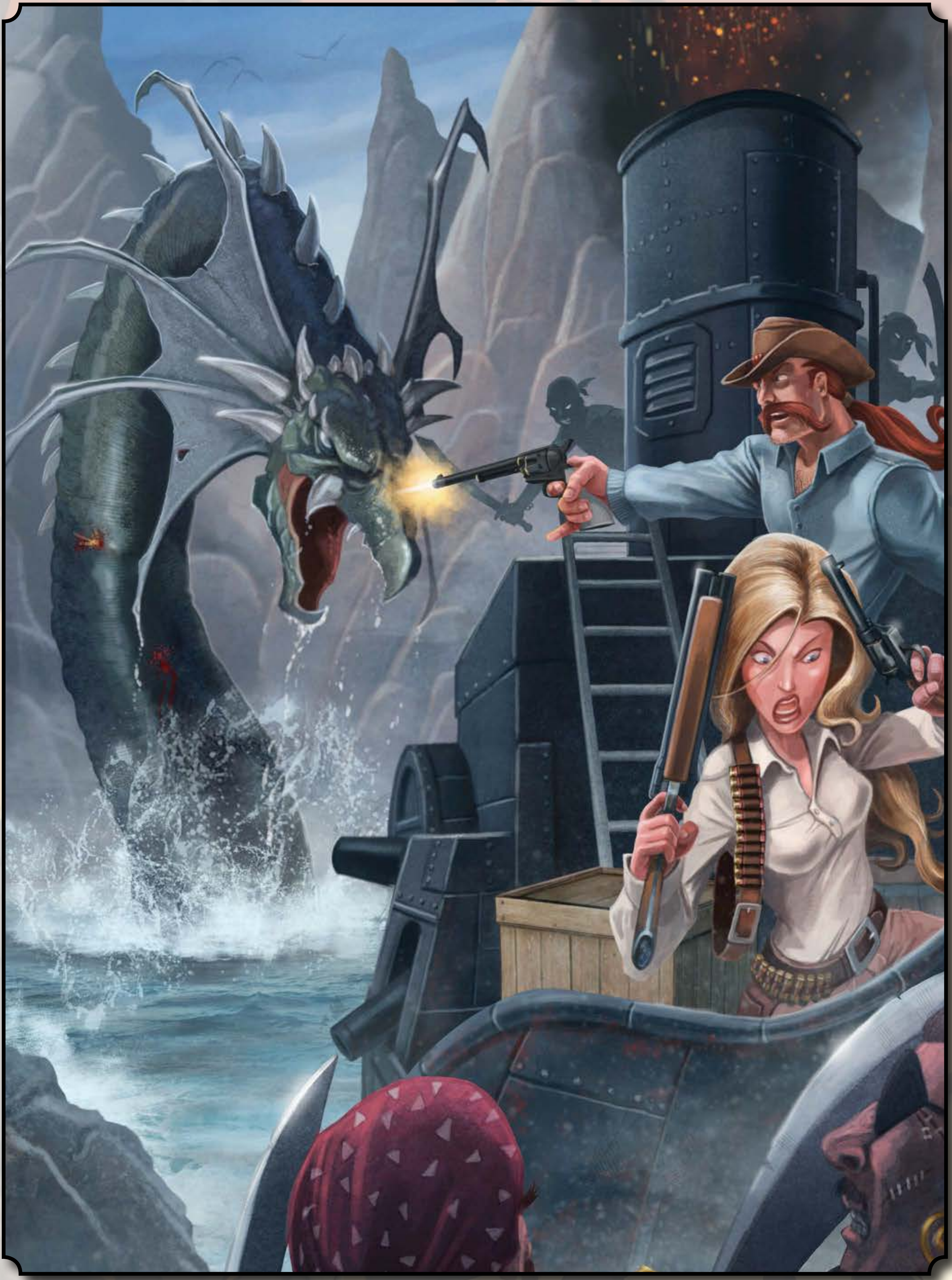
Man versus Mad Science: Ronan Lynch faces Dr. Leopold Kludge and his Decimator Array!



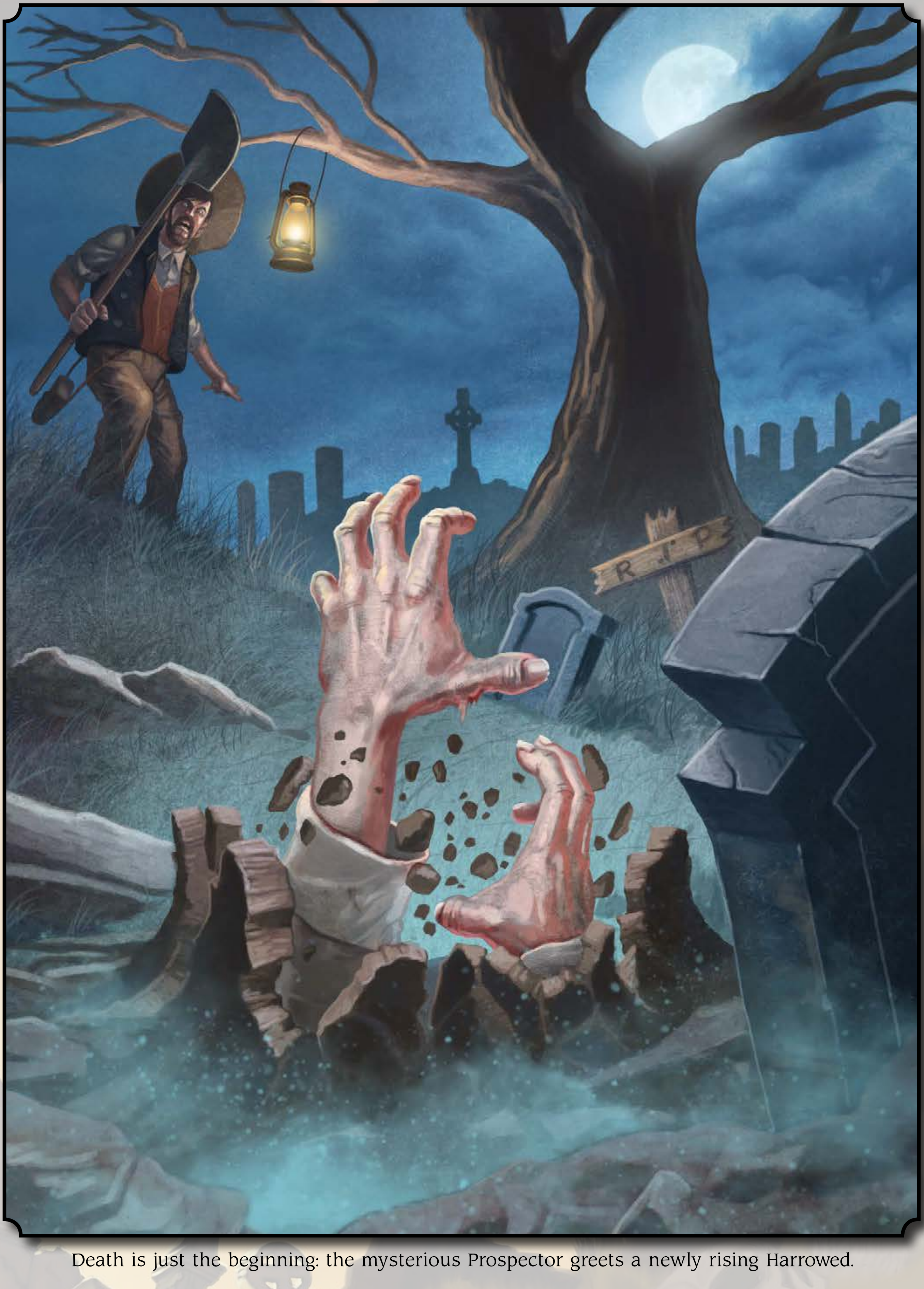
High in the Cascade Mountains, a lone brave stalks the most terrifying prey: a wendigo!


The Weird West
Union
Disputed Territories
Confederacy
Deseret
Coyote Confederation
Sioux Nations
Ever-Triumphant Trail
Oregon Trail
Overland Trail
Santa Fe Trail
Texas Trail
Chisholm Trail
+++ Major Railroad
++ Minor Railroad
Battlefield
Major City
Strange Locale
Ghost Trail
20 100 200 300 400 500
Miles
N
S
E
W
NW
NE
SW
SE
Seattle
Tacoma
Olympia
WASHINGTON
Walla Walla
Clearwater (1877)
Helena
Iron Dragon
Butte City
Portland
Birch Creek (1878)
Hells Canyon
IDAHO
Salem
Iron Dragon
Hole in the
Medicine W
Boise
OREGON
Silver City
New Opportunity
Lava Beds (1872–73)
Harmony
Goodwill
The Great Basin
NEVADA
Elko
Pyramid Lake (1860)
Denver-Pacific
Sacramento
Fort Lincoln
Virginia City
Devil's Armpit
Gomorra
Placerville
Shan Fan
Dragon's Breath
Devil's Postpiles
Lynchburg
37th Chamber
Shannonsburg
Kwan Province
Quarrytown
Denver-Pacific
Cedar City
Fort 51
Corrine
Ogden
Fort Bridger
City o' Gloom
Salt Flats
Great Salt Lake Desert
Provo
Overlook Hotel
Nephi
Wasatch
Skull Canyon
Long Drop Canyon
Mouth o' Hell
UTAH (DESERET)
St. George
Kanab
Devil's Canyon
Mexican Hat
Canyon de Chelly (1864)
The Grand Canyon
The Painted Desert
Death Valley
Lion's Roar
CALIFORNIA
Lost Angels
Perdition
Mohave Desert
Prescott
Petrified Forest
ARIZONA
Lost Angels (1879)
Railhead
Dead End
Salt River Canyon (1872)
Bear's Claw
Phoenix
Despair
White Sands
Sunken City
Yuma
Dixie Rails
Apache Pass (1862)
Tijuana
Mexicali
Potential
Tucson
Bayou Vermilion
Sonoran Desert
Tombstone

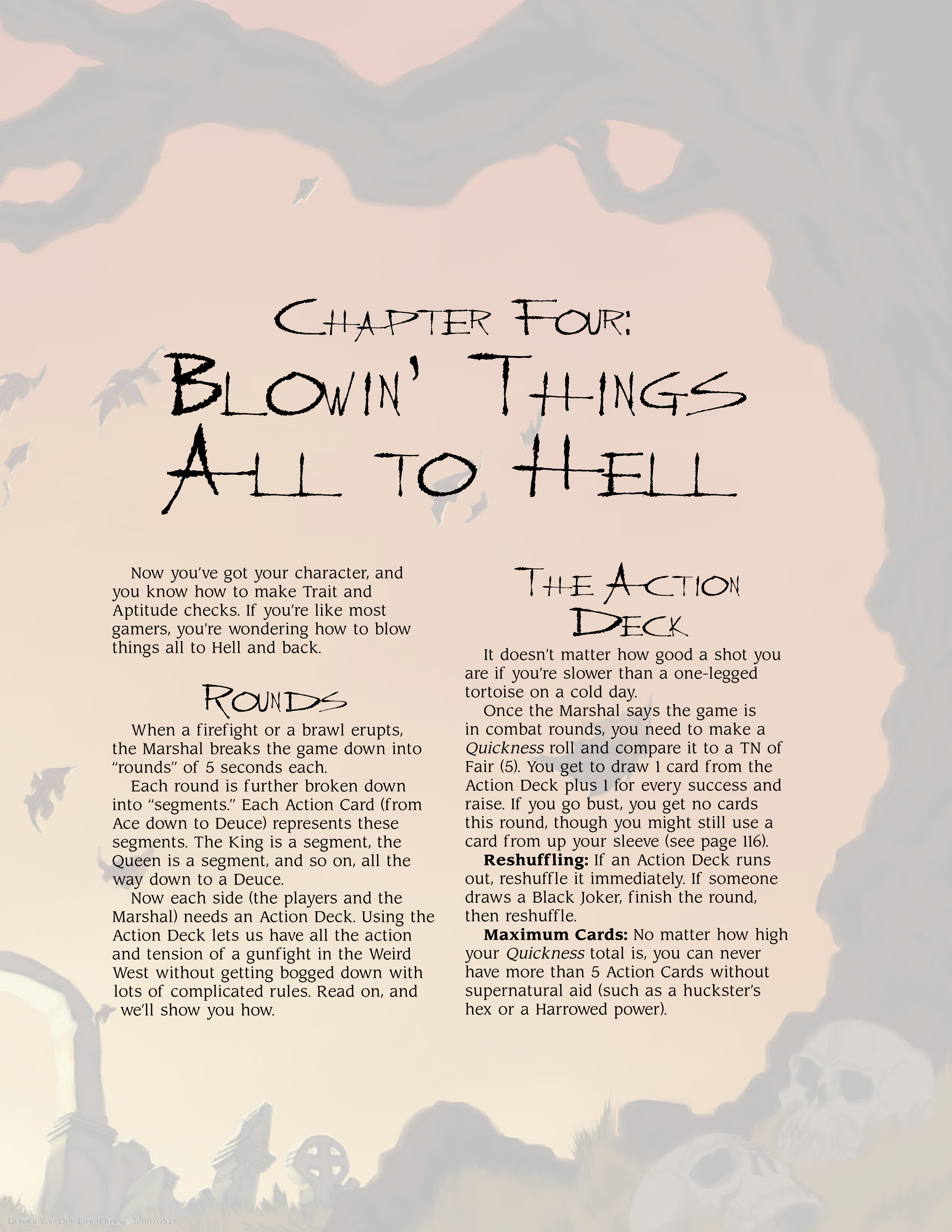

MONTANA
illings
Iron Dragon
Bismarck
Bismarck Junction
MINNESOTA
Duluth
Fargo
Custer's Camp (until 1880)
Little Bighorn (1876)
DAKOTA
Wall
Devil's Tower
The Black Hills
Deadwood
Bear Butte
Ten Thousand Arrows (1880)
Minneapolis
WISCONSIN
SIOUX NATIONS
Dull Knife (1876)
The Badlands
Worm Canyon
Laramie
Platte Bridge (1865)
Warbonnet Creek (1876)
Sand Hills
Milwaukee
IOWA
Cedar Rapids
Chicago
Bitter Creek (1877)
Cheyenne
NEBRASKA
Council Bluffs
Des Moines
Summit Springs (1869)
Wasatch
Union Blue
Peoria
Camp Hades
Grand Island
ILLINOIS
Coffin Rock
The Cauldron (1876)
New Jerusalem
Tallulah
Cauldron
Denver
Beecher Island (1869)
Jayhawk Flats
Derry's Ford
Topeka
Abilene
Broken Rails (1879)
Kansas City
St. Louis
Kansas City-Little Rock
Hill City (1878)
Salina
Union Blue
COLORADO
KANSAS
Lawrence
Independence
Dodge City
Fort Scott (1876)
Cairo
Sand Creek (1876)
New Varney Flats
Barlowe Station
Black River
Wichita
MISSOURI
Black Mesa
Coffeyville
Perry
Wilson's Creek (1861)
New Madrid (1862)
Sante Fe
Glorieta Pass (1862)
Washita River (1866)
Quivira
Adobe Walls (1864/1874)
Pea Ridge (1862)
Kansas City-Little Rock
OKLAHOMA
Albuquerque
Great Serpent Mound
ARKANSAS
Memphis
MEXICO
Amarillo
Dixie Rails
COYOTE CONFEDERATION
Valverde (1862)
Palo Duro Canyon (1874)
Devil's Backbone (1863)
MISS
Roswell
Little Rock
Poison Spring (1864)
lion
El Paso
Lubbock
Dixie Rails
Dallas
Vicksburg (1863)
Mansfield (1864)
TEXAS
Nacogdoches
LOUISIANA
Pinebox
Waco
Port Hudson (1863)
Bayou Vermilion
Austin
New Orleans
Houston
XICO
Teller
San Antonio
GULF OF MEXICO
Corpus Christi
Palmito Ranch (1865)
blando



A valiant group of Weird Western heroes face the might of a California Maze Dragon!



Death is just the beginning: the mysterious Prospector greets a newly rising Harrowed.



Chapter Four:

Blowin' Things All to Hell

Now you've got your character, and you know how to make Trait and Aptitude checks. If you're like most gamers, you're wondering how to blow things all to Hell and back.

Rounds

When a firefight or a brawl erupts, the Marshal breaks the game down into "rounds" of 5 seconds each.

Each round is further broken down into "segments." Each Action Card (from Ace down to Deuce) represents these segments. The King is a segment, the Queen is a segment, and so on, all the way down to a Deuce.

Now each side (the players and the Marshal) needs an Action Deck. Using the Action Deck lets us have all the action and tension of a gunfight in the Weird West without getting bogged down with lots of complicated rules. Read on, and we'll show you how.

The Action Deck

It doesn't matter how good a shot you are if you're slower than a one-legged tortoise on a cold day.

Once the Marshal says the game is in combat rounds, you need to make a *Quickness* roll and compare it to a TN of Fair (5). You get to draw 1 card from the Action Deck plus 1 for every success and raise. If you go bust, you get no cards this round, though you might still use a card from up your sleeve (see page 116).

Reshuffling: If an Action Deck runs out, reshuffle it immediately. If someone draws a Black Joker, finish the round, then reshuffle.

Maximum Cards: No matter how high your *Quickness* total is, you can never have more than 5 Action Cards without supernatural aid (such as a huckster's hex or a Harrowed power).

SURPRISE

Most folks don't just whip out their pistols and start firing when some blood-simple varmint comes jumping out of the bushes at them. They usually just stand there with their mouths open until their brain kicks in and tells them they're in deep caa-caa.

Anytime there's a good chance your character might be surprised, the Marshal should ask for a *Cognition* check. The difficulty is Fair (5) if your character's expecting some sort of danger—Incredible (11) if she's not.

If you don't make the roll, you don't get any cards and your character can't act that round. She can act normally in the next round as long as she makes a Fair (5) *guts* check at the beginning of the round.

ACTIONS

Each round is only 5 seconds long, yet scores of actions may occur in that brief amount of time. We determine the order of these actions by the order of the cards everyone drew.

Once everyone has their cards, the Marshal starts counting down from an Ace. If you have an Ace, you can take one action then. If not, you have to wait until one of your cards is called to take an action. When one of your cards is called, flip it over and tell the Marshal what your character is trying to do.

Long Actions: Most things your hero does take one entire action—making an attack or a test of wills. A few things may take longer. Many spells and other powers have a "Speed" score that tells you the number of Action Cards it takes to prepare. Spend the required cards over as many rounds as it takes, then roll the dice and resolve the results of these tasks on the last Action Card spent.

Suits: Compare suits to break ties with other characters who have the same cards. The ranking of suits is:

SUIT RANKS

Suit	**Rank**
Spades	First
Hearts	Second
Diamonds	Third
Clubs	Fourth

Action Card Ties: Since the Marshal has his own Action Deck, it's possible for each side to have an action on the same card *and* suit. If so, these actions are simultaneous.

CHEATIN'

Sometimes you might want to wait until something else happens before your hombre takes his action. Say you know some slavering beastie is about to come through a doorway and you want your hero to wait and blast a hole in it with her shotgun when it comes crashing through.

The way to do this is by "cheating" and keeping a single card "up your sleeve." When the card you want to put up your sleeve would normally be played, tell the Marshal you're going to put it up your sleeve instead and place it face down under your Fate Chips. You can only ever have one card up your sleeve.

Anytime you want to play the "cheat" card, including earlier than normal in the next round, whip it out, show it to the Marshal, take your action, and discard it.

Interrupting an Action: If you want to interrupt someone else's action with a card up your sleeve, you have to beat her in an opposed *Quickness* match. If your hero gets a success means the actions are simultaneous. If she gets a success and a raise, that means that character goes first. You're never guaranteed to beat someone just because you've got a cheat card, but you've got a chance.

Assuming you don't use it, you can hold on to your cheat card until the fight is over, you draw a Black Joker (see below), or an opponent forces you to discard it through a test of wills (see page 119).

Jokers

Here's where you learn why we left the Jokers in the Action Deck, partner. Jokers are the two cards that can never be hidden up your sleeve, and as you might have guessed, drawing one has special effects.

The Red Joker

The red Joker allows your character to go at any time during the round. He can even interrupt another character's action without having to make a second *Quickness* check. In a nutshell, your hero can go whenever he wants this round.

The downside is that since you can't put a Joker up your sleeve, you only get this advantage for one round. If you don't use it before the round is over, you have to discard it. You can still have a normal card up your sleeve, however, and you can even use them both at the same time if you like.

The second advantage to drawing a red Joker is that you get to draw a random chip from the Fate Pot. Congratulations!

The Marshal doesn't get a draw from the Fate Pot by drawing a red Joker for the bad guys, but he does get one when the posse draws a black Joker (see below).

Black Joker

The black Joker is bad news all around. It means your character hesitates for some reason. Maybe he's starting to feel his wounds or he's distracted by the bad guys. Or his gun suffers a minor jam that takes him a moment to clear.

Whatever the reason, you must discard the Joker and any card up your sleeve as well.

The other downside to the black Joker is it gives the bad guys (run by your Marshal) a draw from the Fate Pot. This represents the villains getting a little bit of a break from your hero's hesitation or misstep.

Your side doesn't get a draw when the Marshal gets a black Joker, however. Who said life was fair?

There's one last side effect to drawing a black Joker. Your side's Action Deck is reshuffled at the end of the round in which it was drawn. That puts the joker back in the mix, so you never know when this little sucker's coming up. This counts for both the posse and the Marshal.

MOVING

It's often important to know how far your hero can move each round. Remember the secondary trait called Pace we talked about in Chapter Two? Well, it's time to learn how to use it.

A character can move up to twice his Pace in yards in a given round. He can divide up this movement however he wants each action.

Running: The only catch is that a character who moves more than his Pace on a single action is considered to be running.

It's hard to do most things while sprinting like los diablos were after you, though. Running characters subtract -4 from any skill rolls they make that action.

Ronan's Pace is 8. He can move a total of 16 yards over the course of a combat round. With 3 actions, he might move 10, 3, and 3, or 0, 0, and 16. Of course he'd be running on the latter action.

CARRYING A LOAD

No, we don't mean the one in your pants. That's a personal problem. What we're talking about is the fact that outlaws trying to haul a heavy iron safe out of a bank aren't going to run as fast as the angry sheriff who's after them.

A load is an estimate of how much the character, critter, or vehicle can carry before it starts inhibiting their movement.

The relative loads on the table below show how much movement is lost from the hero's base Pace.

LOADS

Load	Weight	Pace
Light	3 x Strength	3/4
Medium	6 x Strength	1/2
Heavy	10 x Strength	1/4

For instance, Ronan's *Strength* is 6. He can carry up to 18 pounds with no problems. From 18 pounds up to 36 pounds is a light load. From 36 pounds up to 60 pounds is a medium load. From 60 pounds on up is a heavy load.

Tests o' Wills

When most folks think of combat, they think of yanking triggers and beating things to a pulp. That's a lot of fun, but sometimes it's just as much fun to stare down some lily-livered tinhorn and send him running back to New York City. Or trick a Texas hombre into thinking some critter's sneaking up on him so you can shoot him in the back.

Of course, in *Deadlands,* there probably *is* some critter sneaking up behind him, so you might just want to keep your trap shut until the time is right.

Bluff, *overawe,* and *ridicule* are tests of will that can be used to break an opponent's nerve or concentration. *Persuasion* is also a test of wills, but it isn't generally used in combat.

Tests of will are a great roleplaying opportunity as well. Don't be surprised if the Marshal asks you to describe exactly what your hero is saying or doing to his opponent to justify the test. It's a lot more entertaining than just saying "I try to *bluff* him." If the threat, insult, or steely glare is especially evocative, the Marshal might even give you a little bonus for your efforts.

A test of wills is an opposed roll versus one of the target's Aptitudes. If the test is being made against a group, use the leader's Aptitude.

Initiating a test of wills is an action. Resisting one is not and is done automatically.

Tests of will can have additional effects besides just getting the bad guys to do what you want. The number of successes and raises determines the effect of the test of wills.

Tests o' Will

Test Aptitude	Opposed Aptitude
Bluff	Scrutinize
Overawe	Guts
Ridicule	Ridicule

Result	Effect
Success	Unnerved
1 raise	Distracted
2 raises	Broken

Unnerved

Your character's stern gaze or cruel taunt angers or upsets your opponent. The target suffers –4 to her next action. This includes any "passive" defense like their *fightin'* skill or resisting further tests of wills.

Distracted

The target is totally distracted by your hero's jibe, trick, or surly stare. The target is *unnerved,* and in addition loses her highest Action Card. If she's got a cheat card up her sleeve, she loses that instead.

Broken

You've broken the bad guy's will—for the moment at least. He's *unnerved* and *distracted* and you get to draw a Fate Chip from the pot.

Most villains start thinking about escape at this point. It's up to the Marshal and the situation.

Ronan finds himself facing a tough crowd of Reverend Grimme's Guardian Angels. He knows he can't gun down on thirty of the creeps, so he gives him his patented stare.

This is an *overawe* attempt against the leader, one of the cult's priests. She has a *guts* score of 3d8.

Ronan rolls and gets a 17 after spending a few chips. The priestess blows it and gets a 6. That's 2 raises, so Ronan gets a *distracted* result. Besides the game effects, the Marshal decides Ronan is too tough to take in a straight fight. She knows she'd win, but she'd lose many followers and might catch a bullet herself. She backs down, but plots to catch him unawares later on. With a broken result, she might leave town altogether!

Shootin' Things

There often comes a point when you need to turn some dastardly villain's head into "high plains pudding." You want to get some lead flyin', and we're going to tell you how. Just remember to think twice before your gunslinger draws that smokewagon out of its holster. The bad guys have guns too.

In simple terms, all you need to do is figure out your Target Number and roll your *shootin'* dice. If one of your bones comes up equal to or higher than the TN, you've hit.

While you're reading this part, remember that you should figure out all the modifiers for the Marshal instead of making her do it all for you. That frees her up to interpret the results in grisly detail and keep all the bad guys and all *their* modifiers straight.

The Shootin' Roll

The first thing you need to figure out when you want to blow something to Kingdom Come is what kind of weapon your character is going to fire. There are lots of pea-shooters in the Weird West—from Colt Peacemakers and Winchester repeaters to Gatling guns and flamethrowers powered by ghost rock.

Most weapons fall into one of four concentrations: *pistols, rifles, shotguns,* and *automatics.* Flamethrowers and other weird gizmos have their own concentrations which cover each weapon exclusively. Whichever weapon your character uses, that's the kind of *shootin'* concentration he needs.

Remember that your hero can fire a weapon he doesn't have a concentration in, he just suffers the unskilled penalty.

Rate of Fire

So how many shots can your hombre fire each action? That's easy. Every weapon in *Deadlands* lists has a set of statistics that lists, among other things, its "rate of fire." A character can fire up to that many times per action.

Most weapons in *Deadlands* have a rate of fire of 1 or 2.

Standard ROFs

Weapon Type	**ROF**
Double-Action Pistol	2
Single-Action Pistol	1
Rifle	1
Shotgun	1
Double-Barreled Shotgun	2
Gatling Guns	Burst of 3

We'll tell you more about automatics like Gatlings after we lay down a few more basics.

The Attack

Once you've figured out what kind of dice to roll and how many times you get to do it, it's time to figure out the TN you need to make some dirt-slow loser do some daisy pushing.

Range

The Target Number you're looking for is Fair (5) plus the range modifier. To figure the modifier, count the number of yards between the shooter and the target and then divide it by the weapon's Range Increment, rounding down as usual. The number you get is added to Fair (5) to get the base TN of the shot. Here are the standard Range Increments:

Standard Ranges

Weapon Type	**Range**
Derringers	5
Pistol	10
Rifle	20
Shotgun	10

MODIFIERS

Now that you've got your TN, you might have to add or subtract a couple of modifiers to your *shootin'* roll. These things come up often in a gunfight, so be sure to keep track of them. Sometimes even stranger things can happen. Then it's up to the Marshal to figure out a modifier for that situation.

FIRER IS RUNNING

It's a lot harder to hit a target when you're on the move. As you might remember from our little discussion on movement, your hero suffers a -4 penalty if he fires on the run.

LARGE TARGET

Larger targets are easier to hit. A target that's twice as big as a man gives the attacker a +1 bonus, a target three times the size of a man has a +2 modifier, and so on, up to a normal maximum of +6.

SMALL TARGET

If a target is half the size of a man, subtract a penalty of –1. If it's one-quarter the size of a man, subtract –2, and so on, to a maximum of –10 for Size 1 or smaller pests.

TARGET IS MOVING

It's harder to hit a moving target than one that's standing still. Any time a target is moving faster than a relative Pace of 20, subtract –4 from your roll. "Relative" means you need to figure how fast the target and the shooter are moving in relation to each other.

VISIBILITY

It's hard to plug a fellow if you can't see him. Generally, if you can see any part of your target, it isn't really concealed. If some cowboy's head is sticking up out of the prairie grass, it doesn't take a genius to figure out where the rest of his body is.

Partial concealment doesn't modify an attack roll since you can usually figure out where the whole target is. If a target is completely concealed but an attacker knows about where the target is (even a general direction), he can still attack at a –4.

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Bad lighting or poor visibility also make it a bit harder to tag your target. The penalties for partial lighting apply to targets greater than 10 yards away. Of course, if a target holds a lantern on a dark night, there's no penalty to plug the sap.

SHOOTIN' MODIFIERS

Situation	Modifier
Firer is walking	-2
Firer is running	-6
Firer is mounted	-2
Firer is wounded	Varies
Size	Varies
Target moving Pace 20+	-4
Target totally concealed	-4
Torchlight, twilight	-4
Moonlight	-6
Blind, total darkness	-8

SHOTGUNS

Shotguns and scatterguns (that's a sawed-off shotgun) work a little differently than most weapons. The benefit of either is that one shell unleashes a half-dozen or so .38 caliber balls. This makes them ideal for unskilled shooters since they can make up for their lack of talent by filling the air with lead. Additionally, the closer the target, the more balls are likely to hit and the more damage they can cause.

Anyone firing a shotgun adds +2 to her *shootin': shotgun* roll.

Double-Barrels: Most shotguns and scatterguns in the Weird West have two barrels, either or both of which can be fired on a single action. If a hero wants to fire both barrels, she simply makes two *shootin'* rolls and figures the results separately. That's why double-barrels have a rate of fire of 2.

Damage: The damage from a shotgun decreases as the balls spread (less actually hit the target). The further the range, the less damage a shotgun blast does to the blood bag on the other end.

You'll notice the first range on the table below says "touching." That means the barrel is right up against the target, such as in a hostage situation, and there's no chance any of the buckshot misses. The Marshal has finally say on whether or not an attack gets this bonus or not. Even a hostage might jerk away fast enough to put himself in the 1-10 yard range bracket.

SHOTGUNS

Range	Damage
Touching	6d6
1–10	5d6
11–20	4d6
21–30	3d6
31+	2d6

Ronan Lynch is creeping through a cemetery when a pile of shambling bones rises up just under 10 yards away. He's carrying a scattergun and unloads both barrels at the thing. He adds +2 to his two *shootin'* rolls and hits the unholy creature with both barrels. Ronan's player checks the shotgun chart and sees that at this range, each shot does 5d6 damage! Chances are there's one less crawly thing in the world.

SLUGS

Both shotguns and scatterguns can also fire slugs, which are basically huge, self-rifled hunks of lead.

Slugs subtract –2 from the attacker's roll. It's hard to aim that huge chunk of lead properly. On the plus side, they do 6d6 damage regardless of range. That's one big can of whup-ass.

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS

Automatic weapons like Gatling guns and Gatling pistols are pretty new to the Weird West. While they can throw a lot of lead in the air, they tend to be expensive, inaccurate, and occasionally unreliable. Still, for sheer volume of fire, they can't be beat.

These weapons fire several rounds at once at the expense of accuracy. To make things easy, we don't roll for every bullet. We roll for each burst of three bullets. Automatic weapons have Rates of Fire of 3, 6, 9, 12, and so on. (Standard Gatling weapons usually have a ROF of 3, but you might run into some mad science weapons with higher ones.) A character must fire all three shots of a burst. He can't choose to fire only one or two shots unless the particular weapon's description says otherwise.

The character's *shootin': automatics* roll determines how many rounds from each burst actually hit the target. Make one *shootin'* roll per burst. A success means the first bullet hits. Each raise after that means another bullet hit. Raises past the second are lost when firing full-auto.

Multiple Targets: Multiple targets can be hit by a single burst. Each raise means another bullet found a target.

Here's how to figure it out. Choose a primary target. The first bullet hits this tinhorn. A raise could hit him again, or a second victim up to 2 yards away,—it's the shooter's call. Another raise could hit a third target 2 yards away from the second, or put a second bullet into the second target.

To hit targets further than 2 yards from the primary target requires a second burst. (Others may be hit by the **Innocent Bystanders** rules: see page 126.)

Determine each round's hit location and damage separately.

The player must assign his hits before rolling damage or resolving a second burst. In other words, roll all your attacks, assign hits to targets, then go back and roll hit location and damage for each. That way you can't see if the first bullet in a burst kills some poor fool before assigning your second or third.

Aiming and Called Shots: A character firing an automatic weapon can make called shots or benefit from drawing a bead on his first burst in an action only. Just add or subtract the modifiers to the usual TN and figure raises from there.

RECOIL

Firing off a hail of automatic fire is hard to control. Each burst fired after the first in a single action suffers a –2 recoil modifier. This is cumulative, so the third burst in a single action suffers a –4, and so on to a maximum of –6.

Braces: A good brace such as a sling or a bipod reduces the recoil penalty to -1 or even 0. Mounted Gatling guns have stable platforms that reduce recoil to 0.

RELIABILITY

Gatling guns aren't perfected technology. When your hero fires one, roll a d20 along with the *shootin'* roll. This is called a Reliability check (as discussed in Chapter Three). Gatlings have a Reliability of 19, so if you roll a 20, it jams, requiring a Hard (9) *shootin': automatics/Smarts* roll to clear it. A character can use *tinkerin'* instead, reducing the TN to Fair (5).

"Bad Luck" Betty McGrew is guarding a train running through Nevada from a band of desperadoes on steamwagons. She opens fire with the Gatling mounted in one of the train's boxcars and rolls a 12 on her first burst (and passes her Reliability check). The TN is 6 so that's a success and a raise. She hits with 2 bullets.

On her second burst, she rolls a 20 on her Reliability test (meaning her attack roll doesn't matter). The gun jams and Betty starts banging on the thing in frustration.

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

Gunslingers use all kinds of tricks and techniques to make sure they get their man. Here are the details on the more esoteric aspects of gunplay.

CALLED SHOTS

Occasionally you'll run across some critter that just doesn't want to die even after you've slung a ton of lead at it. Hopefully it's got a weak spot somewhere, like an eyeball or the brainpan.

Hitting a specific spot on your target is a "called shot," and of course, it comes with a penalty. The smaller the target, the bigger the penalty. The table below is for targeting people, but it should give you an idea for blasting parts off nasty critters and abominations as well.

CALLED SHOTS

Size	Penalty
Guts	-2
Legs, arms	-4
Heads, hands, feet	-6
Eyeball, heart	-10

DRAWING A BEAD

A normal shot assumes your cowpoke aims his smokewagon only for a heartbeat before squeezing off a round. If a character spends an entire action "drawing a bead," she can add +2 to her *shootin'* roll in the next action. Every action spent drawing a bead adds +2 to the hero's next *shootin'* roll, up to a maximum of +6. The modifier carries over to the next round if needed.

Ronan winds up with 4 actions in a particular round. He aims his pistol for three of those and fires on the 4th with a +6 to his roll. With his skill, that's a sure hit.

FANNING THE HAMMER

Veteran gunslingers sometimes "fan" their sidearms. Fanning simply means holding the trigger down on a single-action revolver and slapping the hammer repeatedly with the palm of the other hand. This puts a lot of lead in the air fast, but the individual shots aren't very accurate.

Fanning is a maneuver your hero can perform if he has at least 1 level in *shootin': pistol.* The fanner also needs one free hand and a single-action revolver in the other. All you *one-armed bandits* are out of luck.

The rate of fire is 1 to 6. It's the shooter's choice as to how many bullets he want to waste. Even if a gun holds more than six rounds, that's the most a gunslinger can fan in one action. Fanning one shot isn't really worth while, but it can be done.

To resolve the attack, pick a target and figure out the TN based on the range and any other modifiers. Fanning a pistol isn't very accurate, so the shooter has to subtract -2 from his roll for slapping his gun around like a redheaded stepchild.

A success, and each raise thereafter, causes a bullet to hit. The firer chooses which targets he hits, though any after the first must be within 2 yards of the last target hit.

Aiming and Called Shots: A shooter can't draw a bead when fanning, though he can make a called shot on the first bullet only. Figure the TN for the first shot. Any raises after that hit random locations as normal. Fanning should only be used in close quarters and desperate circumstances, amigo.

One Eye Ketchum needs to drop three banditos. He has a *shootin': pistols* skill of 4, and decides to fan 2 bullets at each bad guy.

One Eye rolls an incredible 27 on his *shootin': pistols* roll and needed a 7 to hit. Subtracting the fanning penalty of –2 drops his attack roll to a 25. That means he still got 3 raises. Four bullets hit.

For the first 2 rounds that hit, he rolls hit locations of the leg and the noggin. The first bullet does a pitiful 4 points of damage. The second gets 2 extra dice for hitting the noggin and does a whopping 23. The first bandito goes down as One Eye rolls location and damage for his next two shots.

Quick Draw

Drawing a weapon usually takes a cowpoke one action. If your hero makes his *quick draw* roll, he can draw and fire his weapon normally on a single action.

Quick draw is also very important in a duel. Complete rules for these showdowns at High Noon can be found on page 126.

The Rifle Spin

Generally speaking, you need two hands to operate a rifle, but if you're good you can do it with only one. A really gonzo rifleman could even use two rifles at once.

Subtract –4 from one-handed rifle attacks as the long-arm bobs up and down all over the place. (If the hero can brace his shot on a fence or something, the Marshal might let him ignore the penalty.)

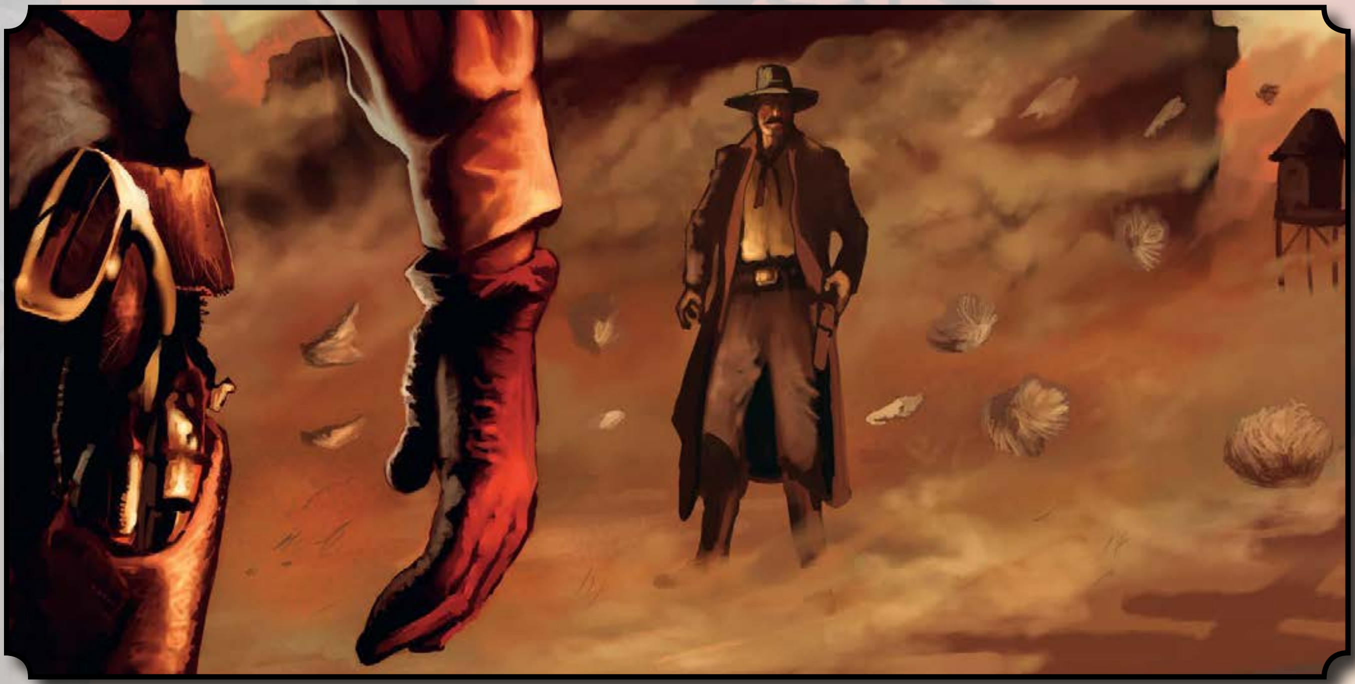
Cocking: The real problem comes from having to cock the rifle between shots. It's difficult, but it can be done by spinning the rifle by its lever (it looks pretty damn manly, too!)

If you'd like for your character to cock his lever-action rifle one-handed, make an Onerous (7) *Deftness* check (for each rifle if he has two). If you make the roll, your hombre can fire on the same action. If you fail, you can try again on your next action if you want. A bust means you drop the rifle. Characters with *bad luck* might break their fingers!

The Two-Gun Kid

Some pistoleros like to fire two pistols at once. They usually don't hit much, but they sure make a lot of noise.

A character firing two guns suffers the two weapons penalty to begin with: –2 to each attack. Additionally, any action taken with an off hand is made at an additional –4 (for a total of –6). A cowpoke can fire with each hand up to the weapons' usual rate of fire. Each shot is a separate roll.



THE ART OF THE DUEL

Let's take a break from all-out combat for a moment for a moment and talk a bit about something that's a staple of most Western films: the classic "duel at High Noon."

In most normal fights, folks are running all over creation, emptying their hoglegs into anything with feet, teeth or claws. In dust-ups like that, it's strictly a matter or surviving, by any means necessary.

A duel is an entirely different affair. Duels are often as much a battle of willpower, guts and style as one of flying lead. Survival is still the top priority, but the gunfighter's reputation is also at stake.

When someone calls your hero out, he'd better stand tall with his six-gun in its holster. If he comes bolting out of the saloon crying like baby and firing a shotgun, folks will call him a lily-livered, yellow coward. Stay cool, and if you die at least you'll get a kind epitaph.

"I'M CALLIN' YOU OUT!"

There are two types of duels: timed and staredowns. In a timed duel, the shooters agree neither one will fire until a predetermined event: the count of three, when a handkerchief hits the ground, the sound of a clock's bell, and so on. Both parties hold their actions until that moment and then commence putting holes in one another.

Staredowns are a bit more common. In these duels, the combatants each wait for the other to go for his gun. You see, if you just skin your hogleg and shoot someone, it's murder. Believe it or not, there's some sense of law and order, even in the Weird West (not much, just some).

The idea is to goad your opponent into going for his gun, then draw and fire yours before him. That way you can kill the son-of-a-gun all nice and legal-like. Of course, it's a risky game giving another gunfighter this kind of advantage, but it's the only way to make sure you stay out of the hoosegow.

TIMED DUELS

When two hardasses decide to be civilized about killing each other, they need an impartial party to provide the signal to start shooting. There are usually plenty of volunteers eager for a little taste of death from the sidelines.

When the duel begins, each fighter makes a *Quickness* roll and draws Action Cards as usual. Now the Marshal draws a single card (from his own deck) and looks at it secretly. If it's a face card or a Joker, he draws again. Once the Marshal has a number card, he places it face down between the two gunslingers.

Now the Marshal calls off cards just like in a normal round, starting with the Ace. As their Action Cards are called, the fighters may perform tests of will or hold their cards. When the Marshal gets to the "signal" card, he flips it face up and the fighters commence shooting. The duelists make a *quick draw* test, and the fastest gun fires first. Ties are considered simultaneous.

The shot itself doesn't actually require a card, but each held card (unused cards equal to or higher than the signal card) the duelist has adds +2 to his *quick draw* roll. Cards lower than the signal card have no effect and are discarded.

Once the shots are resolved, the duelists toss in their cards and start off a new, normal combat round if they wish.

Staredowns

Staredowns work just like timed duels except the Marshal draws no card. The gunslingers decide when to draw. To begin, each fighter makes a *Quickness* roll and draws cards as usual. The Marshal counts down from Ace. As their Action Cards are called, the fighters may perform tests of will, draw, or hold their cards.

When either fighter draws, it's time to commence with the shooting! Although the actual shot doesn't require a fighter to expend a card, he can't draw until at least one of his cards is called. Each "held" card (including the "draw" card) adds +2 to the *quick draw* roll. Cards lower than the draw card are discarded.

If the count gets down to 2s without either fighter drawing, the opponents continue to stare at each other and discard all their cards (no cards can be held up the sleeve in a duel). Start again from the top.

This can go on for a while, so good shootists quickly develop a stare or finger twitch (a *bluff* test of wills) to unnerve their opponents and make them draw first (see below). It's the only way to stay alive *and* steer clear of the law.

Dueling Wills

Before anyone draws a gun, duelists may use their cards for tests of will. This works normally but with the following effects:

A *distracted* opponent suffers a –4 penalty to his *quick draw* roll.

An *unnerved* opponent suffers –4 to his *quick draw* roll *and* his shot. In a staredown, he must draw on his next available Action Card or try to weasel his way out of the duel.

A *broken* opponent suffers the same effects as an *unnerved* fighter, and in a staredown, he must draw immediately or turn tail and run. The draw card in this case is considered to be the card on which the test of wills took place.

A shootist who used all his cards for tests of wills can still return fire (he can't go for his gun first unless he's *broken*), but he takes a –4 penalty to his *quick draw* roll.

Fate

One last note. You rarely hear about two duelists taking more than a few shots at each other. When a man steps into a duel, he takes fate into his own hands. Fate, being a fickle bitch, takes a dim view of such shenanigans.

Duelists may use Fate Chips to add to their action totals as usual, but they may not use them to negate wounds. This is why there aren't too many old gunslingers. When a duel begins, one of the fighters will likely be carried off the street in a cheap pine box.

Don't worry too much about understanding Fate chips completely right now. It will all become crystal clear in Chapter Five.

Reloading

Sooner or later, your six-gun's going to run out of ammo. Professional gunslingers know how to get those smokewagons reloaded and firing again before someone sends them on a one way trip to Boot Hill.

It takes one action to put a single bullet into a pistol or rifle, or a single shell in a shotgun. It also takes one action to remove a speed-load cylinder from a weapon and slap in a new one. Of course, you can always try the *speed-loading* skill (see Chapter Two.)

Automatics: It takes two actions to reload a Gatling gun's feed box. They cannot be *speed-loaded.* Gatling pistols take one action per chamber to reload. They can be *speed-loaded* normally.

Black Powder Weapons: Black powder muzzle-loading weapons take forever to reload. Five actions, in fact. They can never be *speed-loaded.*

Throwin' Things

Ever heard of a Mojave rattler? If you cross the Mojave, they'll hear you. When they do, you'd better warm up your arm, because the best way to kill one is to chuck a heap of dynamite down its gullet.

The *throwin'* skill works just like *shootin'* for most weapons. The Range Increment for all thrown weapons is +1/5, so add +1 to the base TN of Fair (5) for every 5 yards distance. A target at 10 yards is TN 7.

The maximum range a character can throw an average size weapon (1–2 pounds) is her *Strength* die type x 5 yards.

Ronan's *Strength* of 3d6 lets him chuck a stick of dynamite 30 yards, with a TN of 11. With a Target Number like that, let's hope he has the *throwin': unbalanced* Aptitude, or a really good *Deftness*!

Deviation

Weapons like bombs and rockets, thrown weapons like dynamite or rocks, or even area-effect spells that have a chance to miss their target, deviate if they don't hit their intended target (the attacker fails his skill roll).

First determine the direction by rolling a d12 and reading the result as a clock facing centered on the target point.

Thrown missiles deviate 1d20 yards in that direction.

Projectiles fired from a launcher of some sort deviate 10% of the total range, plus 2d20 yards in the direction indicated by the d12. On a bust, the round jams or is dropped and detonates at the shooter's feet.

Max Deviation: If the shot deviates backward, it travels at least half the distance from the shooter to the target.

Ronan misses with his dynamite. We roll a d12 and get a 6—it falls short of the target. The distance is 1d20 and we get a 20. Fortunately, Ronan was only throwing the dynamite at a target 10 yards away. The max deviation is half that—5 yards. That puts Ronan smack in the blast radius. We hope he left a long fuse on that TNT!

Innocent Bystanders

First things first. No one is innocent. Some folks are just a little less guilty than others.

Sometimes you want to know if a missed shot could hit someone near the path to the target. This doesn't crop up often, so don't worry about it if it's not important.

If a bystander is a few feet from the target and directly between it and the shooter—as in the classic hostage pose—use the Hit Location Table on page 132. If the bystander was covering up the part of the target that was hit, she's hit instead. Figure out where the bystander gets hit based on the situation or another roll.

If the bystander isn't right next to the target, use this system. For single shots that miss their target, a bullet has a 1 in 6 chance of hitting anyone within 1 yard of the bullet's path. Start at the bystander closest to the shooter and roll a d6. If it comes up a 1, he's hit. Roll hit location and damage normally. If the roll is anything but a 1, check any other bystanders in the path until you run out of bystanders or the bullet finds a home.

Spray: A spray of bullets fired from a fanned single action revolver, shotgun, or Gatling gun or pistol hits bystanders on a 1 as normal, but with a 2 yard spread.. Continue to check each target until all the missed rounds have checked each bystander at least once.

Shotguns: Since a shotgun fires shells instead of single bullets, a missed shotgun blast has a bit wider coverage than a single bullet (except when a gun is fanned). It can hit bystanders within 2 yards of the blast's path.

Miniatures: If you're using the awesome *Deadlands* miniatures—and we don't know why you wouldn't be—you should have a very clear picture of who's likely to get hit by a stray miss. Pinnacle has a whole line of Weird Western warriors just dying to hop in front of bullets for you. Put these out on a map of the battle area and you'll be amazed at how much more clear the situation becomes for your posse.

Fightin'

It's time to start carving. Whip out your Bowie knife and "stick" with us. We taught you how to shoot and we taught you how to throw. Now it's time we taught you how to fight.

The Fightin' Roll

Making *fightin'* Aptitude rolls is a lot like making *shootin'* rolls. First figure out the concentration that matches the weapon you're using. Some basic *fightin'* concentrations are *knives, swords, whips,* and *brawlin'*. The last one, *brawlin'*, also covers clubs, hammers, and the like.

The Attack

The Target Number of the attack is Fair (5) plus the opponent's *fightin'* Aptitude level for whatever weapon is currently in his hand. A cowboy gets his *fightin': brawlin'* skill if he is empty-handed or is using some sort of improvised "club"—like a bottle or pistol butt.

MODIFIERS

As with *shootin'* attacks, many things can affect a fellow's ability to pummel an opponent.

Attacker is Running: The –4 running penalty applies to your hero's *fightin'* attacks as usual.

Defensive Bonuses: Certain weapons are built to parry quickly, or are long enough to give the wielder a reach advantage. This is the weapon's "Defensive Bonus."

The Defensive Bonus is applied directly to the attacker's TN when he makes his *fightin'* roll. See the equipment list for details about each weapon's particular bonuses.

Large Target: Larger targets are easier to hit. A target that's twice as big as a man gives the attacker a +1 bonus, a target three times the size of a man has a +2 modifier, and so on, up to a normal maximum of +6.

Small Target: If a target is half the size of a man, subtract a penalty of –1. If it's one-quarter the size of a man, subtract –2, and so on, to a maximum of –10 for Size 1 or smaller pests.

Superior Position: Attacking from a superior position, like standing on a bar or riding on a horse, is a definite advantage in hand-to-hand combat. If the attacker is in a position at least 1 yard higher than his opponent he may add +2 to his attack roll.

Visibility: Concealment works for *fightin'* just like it does for *shootin'*. See page 121 for details.

FIGHTIN' MODIFIERS

Situation	**Modifier**
Attacker is running	–4
Attacker has high position	–2
Attacker is wounded	Varies
Size	Varies
Target totally concealed	–4
Torchlight, twilight	–4
Moonlight	–6
Blind, total darkness	–8
Attacker Armed	Weapon's Defensive Bonus

Ronan is creeping through Boot Hill when a walkin' dead reaches up out of the ground and grabs his foot. He tries to slice the arm off with his trusty knife. The thing has a *fightin': brawlin'* skill of 3, so Ronan's TN is (5+3=) 8.

Special Maneuvers

We can't let the gunslingers have all the fun. Here are a few maneuvers and special attacks for those who like their violence close-up.

Called Shots

As with *shootin'*, an attacker can make "called shots" to particular hit locations on an opponent, as shown on the table below.

Called Shots

Size	Penalty
Guts	-2
Legs, arms	-4
Heads, hands, feet	-6
Eyeball, heart	-10

Two-Fisted Fightin'

Some sidewinders just can't get enough mayhem.

If a character has a weapon in each hand, she can make two attacks during one action. Each of these are rolled separately with a penalty of -2 to each attack. The off-hand attack takes an additional -4 penalty too, so that attack suffers a total penalty of -6.

Bolas, Lariats, & Whips

Bolas, lariats, whips and similar weapons can be used to entangle and trip a target. Doing either is an opposed roll of the attacker's *fightin': whip*, *fightin': lariat* or *throwin': bolas* skill versus the opponent's *dodge*.

A character can break out of an average whip or lariat with an Incredible (11) *Strength* roll, destroying the weapon in the process. Otherwise, she has to just plain wriggle her way out of it. This is an opposed *Nimbleness* roll versus the attacker's skill with the weapon.

The Marshal should feel free to apply bonuses and penalties according to the situation. Obviously, if your lassoed character is being dragged behind a horse, it's going to be a bit tougher to break free than it might normally be.

Vamoosin'

Before we get into seeing where your hombre actually hit his target and how bad it hurt him, there's one last thing you should know. If you really don't want your character to get hit, he can make an "active defense." This is called "vamoosin'."

Just because we love you, your hero can roll his vamoose after the bad guy's attack has hit, but before damage has been resolved. The price is your highest remaining Action Card. Chuck it, amigo. If you've got a card up your sleeve, that's your highest. Otherwise, this is the only time an Action Card lets you act before it's your turn.

Now you can make a *dodge* or *fightin'* Aptitude roll as appropriate. *Dodge* is used against missile attacks, *fightin'* is used against hand-to-hand attacks. Never allow one to be used for the other.

If your *dodge* or *fightin'* roll is higher than the bad guy's attack total, he misses. If it's lower, he gets hit as usual.

Finally, your character actually has to do something to represent the vamoose. If he's dodging, he needs to jump behind cover or throw himself to the ground. In hand-to-hand combat, a vamoosin' character has to give ground by backing up 1 yard. If he can't (or won't), subtract -4 from his roll.

Cheat Cards: You can use a cheat card to act before another character instead of vamoosing, but how it works all depends on your impeccable sense of timing.

If you use your cheat card before the bad guy declares his action, you act normally. Resolve your character's actions first.

If you use the card after a bad guy has declared his action, you have to roll to interrupt him as we told you about in Chapter One.

Finally, if the bad guy has already declared his action *and* rolled his dice, you're stuck having to vamoose.

Hit Location

1d20	Location
1–4	Legs
5–9	Lower Guts
10	Gizzards
11–14	Arms
15–19	Upper Guts
20	Noggin

Modifiers

+2	When *fightin'*
+/-2	Waist-high height advantage when *fightin'*
+/-4	Head-high height advantage when *fightin'*
+2	Pont blank range when *shootin'*

Hit Location

Before you can start rolling handfuls of damage dice, you need to see where the attack actually hit and whether or not any cover intervened. Too, where you hit a target is often more important than how hard. A good whack on the noggin hurts a lot more than getting your toes stepped on. Get a hit to the gizzards (vital areas) or the noggin (head) and you raise your chances of doing some pretty spectacular damage (see **Bleedin' & Squealin'** on page 136).

For these reasons, you need to see where every successful attack hits the target. That will help you determine the effects of cover and any bonus damage for hitting a vital location.

Roll 1d20 on the **Hit Location** table whenever the Marshal tells you you've scored a hit. When arms or legs are hit, roll another die. An odd roll hits the left limb, an even roll nails the right.

Non-Humans: The Hit Location table works best with humans and things that like to think they're human, but it can also be used for critters with a little tinkering. The Marshal may use a special chart for really weird varmints, but this one works most of the time.

Modifiers

Here are the standard modifiers to the Hit Location roll. We use these to make your hombre's attacks a little more realistic. If he's on a table doing the Zorro thing, he's more likely to hit his opponent in the upper half of his body.

Fightin': The really nifty thing about this chart is that it starts at the legs and works its way up. Adding +2 to the die roll puts most hand-to-hand hits in the guts, head, or arms where they should be. (How many knife fights end in a pile of shorn toes?)

Height: This modifier only counts in hand-to-hand combat. Add +2 to the roll if one character has a waist-high height advantage over another. Add +4 if the attacker's boots are about equal with the other fellow's head.

Of course the opposite is also true. If one cowpoke is stabbing at another who is above him, subtract the modifiers from the Hit Location roll.

Point-Blank Range: This modifier is only used for ranged combat. Point-blank range is used when one character is holding a gun on another, using him like a shield, holding him hostage, or shooting over a table they're both sitting at. In general, the gun should be less than a foot or so away to count this modifier. This means that when a hostage tries to break free, his captor is more likely to shoot the victim in the guts or his flailing arms than in the toe. Occasionally you might want to subtract this modifier—such as when someone shoots somebody *under* a table.

Raises: Every raise on an attack roll lets the attacker adjust his hit location by 1 point up or down. This way a really good attack is more likely to get a killing blow to the vitals. Sometimes you won't want to add the entire bonus because it will actually make you miss due to cover. Don't worry, you don't have to use the bonus if you don't want to. Add or subtract up to the total bonus

Note that with enough raises, a character can overcome other modifiers if he chooses. Say your Maze pirate is climbing over the rails of an enemy ship and has the –4 height modifier. With enough raises, he could still get his saber into the foe's brainpan.

Cover

Using cover is one of the most important things a cowpoke can do to save his skin. A gunslinger who stands out in the open might inspire dime novels, but they'll probably be published posthumously.

Once you know where an attack has hit the target, you need to take into account any cover the target might have there. The Hit Location table is all set up to help you out. If the hit location is a character's left arm and he's leaning around a corner to fire with his right, the bullet hits the corner instead.

The Hit Location table is also broken up into lower and upper guts, so if your character is behind a bar and a shot hits his lower guts, you know it's probably going into the wood instead.

That's why it's important you tell the Marshal exactly what your character is doing in a fight, so he can figure out if the hero should get the benefits of cover or not.

Bustin' Through

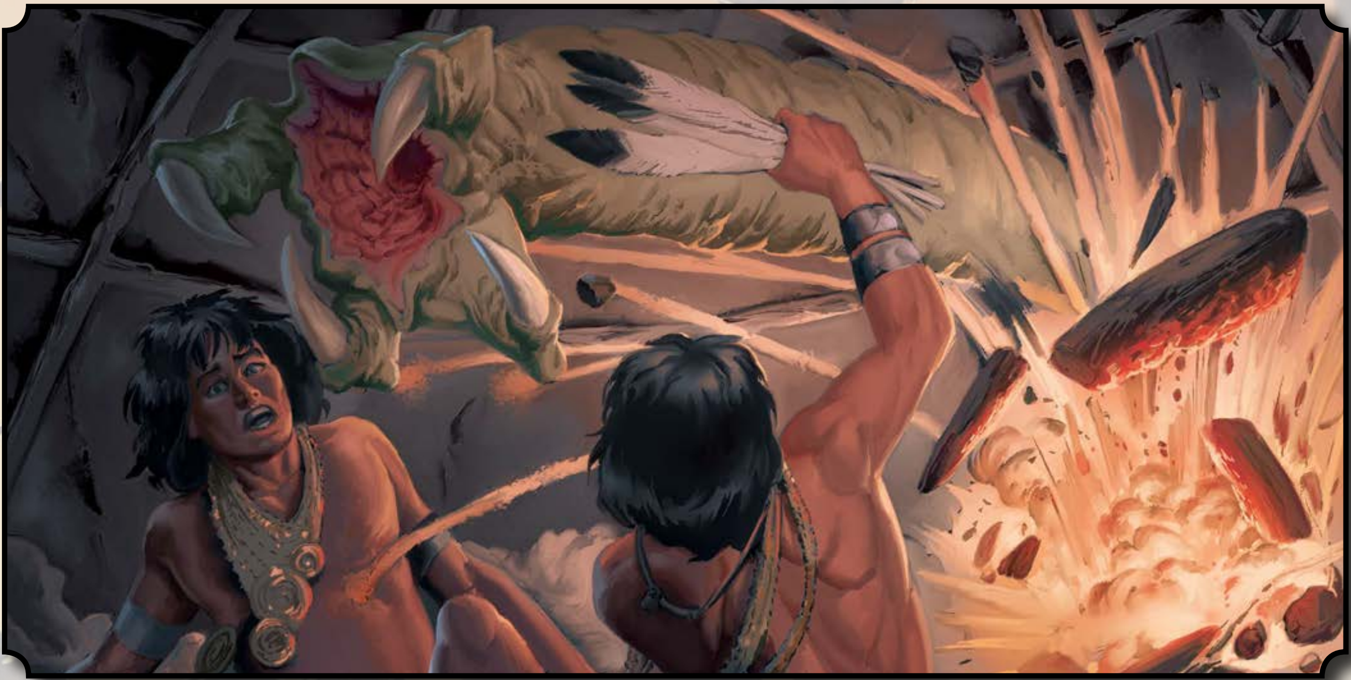
Cover does two things to an attack: it deflects it and it reduces some portion of its inertia (which is what ends up causing the damage in the end). Let's cover the first bit first.

When an attack hits some kind of cover, you should first roll a die. Odd, the round is deflected and doesn't hit whatever is behind it. Even, it goes through the cover and hits the target beyond. Even though the attack hits, the damage it can do is reduced by the "Armor" value of the intervening cover, which we'll explain in the next section.

One Armed Bandits & Such: Some folks (and some abominations) are missing parts of the bodies the Good Lord gave 'em at birth. There is an upside to this, which you might be glad to hear about if your hero is a *one-armed bandit*

When the roll for hit location designates a body part that your hero hasn't got (like say, an arm) the attack misses. You can't shoot what ain't there. It's as simple as that.

Prone Targets: A cowboy laying down is much harder to hit than a tinhorn standing up in the middle of a street. When you make a successful attack roll against a prone target, roll hit location normally. Unless the attack hits the arms, upper guts, or noggin, it's a miss. An attacker above a prone opponent or within 5 yards of him can ignore this—the target's no smaller from this vantage point.



DAMAGE

It's time for the fun stuff. Come on. Admit it. You love to roll big handfuls of dice and see how bad your gunslinger blew some Hellish abomination back to Perdition. You aim for the head, partner, we'll aim to please. It's time to talk about damage.

DAMAGE STEPS

Traits above the human norm go from a d12 to a d12+2, then d12+4, and so on. Damage dice work a bit differently.

After a d12, the next die type is a d20. This lets us assign weapon damages to a general category of die type based on penetration, as shown on the table below. For damage steps higher than d20, just add +2 points of damage to the total per level, just as with Trait dice.

DAMAGE STEPS

Die	Weapon Types
d4	Light clubs, small knives
d6	Arrows, heavy clubs, pistols, large knives
d8	Rifles, sabers
d10	Buffalo rifles, flamethrowers
d12	Small artillery
d20	Dynamite, cannon balls

ARMOR

Now it's time to show you why we cleverly grouped weapon damage values by die types.

A .45 caliber Peacemaker and a .36 caliber Derringer are both d6-based weapons, but the Peacemaker's going to roll more d6s than the derringer. If you're talking about penetration, both weapons go through an inch-thick board about the same. The Peacemaker still does more damage to whatever's on the other side, however.

When bullets, knives, or anything else go through an obstacle, they lose some energy. The thicker the obstacle, the more damage is absorbed.

ARMOR

Armor	Material
Light	Boiled leather, heavy cloth
1	Wood less than 1" thick
2	1–3" of solid wood, tin
3	4–6" of solid wood, thin metal
4	A small tree, bricks, an iron pan
5	A large tree, armored train walls
6	Inch-thick steel plate

Armor Ratings

Obstacles and some critters have Armor ratings. The table above and left lists some common obstacles and their Armor levels.

Each level of Armor reduces the die type of the damage. An attack that uses d20s (like dynamite) is reduced to d12s by a single level of Armor. Two levels of Armor drops the damage to d10s, and so on.

If the die type is dropped below d4, drop the number of dice instead. An attack reduced to 0d4 does no damage.

A 3d6 bullet that goes through something with an Armor of 1, for instance, is reduced to 3d4. A 3d6 bullet that hits something with an Armor of 2 is reduced to 2d4.

Armor & Fightin'

As we'll show you in just a bit, damage in hand-to-hand combat is a character's *Strength* roll plus the weapon's damage dice. Apply armor to the weapon's die type, not the hero's *Strength*. If the armor stops the weapon's damage dice, it stops the character's *Strength* roll as well.

Natural Weapons: If a critter's weapon is its teeth or claws, subtract dice from them just as if they were weapons. A wolf with a bite of STR+2d4, for instance, does STR+1d4 to someone wearing an Armor value 1 vest.

No Weapons: When a character has no weapon, or in the rare case a critter has no additional damage dice besides its *Strength,* it simply cannot penetrate anything with an Armor value of 1 or more. Occasionally the Marshal may rule that really massive varmints can cause damage anyway, but such exceptions should be covered in the monster's description.

Light Armor

Light armor is armor that isn't thick enough to stop damage cold, but it does afford some sort of protection.

A negative Armor number such as -2 means the armor is light protection such as leather hides or thick, winter clothes. Armor -4 is heavier, such as boiled leather. Deduct this number directly from the damage total. A 14- point attack that hits a cultist wearing thick leather (-4) does 10 points. Get it? Good.

Layering Armor

There's a lot of lead flying around out there. Some of you more paranoid types may want a bit more protection than one type of armor provide you. You can layer armor and light armor for a bit of extra protection if you like.

The way it works is simple. First, reduce the attack's die type by the Armor Value of the actual armor, just like normal. Then roll damage and subtract the light armor's protection value for the final total.

Be reasonable when layering armor. Your hero can wear an iron suit over his chain mail, leather chaps, and buffalo coat, but he's going to get tuckered out right quick in the hot deserts of the American West.

Marshal, if the posse starts abusing these rules, feel free to discipline them. Give them a few points of Wind damage for the heat and fatigue. And don't forget the movement penalties for all that weight. Anyone dressed up in more armor than one of Dr. Helstromme's automatons is going to draw a bit of fire, as well.

Armor-Piercing Ammunition

A very few rare mad science weapons have armor-piercing ammunition. Each AP level reduces the Armor level by -1. Thus a weapon with AP 3 ammunition reduces a target with 6 levels of Armor to Armor level 3. Reducing the target's Armor Value to a negative number has no additional effect on damage.

AP ammo completely ignores Light Armor.

BLEEDIN' & SQUEALIN'

Once you've hit your target, you need to know just how big a hole you made. Whether you've just put an artillery shell into some ornery critter or sank your cavalry saber up to the hilt in its backside, figuring damage is handled in the same way.

Once you've figured out where an attack hit, it's time to roll the damage dice. Every weapon in *Deadlands* has a listing for "damage." This is the number of dice you roll when you score a hit.

Fate Chips: You can *never* spend Fate Chips on damage without a supernatural power of some sort. Fate Chips are explained in the next chapter.

FIREARMS DAMAGE

Firearms have fixed damage, such as 3d6 for large-caliber pistols. When you've hit your target, roll this many dice, but don't read them like a normal Trait or Aptitude check. Damage dice are always added together. You can still reroll any Aces and add them to the final total, however.

Ronan plugs a devil bat in its mangy, brown backside with his Peacemaker. The Colt .45 does 3d6 damage. Ronan's player rolls a 4, 3, 6. That's 13. He rolls his Ace again (the 6) and gets another 5 points for a total damage roll of 18. That's one hurtin' abomination.

HAND-TO-HAND DAMAGE

Weapons that rely on muscle—like arrows, spears, or knives—have fixed damage dice to which you add the result of a regular *Strength* check. Roll the weapon's dice and add them to a normal *Strength* roll. A character with 4d6 *Strength* will probably do more damage than one with 1d6 *Strength*.

Ronan gets picked up by an angry devil bat he shot earlier, dropping his Peacemaker. He whips out his knife and stabs the thing in its leg.

The damage for a knife is STR+1d6. Ronan's *Strength* is 3d6. He gets a 3, 5, 5, for a *Strength* total of 5 (remember it's a normal Trait roll). For the knife, he rolls his d6 and gets another 5. Adding that to his *Strength* total of 5 gives him 10 points of damage.

NOGGINS & GIZZARDS

A hit to a vital spot causes more trouble than a hit to the little finger. Whenever a character is hit in the gizzards, you can add 1 extra die to the damage roll. A hit to the noggin adds 2 extra dice.

The die type is the same as whatever other dice you're rolling. For hand-to-hand weapons (where you add your character's *Strength* die to the roll), use the weapon's die type.

Natural Weapons: Creatures with natural weapons (claws and teeth) do get an extra die of damage when they nail a cowpoke in one of these sensitive places.

No Weapon: If the attacker doesn't have a weapon, he gets no extra damage dice for noggin or gizzard hits.

Size Matters

(Ahem.) Once you have your final damage total, tell the Marshal. For every full multiple of your target's Size you do in damage, your attack causes one wound. As always, remember to round down any fractions. Size 0 critters are killed with but a single point of damage (but they usually come in swarms, so watch yourself).

Most humans have a Size of 6, but critters vary considerably. Unless you've taken the *scrawny* or *big 'un* Hindrance, your character has a Size of 6 as well.

The target takes the wound(s) in the area rolled on the Hit Location Table.

A cowpoke draws a knife on Ronan. With lightning speed, our hero strips the hapless sod of the blade and turns it on him, stabbing him in the leg. The attack does 14 points of damage. Since the cowpoke is Size 6, that causes 2 wounds.

Massive Damage

Certain things, like explosions and fire, cause "massive damage" to many parts of the body in one fell swoop. You don't get extra dice for hits to the head or gizzards from massive damage. It's just too spread out to hit something important. Explosives with shrapnel or other penetrating types of massive damage have special rules telling you how to handle them.

Disperse massive damage by rolling the damage, determining the total number of wounds, then assigning them by rolling various hit locations for each. Remember, there are no bonus dice for head or gizzards!

Armor & Massive Damage

So how does armor protect against massive damage? Easy. After you've assigned all the damage from an attack, reduce the total number of wounds by -1 for each level of Armor in that location. When all is said and done, a hero with four wounds to the head and 1 point of Armor there (due to a helmet of some sort) would end up with only three wounds.

Light Armor & Massive Damage: For light armor, roll a d6. If the roll is less than or equal to the protection the light armor provides, it reduces -1 wound level. For example, thick leather chaps reduce damage rolls to the legs by -2. A cowpoke who got his shins singed by fire and took four wounds to the legs would roll a d6. On a result of 1-2, the wounds are reduced by -1 for a total of three wounds.

Brawlin' Damage

Certain kinds of attacks, like *fightin': brawlin'*, are generally considered nonlethal. They can be used to put someone down without killing her. When one fellow hits another with his bare hands or a light club (like a chair leg or a bottle) he rolls his damage dice (usually his Strength plus 1d4 if he's using a light club). Other types of damage listed as nonlethal or brawlin' damage generate a normal total as well. Unlike lethal attacks, you don't get any extra dice when hitting someone in the head or gizzards.

The target then makes a *Vigor* roll. If the damage is greater, the victim takes the difference in Wind. No wounds are usually caused by nonlethal damage.

Heavy clubs like pistol butts, axe handles, or entire chairs allow the attacker to choose whether she would like to cause lethal or nonlethal damage. If she just wants to cause wind and try to knock an opponent out without causing serious injury, she can do so. Or she can bash the other fellow's brains out to her heart's content.

Hey, it's a harsh world out there.

In the middle of a bar fight, Ronan smacks a cowpoke upside the head with a chair. It connects nicely. Checking for damage (a chair is treated as a large club, doing *Strength*+1d6), Ronan rolls his *Strength* (3d6) and the weapon's damage die (1d6). He gets 3, 5, and 11 on his *Strength* dice, plus 3 for the chair. The cowpoke takes (11+3=) 14 points of damage.

If Ronan wanted to do lethal damage, the poor slob would take 2 wounds. As it is, Ronan just wants the man unconscious. The Marshal makes a *Vigor* roll for Ronan's opponent and gets a 5. The belligerent cowboy takes 9 Wind.

Wounds

Everyone—outlaws, critters, and schoolmarms alike—can take the same number of wounds in each body part: five to be exact. Most cowpokes can shrug off a single wound, but more than that starts causing some serious trouble. Check out another of our famous tables to get a better picture of what we're talking about.

Light wounds are bruises, shallow but irritating cuts, and muscle strains. They're painful but not life-threatening.

Heavy wounds are sprains, deep but nonthreatening cuts, or multiple bruises to sensitive places.

Serious wounds encompass fractured or broken bones, deep and bloody cuts, or slight concussions.

Critical wounds are life-threatening cuts across major arteries, compound fractures, or internal bleeding.

Maimed is, well...maimed. If a character's wounds reach the maimed mark in his guts or noggin, he's kicking buckets, pushing daisies, buying farms, and the like. You get the idea. If a limb becomes maimed, it is severed, crushed, burned to a cinder, or otherwise out of action forever.

Wound Severities

Wound Level	Description
1	Light
2	Heavy
3	Serious
4	Critical
5	Maimed

Wound Effects

Now things get a little trickier. You need to keep track of damage in six different locations—your character's head, guts, right arm, left arm, left leg, and right leg. Wounds taken to the gizzards and upper and lower guts add to those in the guts area.

The character sheet in the back of this very book has a place on it that you can use to keep track of how close your hero is getting to filling a pine box.

Wounds are only added together when they're taken in the same location. For instance, a character who takes a light wound to the right arm in one round and a heavy wound in the same arm later would then have a serious wound in that arm. If a character takes a light wound to the head and then takes a heavy wound to his leg, they aren't added together.

A character can't be killed by wounds to the arms or legs. She can take enough Wind (see below) to put her out of action, but she can't die until she bleeds to death (see page 141) or someone plugs her in the head or guts.

This makes it possible for a hero to get cut and shot to pieces, but one more scratch to the arm can't kill her unless she bleeds to death. Only a hit to the noggin or guts directly plants a fellow in Boot Hill.

Extra wounds beyond 5 in a location are counted as far as damage prevention and Fate Chip use go (see Chapter Five), but a location can never actually be more than maimed. There's only so much flesh and bone there to lose, after all.

Wound Modifiers

Wounds are not pleasant company. Blood dripping in your eyes spoils your hero's aim, broken fingers make it hard to pull triggers, and crunchy ankles make it a real pain to run from angry varmints.

As you might have guessed, the pain and suffering that are the result of wounds subtract from a character's dice rolls. The exact penalties for each level of wounds are shown on the table at right.

Wound penalties are never subtracted from "effect" totals such as damage or hex effects, but they do apply to everything else. The lone exception to this is that wound modifiers are subtracted from *Strength* based damage rolls.

The penalty depends on the highest-level wound your hero has suffered. If he has a light and a serious wound, for instance, you have to subtract the penalty for serious wounds (–3) from all your action totals. Where the wound is doesn't really matter.

Wound Effects

Wound	Modifier
Light	-1
Heavy	-2
Serious	-3
Critical	-4
Maimed (limbs)	-5

Stun

Another word on all this pain and suffering business. Whenever a character takes damage, there's a chance he might miss the next action or two kissing his missing finger or holding in his entrails.

When your character takes damage, he has to make a "stun" check. Stun checks are made by rolling the character's *Vigor* against the wound's level, as shown on the **Stun & Recovery** table. Don't forget to apply the penalty for the worst wound your hombre's taken so far as well.

If you make the roll, nothing happens. If you fail it, your character's stunned and can't do anything besides limp a few yards and cry like a baby until he makes a recovery check.

Your character needs to make a stun check every time he takes a wound unless he's already stunned.

Recovery Checks

You can try to recover from being stunned during any action. This is called a "recovery check," and it takes one entire action. A recovery roll is made just like a stun check, except the difficulty is your highest current wound level.

One last thing. Your character goes unconscious immediately if you go bust on any stun check. The amount of time he stays down is 1d6 hours or until someone makes a Fair (5) *medicine* roll to wake him up.

Stun & Recovery

Wound Level	TN
Wind	3
Light	5
Heavy	7
Serious	9
Critical	11
Maimed	13

Wind

It just keeps getting better.

Every time your character takes a wound, she also takes Wind. Wind is shock, fatigue, and—in the case of wounds—trauma associated with losing bits and pieces of your favorite anatomy.

For every wound level your hero suffers, she also takes 1d6 Wind. If she's hit by an attack but doesn't take a wound (because the damage was less than her size), she still takes at least 1d6 Wind. This roll is open-ended.

Gettin' Winded

When a character is reduced to 0 Wind or lower, he becomes "winded." This doesn't necessarily mean he passes out, but he does feel like crawling into a hole and dying or curling up into a ball and whining like a baby.

Winded characters might lose consciousness for a few minutes, fall to the ground trying to catch their breath, or collapse from sheer fatigue and exhaustion. It really depends on the situation. Most of the time, characters winded from wounds collapse into a corner and vainly try to stop their bleeding and spurting.

Winded characters get no cards and can perform no actions unless the Marshal feels like letting them whisper or crawl a short ways at the end of the round. Fortunately, winded characters generally fall by the wayside and don't get beaten on anymore.

Negative Wind: Cowpokes who continue to take Wind after they run out might die. This is usually caused by things like bleeding or drowning.

Every time a character's negative Wind is equal to his starting Wind, he takes another wound to the guts. A hero with 12 Wind, for example, takes a wound when his Wind reaches -12.

MORE PAIN & SUFFERIN'

There are lots of ways to buy the farm. Here's a few more ways to maim and dismember the bad guys.

BLEEDIN'

Serious damage is likely to start a fellow bleeding like a sieve. Whenever a character takes a serious wound, he begins bleeding, losing 1 Wind per round. Critically wounded characters bleed 2 Wind per round. Severed (maimed) limbs bleed 3 Wind per round.

BOOM!

Dynamite, nitroglycerin, and all other explosives really hurt any fool near them when they blow up. Everyone within the Burst Radius of the explosive takes full damage. After that, the damage drops by -1 die type each time it crosses a Burst Radius.

Once the die type is reduced to d4, subtract the number of dice. The explosion has no force once it reaches 0d4.

A single stick of dynamite, for instance, does 3d20 damage. Adding extra sticks to a dynamite bundle adds 1d20 to the total damage, up to a maximum of 10d20. The damage might be more under certain special circumstances, but this simplistic formula works best for most situations.

A cowpoke standing up to 5 yards away from a single stick of dynamite (its Burst Radius) would take all 3d20. The damage at 6–10 yards would be 3d12, 11–15 yards is a 3d10, and so on. Targets at greater than 45 yards take no damage. Though they might get a little deaf.

Once you've figured how many wounds the characters take and given them the chance to cancel some or all of the wounds with Fate Chips (see Chapter Five), you need to see where the characters take the wounds. See **Massive Damage** on page 137 to find out how to disperse these wounds.

DROWNIN'

It's a lousy way to go, but it happens.

Every round a character swims in rough water, his first action must be a *swimmin'* roll. The TN depends on the water as shown below. If the swimmer doesn't make the TN, he takes the difference in Wind.

A character without the *swimmin'* Aptitude is in big trouble. When he's in *any* kind of water over his noggin, he has to go through the steps above, and he has to default to his Nimbleness Trait at the standard -4 for unskilled checks.

DROWNIN'

Water	TN
Swift creek	3
Rapid river	5
Rough ocean	7
Stormy seas	9

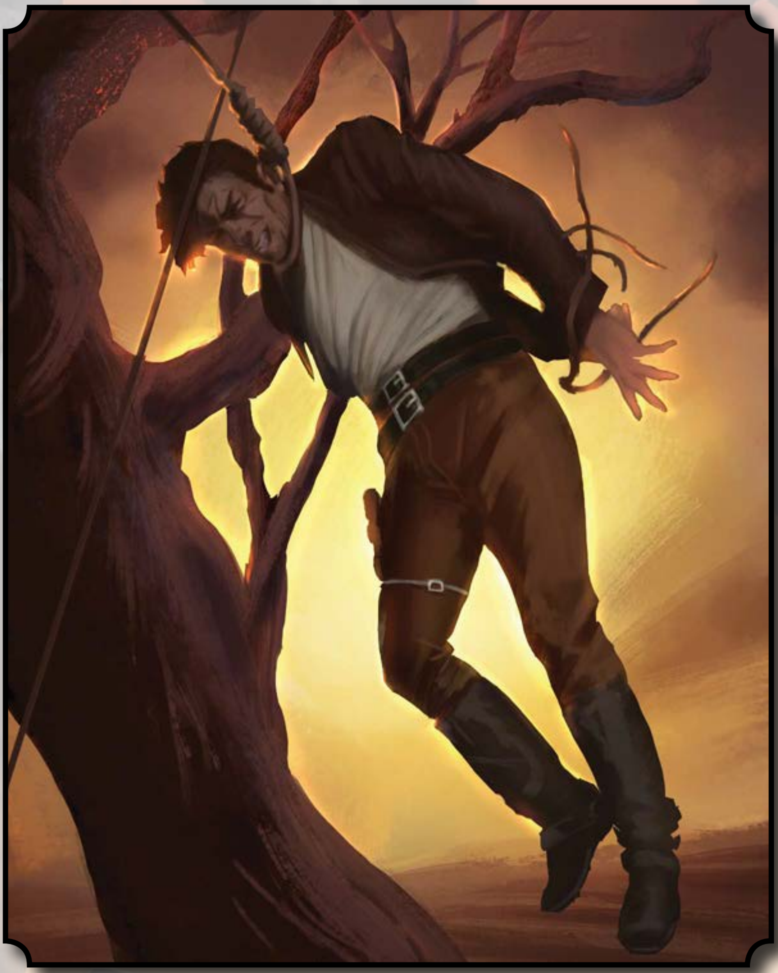
FALLIN'

A fellow might walk away from falling a few yards with no more than a bruise or at worst a broken limb. Take a dive off a cliff in the Grand Canyon, and he's smashed flatter than a pancake.

A character takes 1d6+5 damage for every 5 yards fallen, up to a maximum of 20d6+100. Any wounds are applied randomly to separate body areas, ignoring extra damage for noggins and gizzards.

Landing in water reduces the damage by half or quarters it if the character makes a Fair (5) *swimmin'* roll.

Landing on a haystack, awning, or other soft obstacle reduces the damage by half if the character makes an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* roll.



FIRE

In the dry and wooden West, heroes often have to enter burning buildings or the flaming wreckage of a derailed train, often to save the lives of people they don't even know. It sure makes the bad guys seem a lot brighter, doesn't it?

The damage of the actual fire depends on how big the blaze is and how close your hombre gets to it. The Marshal can figure this out, but a good guide is 1d6 per round from a small torch or burning stick, 2d8 for a campfire-sized blaze, and a whole mess o' damage (2d20 or more) if your characters finds himself at the center of a bonfire.

Damage from fire and flame is considered massive damage.

Where There's Smoke...: Characters in dense smoke have to make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* check during their first action each round. A wet cloth over the mouth and nose—or similar makeshift protection—adds +2 to the roll.

If the character fails the *Vigor* roll, she takes the difference between her roll and the Target Number in Wind. Should she even happen to fall unconscious, she continues to lose Wind in this way every round until she dies.

...There's Fire!: The damage applied to a character who is actually on fire depends on just how big the flames are. A small fire, such as a burning sleeve, causes 1d6 damage at the beginning of every turn to whatever area is on fire. A larger fire, like a coat that's blazing causes 2d8 to the affected areas. A character totally consumed by flames takes 3d12 massive damage.

Stop, Drop, & Roll: A character can put himself out by rolling on the ground or dousing himself with water. Rolling requires a *Nimbleness* check against a (5) TN, +1 added to the difficulty per area the Marshal thinks is on fire. Water acts immediately, but the Marshal has to decide if there's enough to put out the blaze.

HANGIN'

Deadlands taking place in the Weird West and all, we thought you might occasionally need to know what happens when a character is fitted with a hemp necktie.

Assuming a character is first dropped a few feet, he must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. Take –4 from the roll if he's a *big un'*. Failure means the character's neck snaps and he's dead.

Going bust does exactly what you might think. Needless to say, a hero without his noggin can't come back from the grave.

Assuming the character's body is still attached to his brainpan and the rest of his noggin, he has to make Hard (9) *Vigor* rolls every round he swings. If he fails, he takes the difference in Wind until he suffocates.

Good luck, Stretch.

Healin'

A fellow using his intestines as a belt probably ought to see a sawbones—and don't bother waiting for office hours. With a little luck (and if the cowpoke gets there in time), a good doctor can shove the poor sodbuster's squirmy insides back in his gut and sew him up tight as a Thanksgiving turkey, all in time for chow.

Healin' Wind: On a Foolproof (3) *medicine* roll of any kind (including a default roll from someone who couldn't tell one end of a scalpel from another), someone can bandage scrapes or give the sufferer some water to eliminate all Wind. The hero can even do this for himself in a pinch. This takes about five minutes. Otherwise your hero gets his Wind back at the rate of 1 per minute.

Healin' Wounds: Real wounds are trickier. A *medicine* roll can be made for an attempt to offer aid to someone up to one hour after an injury. A character with the *medicine: general* Aptitude can heal light and heavy wounds. Only a sawbones with *medicine: surgery* can heal more severe wounds.

The doctor has to roll once for each wounded area. If successful, the roll reduces the area's wounds by one level. The TN depends on the wound level. Maimed limbs cannot be healed by normal means, but you can still try to stop the bleeding.

After the "golden hour" has passed, a wound can only be healed by time or certain arcane processes. Doctors really can't do a whole lot for a broken bone that's surrounded by swollen tissue or a gash that's already started to heal on it's own. Still, you have to take what's available.

Healing Difficulties

Wound Level	TN
Wind	3
Light	5
Heavy	7
Serious	9
Critical	11
Maimed (limbs)	13

Arcane Healing

A cowpoke lucky enough to have access to supernatural help should probably take it. It's a lot faster and less painful on the whole. These arcane means can work long after the golden hour is a memory.

Permanent Wounds: There's one universal rule all healing must accept, even the magical variety. Failure when trying to heal a maimed limb means it's a permanent wound. Casting another miracle, hex, or spell on it won't do a bit of good (except make the victim feel special!)

Okay, to be honest, there are a few ways to regain a lost limb. Really powerful magic can do anything. We're talking like the kind of magic that comes from the Almighty Himself or a magic lamp with a big blue genie inside ready to grant three wishes. The blessed's book, *Fire & Brimstone*, has a few ways of getting around this rule as well, but it's still a ground-breaking, earth-shaking type event.

Natural Healing

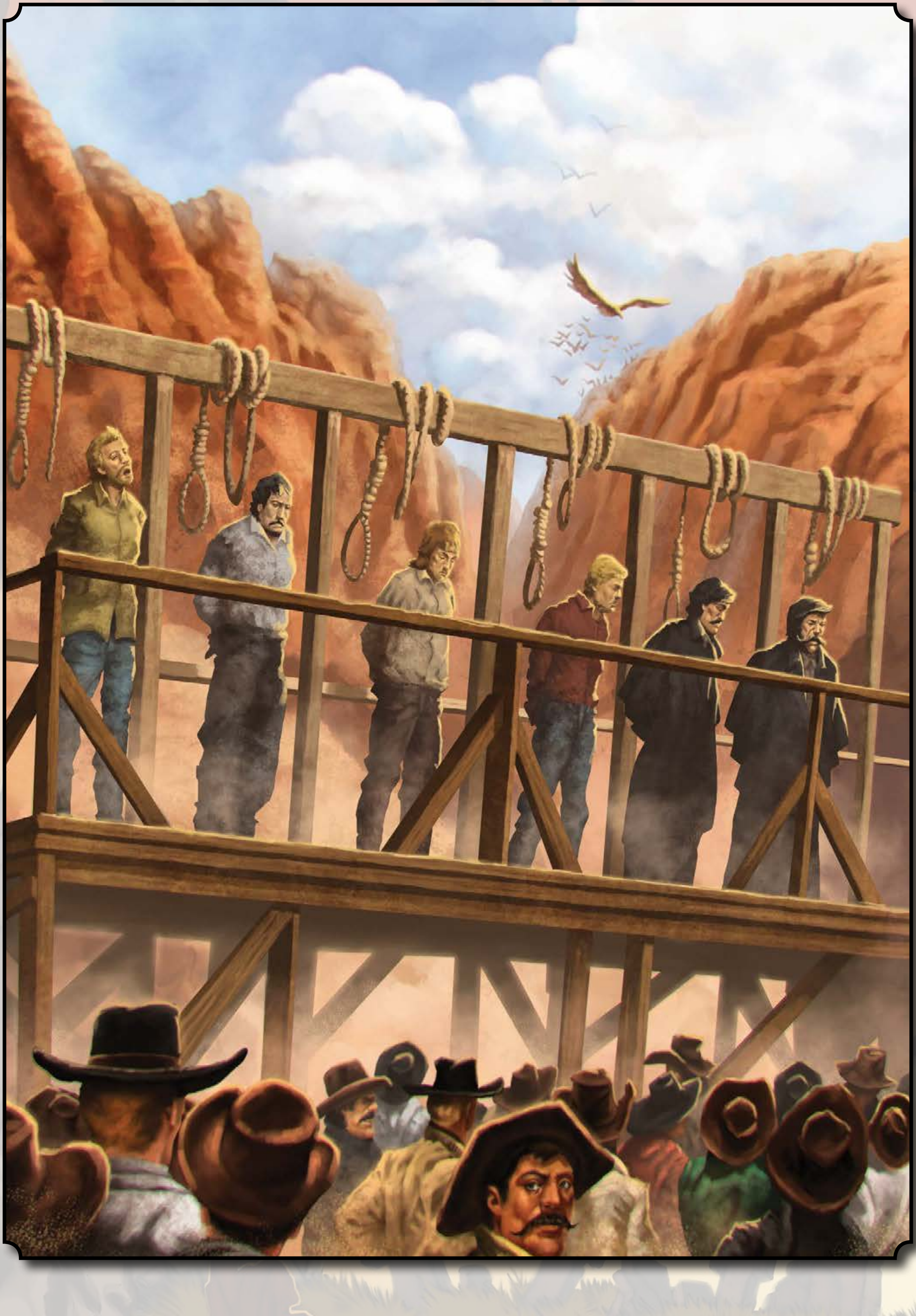
A character heals naturally by making a Vigor roll every five days. The TN of the roll is the same as those on the Healing Difficulties Table. If the roll succeeds, the wound improves a level.

Natural healing rolls are made for each area. A character with wounds to an arm and his guts rolls twice, possibly improving both, one, or neither.

Death

Don't tear up that character sheet when your hero's boots suddenly point up at the full moon. Death isn't always the end of a great hero's tale in *Deadlands*. You can read Chapter Ten **only** if this happens and the Marshal tells you it's time.

Chapter 10



CHAPTER FIVE:
FATE & BOUNTIES

FATE

Fate is a fickle bitch. Sometimes she smiles on you, and sometimes she spits the biggest, nastiest thing you've ever seen right on your head.

In *Deadlands,* both the good guys and the bad guys can store up a little bit of fate to save their kiesters in dire situations. Fate, in this case, is represented by poker chips which come in three colors (usually blue, red, and white). The first game starts with a pot of 10 blue, 25 red, and 50 white chips.

At the start of each session, every player gets to draw three Fate Chips at random from the pot (no looking, partner!) The Marshal also gets to draw three chips that he can use for all the extras and bad guys.

Between Sessions: Between game sessions, everyone needs to write down the type and number of chips they had so they can pull them out of the Fate Pot the next time. There's a space provided on your character sheet for just this purpose.

Make sure everyone gets their old chips from the fate pot before anyone draws their three new ones before the next session.

There are other ways to get Fate Chips besides drawing them at the beginning of the game. We'll tell you about that after we tell you just what all you can do with them.

LEGEND CHIPS

There's one more type of chip your group might see after it becomes a little better acquainted with the Weird West's dark underbelly. These suckers aren't put in the pot when you start the game. They're gained when your group beats a really nasty critter of the Weird West and lives to tell about it. The Marshal has the complete info. Just remember they exist when one winds up in your hand.

THE LIMIT

Nobody likes a miser. Start hoarding Fate Chips and your posse will hate you for it.

Just to keep anyone from ignoring us, no player can ever have more than 10 chips. If you get more than that, trade in the excess for Bounty Points (see the next page).

TRADING CHIPS

A player can give another player Fate Chips, but it's expensive. The giver has to give an equal value of chips to the pot for whatever chip he gives to someone else. Figure the value of the chip by the number of Bounty Points they're worth (see below). Give a player a blue chip, and you have to pay the pot 3 "points" worth of chips. Three whites would work, as would a red and two whites, or a single blue. If you put in chips worth more than what you gave another player, that's okay, but you don't get "change" from the Fate Pot.

The generous player who gives another his chips should explain exactly how his character helps his companion—whether it's by distracting a bad guy or simply offering a few colorful words of encouragement.

If the character can't do *anything* to help (or the player can't come up with a suitable explanation), the Marshal probably shouldn't allow it. There's no need to be too strict here—a simple "watch out for that zombie" or a quick glance at the tentacle sliding towards the cowpoke's boot are good enough reasons to let a real hero do his compadre a favor.

GOING BUST

You can't spend white, red, or blue Fate Chips if you go bust on a roll. Fate turns her back on even the most heroic souls from time to time.

CALLING ON FATE

A character can use his Fate Chips in any one of three ways: to improve Trait and Aptitude checks, to save his skin by canceling wounds, and to trade them in for Bounty Points. Legend chips have one additional function as well (see below).

What follows is a description of what each chip can do for you in each of these roles.

Trait and Aptitude tells you how to use each type of chip to increase those Trait and Aptitude rolls your hero has some control over—those he can put a little extra "oomph" into. This includes the *Strength* portion of a hand-to-hand damage roll, by the way. That's a neat "cheat" of the rules since Fate chips can't normally be spent on damage rolls.

Wounds lists the number of wounds or Wind that can be negated by the chip. Spending a Fate Chip doesn't make wounds "heal" or stop an attack—it just reduces the effects or makes it so it never happened in the first place.

Whenever your character takes damage, you can spend Fate Chips to negate some of the wounds. This must be done immediately after the wounds have been assigned and before any Wind is rolled or further attacks are resolved.

Wounds can be negated from multiple locations with a single chip. Two wounds to the arm and one to the guts could be canceled with a single blue Fate Chip, for example.

Wind: A character can also spend chips to regain Wind he's lost. Assume new Wind damage is negated before it has any adverse effects (such as knocking a hero out or killing him). This can be done as it's taken (such as when a wound is taken or brawling damage is dealt), or even later on in a fight several rounds after the Wind was lost. Hey, we're talking heroes here.

Bounty Points is the value of the chip when it is turned in for—you guessed it—Bounty Points. We'll tell you how to spend those in just a moment.

Some chips have special effects as well, like the Legend chip's **Reroll** ability. Just check the last line of each chip description for any quirks.

WHITE

Trait & Aptitude Rolls: White chips give the character one extra die per chip spent, just as if he had an extra point of Aptitude or Trait Level. The player can spend these chips one at a time until he is happy with the result.

Wounds: 1 wound or 5 Wind.

Bounty Points: 1

No Going Back: When used on a Trait or Aptitude roll, the player cannot spend any more white chips once he has spent a red, blue, or Legend chip (that way you can't spend a white chip on the result of another chip).

RED

Trait & Aptitude Rolls: Red chips let you roll a bonus die and add it to your highest current die. This is like an Ace except that the first die isn't necessarily the highest it can be. Only one red chip may ever be spent on a single action.

Wounds: 2 wounds or 10 Wind.

Bounty Points: 2

Marshal's Tithe: The downside is that whenever a hero uses a red chip for a Trait or Aptitude roll, the Marshal gets a draw from the Fate Pot. Marshals only get draws when red chips are spent on Trait or Aptitude rolls, not when they're used to negate wounds or cash them in for Bounty Points.

BLUE

Trait & Aptitude Rolls: Blue chips are just like red chips except they don't give the Marshal a draw. Only one blue chip may ever be spent on a single action.

Wounds: 3 wounds or 15 Wind.

Bounty Points: 3

LEGEND

Trait & Aptitude Rolls: Legend chips can be used as blue Fate Chips.

Wounds: 5 or all Wind.

Bounty Points: 5

Reroll: You can also use a Legend chip to reroll any die roll. That includes rerolling a Trait or Aptitude check from scratch (ignore any previous rolls or chips spent), even if the roll went bust. A Legend chip could also be used to reroll a result on a table, a Reliability check, or even damage. It doesn't grant any rerolls (like a blue chip) when used on a roll like this, however. The downside is that when a Legend Chip is used in this manner, it's gone forever. Discard it from the pot, friend.

IMPROVIN'

About now you might be wondering how to improve your hero—how to make them better, stronger, faster and more skilled. Here's the way it works.

Between game sessions, you can convert your Fate Chips into Bounty Points and use them to improve your character. Each chip is worth a certain amount of bounty points, as shown on the previous page. Remember, chips are usually the only way you get Bounty Points, so don't blow them all in the game if you can help it!

SPENDING BOUNTY POINTS

So you've been playing for a while, you've got some Fate Chips saved up, and you want to make some changes and improvements to your character's abilities (Traits, Edges, Hindrances, Aptitudes and the like).

No problem. This section tells you all about how to do it and how much it costs.

First off, you can usually only modify your character before or after a game session. This helps keep the Fate Chip supply flowing during the game and prevents a character from suddenly learning how to drive the steam wagon he just came across even though he's never seen one before.

If you can afford the changes you want all at once (because you've got enough Bounty Points), do it. Otherwise, keep your Bounty Points noted on your hero's character sheet so you can use them later when you've got enough of them to make a difference. Once they're yours, they're yours forever. They can't be taken away, and they can't be converted back into Fate Chips.

RAISING TRAITS

Most folks are stuck with the mind and body (and Traits) that the Good Lord gave 'em. Player characters are different. Through hard work, determination and Bounty Points, your hero can improve her Traits. Be warned though—it's going to cost you.

Raising Trait Die Types: Raising a Trait's die type costs triple the new die type in Bounty Points . To go from a d4 to a d6 costs 18 Bounty Points, for example. You might have to save up for a while to pull this off.

You don't have to, but it makes for a better story if you say exactly how your character starts getting stronger or smarter while you're saving Bounty Points. Maybe your hero spends his off hours lifting calves or reading something besides dime novels.

Raising Trait Levels: Trait Levels cost double the new level. So to go from 4d6 *Strength* to 5d6 costs 10 points (2 x 5=10).

Time: There is no particular amount of time it takes to raise your character's Traits. The length of time it takes you to save up Bounty Points accounts for that well enough on its own. And if you really come into some Bounty Points, you can't raise a Trait or Coordination (or an Aptitude for that matter) more than once per game session.

The Marshal can always allow you to do more if she wants, especially if your hero has a lot of down time. Maybe he works on a ranch for a couple of months and you say all that hard labor builds up his muscles. Or he plays baseball with the other cowhands and becomes more nimble.

Raising Aptitudes

You'll be relieved to hear that Aptitudes are a lot cheaper to raise than Traits. You may not have enough spare chips to raise your cowpoke's Deftness, but improving his *shootin'* is probably within even the poorest sodbuster's budget.

New Aptitude levels cost whatever the new level is in Bounty Points. If you want your character's *shootin'* to go from 3 to 4, it costs you 4 Bounty Points. Until your gunslinger become an expert, that is (that is).

Expert Aptitudes

Once you've raised an Aptitude to level 5, your hero is considered an expert. Learning more and getting better from this point is a lot harder.

To reflect this, it costs twice as many points to raise it again. A level-6 skill costs 12 Bounty Points, going to level 7 costs 14, and so on.

Being one of the best in the West is expensive, amigo.

Gaining New Aptitudes

So, what if you want to buy a whole new Aptitude after you've made your character?

No problem. You can buy a new Aptitude with Bounty Points. It just costs you 1 point to get the first Aptitude level in that skill.

Most corporeal Aptitudes don't require training to pick up and start using right away, but some mental Aptitudes do. Use common sense. Your hombre can learn to *scrutinize* on his own, but he can't pick up *professional: law* without some kind of formal training (or a lot of time in front of a judge!). Talk to the Marshal if you're unsure whether or not you should buy a skill without any formal training.

Edges & Hindrances

Sometimes your character can overcome his sordid past. Maybe he started out a *kid* and now he's a full-grown cowboy. Or perhaps your hombre finally kicked that peyote habit. Or maybe you decided a Hindrance you took when you created your character just doesn't fit any more.

It might be time to buy off that Hindrance.

Buying off a Hindrance

A character can buy off a Hindrance by doing two things. The first thing she must do is figure out why or how the Hindrance goes away. The Marshal has to approve of your rationale, and he might require you to buy it off gradually or right away. You and your Marshal need to decide these things based on the storyline and the Hindrance itself.

Once the roleplaying conditions have been met, the character must pay back double the original cost in Bounty Points. From this point on, your character no longer receives Fate Chip awards for roleplaying these Hindrances.

That's all there is to buying off a Hindrance. Do you feel all better now? Good. Now let's talk about picking up new ones.

Gaining New Hindrances

Gaining new Hindrances is much easier. Lose an arm tussling with a dust devil and you've suddenly picked up the *one-armed bandit* Hindrance.

The bad news is your character doesn't gain any points when he acquires a new Hindrance. The good news is she starts receiving Fate Chip awards for roleplaying the handicap immediately. Don't look at those *night terrors* your hero developed as a Fate Chip pit, look at it as an opportunity to roleplay your character's slow trip into insanity and milk the Marshal for far more chips than you'll ever lose.

Choosing New Hindrances: You can actually choose to pick up new Hindrances if you want. If your hero gets a *hankerin'* for whiskey after a few journeys into the Weird West, who can blame her? We don't recommend going overboard, but if things just happen that way (because of things like phobias she picked up from failed *guts* checks), that's another matter.

Gaining New Edges

So you've got a ton of points, and you want to buy an Edge. How do you do it?

Normally, the only way you gain new Edges is if something fantastic happens to your hero during play. Say your heroine discovers the sword of Joan of Arc, and the Marshal says she becomes blessed as long as she lives up to St. Joan's standards.

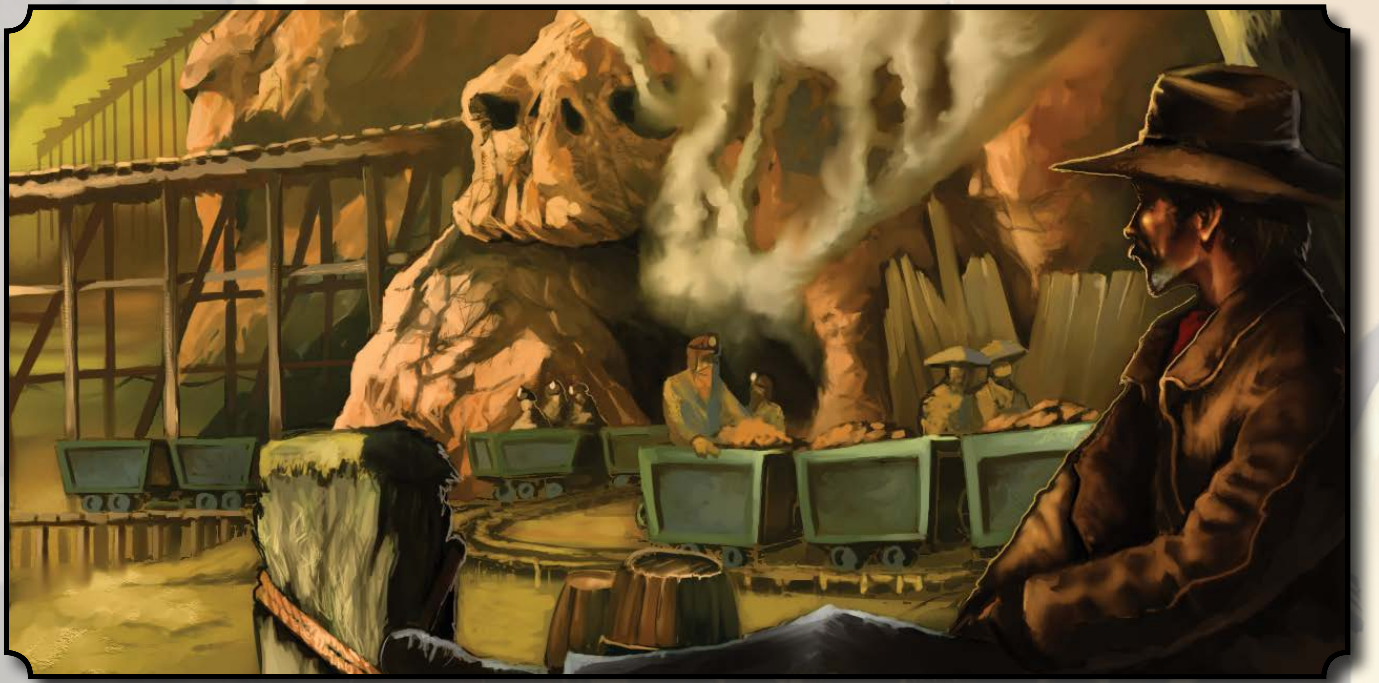
These kinds of events don't cost you a thing—they're purely the reward of playing and surviving in the Weird West.

But say your muckraker has been hanging around a sly huckster for a while and wants to start learning his crafty ways. He can do it, but it's going to take some time and lot of Bounty Points.

It's tough to make a hard and fast rule for this kind of thing. It might take someone a few weeks to become *keen,* while developing a good *voice* might only take a couple of days.

So here's the deal. You can take a new Edge if you have a good roleplaying rationale for it and your Marshal approves. After that, you have to pay triple the Edge's cost in Bounty Points. The Marshal decides how long it takes to your hero to learn or develop the new skill.

Once you've paid enough Bounty Points, that Edge is yours.



NO MAN'S LAND

Chapter Six: Hucksters

A few chapters back, we mentioned that there were sorcerers in the Weird West. Assuming you've gotten your Marshal's permission, the time has come for you to learn all about 'em, compadre.

Ancient Mysteries

Recent strange events may have replenished the world's supernatural energy, but that doesn't mean magic and spooks didn't exist for centuries beforehand.

A few rare mortals have learned to tap into the power of the supernatural. These people and their followers have been doing so for thousands of years. Some of them used their knowledge for good, and others for evil. Most just used it to help them clean their houses.

But other folks, being the superstitious and jealous bunch they are, usually hung or burned those who could make a broom sweep a kitchen all by itself. Over the years, this hasn't improved much.

Hoyle's Book of Games

The root of the huckster's art lies in the Eighteenth Century. Along about 1740, a fellow named Edmond Hoyle wandered Europe, learning arcane secrets and processes—what most of us would call "sorcery." But Hoyle wasn't fond of being burned at the stake in some backwater village in France, so he came up with a cover story that would help him travel and talk to people about such things as Tarot cards—which, incidentally, were used for games before word got out that some folks used them to tell fortunes.

Hoyle's cover story was that he was compiling a book of games for publication. Soon he had learned more about the world of the supernatural than any mortal alive. Needless to say, he also picked up a thing or two about cards and other games.

What Hoyle learned was that casting spells was a function of communicating with certain mischievous spirits—he called them "Jokers" to confuse unwanted listeners. The Jokers were malicious and evil, but if one could best them in a mental duel of sorts, they were forced to carry out some kind of task.

Hoyle eventually refined his mental duels by visualizing them as games of skill. Poker was a relatively new game at the time, and this quickly became Hoyle's game of choice whenever he cast his spells—or hexes, as he preferred to call them.

Before he died, Hoyle encoded everything he learned throughout the years in the 1769 edition of *Hoyle's Book of Games*. A person who knows what to look for in the complex bridge diagrams, numeric codes written into card play examples, and sample scores that litter the book can discover secrets beyond their imagining. Other editions of the tome exist, corrupted by unknowing editors work, but they're not as complete.

HOYLE'S HUCKSTERS

Those who knew the secrets of *Hoyle's Book of Games* benefited greatly from the Reckoning. The number of spirits in the world before 1863 was low, and they were weak. Afterward, a flood of spirits with links to a much stronger supernatural plane made it much easier to make use of Hoyle's formulas.

"Witches" and "warlocks" are still considered evil by common folks, and suspected dabblers are still swung from the gallows poles on occasion. While the Reckoning has given sorcerers more energy to work with, the evil it's caused has made people even more fearful and superstitious. In the civilized world, "sorcerers" are forced to keep their abilities secret lest they be hunted by overzealous priests, the Union's Agency operatives, or the Confederacy's Texas Rangers.

The wizards of the Weird West call themselves "hucksters" after the snake-oil salesmen who so successfully pull the wool over the collective public's eyes. Other terms were borrowed from the American Indians, who had a different view of the way things worked. Jokers became "manitous," and the supernatural plane in which they lived became known as the "Hunting Grounds."

Becoming a huckster isn't easy. Before a person can get them to do his bidding, he must first learn how to communicate with manitous. Never an easy task, this is especially difficult because he's trying to do more than yell at them to leave him alone (like most well-balanced individuals would in the same circumstances).

Assuming the manitous don't drive him insane, the huckster must then treat with the ornery spirits and somehow or another get them to agree to engage with him in a game of wits. The game takes place in the Hunting Grounds and might seem to take minutes, hours, or even days. But time in the physical world moves much faster, so engaging a manitou usually takes a huckster only a few seconds.

A really good (and lucky) huckster can have a manitou licked fast enough in the Hunting Grounds to beat a gunslinger in a fair draw back in the real world.

A Hellish Game of Wits

The game the huckster plays with a manitou is entirely cerebral, but humans perform much better at such things by visualizing an actual game that is familiar to them. The most common game among hucksters in the Weird West is poker. If the huckster loses his game, nothing happens. Should he win, the manitou is forced to do his bidding.

The drawback is that a manitou cannot normally affect the physical world directly, so the huckster must actually allow the spirit to inhabit his body for a short time in order to accomplish its task. Beating the manitou means it is "controlled" and cannot harm the huckster while it enters her body. From there, it can manipulate the energy it needs to do the huckster's bidding.

But a manitou is a sly creature. Sometimes it tricks the huckster into thinking she's won so she allows it into her body uncontrolled. When an out of control manitou cuts loose, it can cause massive damage, insanity, and even death.

The Life of a Huckster

Hucksters are some of the most powerful characters in the Weird West. When things go their way, they can hide in plain sight, summon storms, or squeeze a man's heart so hard it bursts. When a manitou gets its way, the huckster's going to be hip deep in it. It's all a matter of playing the odds, but a smart huckster learns to hedge his bets before diving into a deal with these unfathomable spirits.

A character must purchase the *arcane background* Edge and have at least 1 point in the *academia: occult* and *hexslingin'* Aptitudes to become a huckster. That's it.

Gettin' Caught

Casting a hex is a relatively subtle matter. The caster simply concentrates for a few moments as she stares into the Hunting Grounds and makes her deal with the devils that live there.

If the huckster wins her mental duel, a number of cards appear in her right hand (or left if she's a lefty). The huckster must actually look at the cards to draw the manitou into her body and make the hex take effect.

Since cards materialize in a huckster's hand when she casts a hex, someone who knows what they're looking for can spot a huckster with relative ease. If a huckster wants to hide what she's doing, she usually keeps a real deck of cards in her hand and makes an opposed *sleight of hand* roll versus anyone who happens to be watching.

This fools common folk most of the time, and it's why most hucksters pose as gamblers. Of course, it's also gotten a lot of "innocent" gamblers mistaken for powerful hucksters by people in the know about such things.

CASTING THE HEX

To cast a hex, the huckster must first make a *hexslingin'* Aptitude check.

HEXSLINGIN'

The *hexslingin'* Aptitude is rarely used by itself. It works a little differently than normal (as you might expect). Each hex that a huckster learns has an associated Trait. When a huckster casts a hex, he uses his *hexslingin'* Aptitude level, paired with the die type of the Trait that the hex is associated with. (We talked about something similar under **Mixing Aptitudes** in Chapter One.)

Velvet Van Helter wants to cast the hex *phantom fingers*. *Phantom fingers* uses the *Spirit* Trait. Velvet has a *hexslingin'* skill of 5 and a *Spirit* die type of d10. When casting the hex, he rolls 5d10.

MAKING CONTACT

If you get at least one Fair (5) success on your *hexslingin'* roll, your huckster has managed to contact a manitou and engaged it in a game of wits.

The next step is to draw 5 cards from a 54-card deck (leave the Jokers in). You also get one extra card for every raise on your hex roll. Your goal is to put together the best poker hand possible with all the cards you drew. (See the sidebar on page 159 if you aren't familiar with poker hands.) Jokers are counted as wild cards. The Red Joker you get for free, but the Black Joker has a high price (see **Manitous**, below).

Most hexes require a certain minimum card hand to accomplish. If your hand isn't up to snuff, the hex is unsuccessful.

LEARNING TO 'SLING

Since your *hexslingin'* Aptitude is your huckster's bread-and-butter, you'll probably be looking into improving it as soon as possible. Not a bad idea.

Raising your Weird Western wizard's Aptitude level works just like raising any other Aptitude.

Going from level 1 to level 2 costs 2 points. After level 5, the huckster is considered an expert and each level costs double the new rank (so level 6 costs 12 Bounty Points).

MANITOUS

Hexslinging is dangerous business. The chaotic denizens of the Hunting Grounds are always looking for ways to get into the huckster uncontrolled, and casting a hex is the perfect portal.

Whenever your character botches a hex roll or draws a Black Joker, the manitou has tricked the huckster into letting it in uncontrolled. The black Joker still counts as a wild card, so your hero might get his spell off, but if your character can't survive the manitou's mischief, it doesn't really matter. For him anyway.

Tell the Marshal whenever you go bust or draw a Joker while attempting to cast a hex. He then rolls on a special chart tucked away in the *Marshal's Handbook* to give him some idea what the manitou is up to.

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HEXES

The next few pages are loaded with some of the hexes detailed in full in *Hoyle's Book of Games*. Hoyle came up with a bunch more, but there's not enough space to put all of what's in his old book in this book. Here are the basic hexes to get you started. More hexes (and how to go about creating new ones) are detailed in the *Hucksters & Hexes* book.

Starting Hexes: Every huckster starts out with as many hexes as his *hexslingin'* Aptitude level. A huckster with *hexslingin'* 4, for instance, starts the game with four hexes.

New Hexes: Hucksters can buy any of the hexes that follow by spending 5 Bounty Points. These are considered the basic spells found in any modern copy of *Hoyles*. Other hexes have to be learned from other hucksters, arcane books or forgotten scrolls. We give you some ideas on how to find and learn this forbidden lore in the *Hucksters and Hexes* book.

A Huckster's Lexicon

Hex: A spell.
Huckster: A sorcerer using Hoyle's method.
Hunting Grounds: The supernatural plane where manitous and other spirits roam.
Hoyle: The book of games, or the man who wrote it. Hucksters often speak in awe of this man. When they tell you something is "according to Hoyle," you'd better believe it.
Joker: Another term for a manitou.
Manitous: The Indian word for malignant spirits (demons) and the source of a huckster's power.

Hex Descriptions

Hexes have five entries: Trait, Hand, Speed, Duration, and Range.

Trait is the mental Trait used to cast the hex. Unlike normal Aptitudes, hexes are always tied to a specific Trait.

Hand refers to the minimum poker hand the huckster must draw to empower the hex. Better hands might mean the hex is stronger or lasts longer, depending on the particular hex.

Speed is the number of actions it takes to finish a hex,. A few rare hexes might take much longer and aren't really suitable for combat. These hexes have their speeds listed in minutes, hours, or days as appropriate.

Duration is the length of time the hex stays in effect. Concentration means the huckster must maintain concentration and can take only simple actions such as moving. Other hexes might require Wind to maintain. A few hexes use a combination of both. This means that as long as a huckster maintains concentration *or* pays a point of Wind, the hex stays in effect.

Range is the distance at which the hex can take effect.

Call o' the Wild

Trait: Knowledge
Hand: Two Pair
Speed: 2
Duration: Concentration
Range: 1 mile/*hexslingin'* level

This hex lets the huckster talk to critters and varmints. He can't talk to monstrous abominations, only natural animals. The *call* goes out to specific types of creatures, such as bats, rats, wolves, bears, etc.

When the animals show up, they do the caster's bidding as long as he continues to concentrate. The moment he lets go, vermin and lesser varmints vanish. Wolves, bears, and the like either flee or attack the closest target depending on the situation.

Varmints aren't too smart. They do whatever the huckster wants to the best of their abilities, about like a well-trained dog. Don't expect them to figure out how to fire a weapon or start speaking Portuguese.

Varmints also have to make *guts* checks against supernatural opponents, just like anyone else. That's why it's not much use to throw wolves at some creature from the grave. They just run away with their tails between their legs.

The huckster doesn't actually summon the varmints—he just calls to them. If there are none around, nothing happens, even if he draws a Royal Flush. The Marshal has to determine if the type of creatures the huckster is calling are within his range.

The type and number of creatures the huckster wants to call determines the hand he needs.

Call o' The Wild

Hand	Varmint
Two Pairs	3d6 rates, bats, snakes
Straight	2d6 wolves, mountain lions
Flush	1d4 bears

CORPOREAL TWEAK

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: Concentration or 1 Wind/round
Range: 5 yards/*hexslingin'* level

This hex allows a huckster to enhance a target's (or his own) physical abilities, making him stronger, faster, nimbler, tougher, or more dexterous. The huckster decides which one of the target's physical Traits he wants to tweak before casting. The hex raises a target's Traits by a number of steps according to the hands listed on the table below.

CORPOREAL TWEAK

Hand	Bonus
Pair	+1 step
Two Pairs	+2 steps
Straight	+3 steps
Flush	+4 steps
Full House	+5 steps

CORPOREAL TWIST

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: Concentration or 1 Wind/round
Range: 5 yards/*hexslingin'* level

Corporeal twist is the opposite of *corporeal tweak*. It lowers a target's Traits by one die type for each of the hands listed under *corporeal tweak*. Once the die type has dropped to a d4, the Trait Level drops by 1 for each level to a minimum of 1d4.

EARSHOT

Trait: Cognition
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: Concentration or 1 Wind/round
Range: 1 mile/*hexslingin'* level

A huckster can use this hex to hear through a subject's ears.

If the victim makes an Onerous (7) *Spirit* roll when the hex is first cast, he knows something's wrong. He can try to eject the huckster by engaging him in a contest of *Spirit* versus the huckster's *hexslingin'/Spirit* level each round.

The huckster can cast this spell on an unseen target if he has an object the subject has touched within the last week.

HELPIN' HAND

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Ace
Speed: 10 minutes
Duration: Permanent
Range: 1 yard

Helpin' hand allows a huckster to heal a companion's wounds (not his own). Each successful casting reduces the wounds in all areas by 1 level each. During this time, the caster can do nothing other than sit near the patient and play hand after hand of solitaire poker.

The hand needed depends on the victim's highest total wound level. Note that *helpin' hand* can't heal more than one level of wounds at a time. The huckster can treat several wound levels by casting the hex more than once, however. *Helpin' hand* also can't restore maimed limbs. Only the favors of shamans and miracles of the blessed can pull off that trick.

HELPIN' HAND

Hand	Wound
Ace	All Wind
Jacks	Light
Two Pairs	Heavy
Three of a Kind	Serious
Straight	Critical

HUNCH

Trait: Cognition
Hand: Two Pair
Speed: 2 rounds (10 seconds)
Duration: Instant
Range: Self

A huckster can gain insight into the past with the *hunch* hex. To cast this spell, the huckster places his hand on a person, place, or thing and closes his eyes. If the hex is successful, the magician has a brief vision, feeling, or "hunch" about some event that happened in the target's past.

The better the huckster's hand, the better the information she gets about the target's history. The huckster can concentrate on a specific question, but the target doesn't "know" about events that did not happen in its presence.

POKER HANDS

The object of poker is to build a hand consisting of certain card combinations. The more rare the combination, the more valuable the hand is. You can consult a good encyclopedia if you need to know more. You can also read *Hoyle's Book of Games*, but be careful—some say there's strange messages hidden between the lines.

If you aren't familiar with poker hands, here's a handy cheat sheet.

Hand	Cards
Royal Flush	10, Jack, Queen, King, Ace of one suit
Straight Flush	Five sequential cards all of one suit
Four of a Kind	Four cards of the same value and any suit
Full House	Three of one card, two of another
Flush	Five cards of one suit
Straight	Five sequential cards
Three of a Kind	Three cards of the same value and any suit
Two Pair	Two sets of two cards
Jacks	A pair of Jacks or better
Pair	Two cards of the same value and any suit
Ace	A single Ace

MIND TWEAK

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: Concentration or 1 Wind/round
Range: 5 yards/*hexslingin'* level

Mind tweak is the mental version of *corporeal tweak*. The huckster can affect any mental Trait with this handy ritual. This can come in handy for those times when you need just a little more brainpower or even peace of mind.

As with *corporeal tweak*, a huckster can cast this hex on herself.

WITCH HUNTERS

Common folks in the Weird West have never heard of the Reckoning. Most people believe in spooks in general, but anyone who actually claims to have seen something supernatural is considered a raving lunatic. Most of them read the *Tombstone Epitaph* but laugh at the stories within—at least publicly.

Witches and warlocks, on the other hand, are thought to consort with the Devil—which most everyone believes in. For that reason, hucksters know better than to cast their hexes in public. If it becomes known that someone deals in the "black arts," the locals are likely to put together a posse and hang the tainted soul before he or she can cause them harm.

If the locals are too terrified to come after a huckster, word soon gets out to the Agency operatives in the North or the Texas Rangers in the South. Neither of these groups treat "warlocks and witches" kindly.

The Agency has a general policy of removing any "occult" creatures or people and dragging them Back East for study. Or using them for one of its most dangerous missions.

Texas Rangers are a bit more open-minded about it all. They know the best way to fight fire is to light a little kindling yourself. If they run across a huckster, they might be willing to talk before shooting. Still, past experiences have taught them that it's best to enter such conversations with their pistols cocked.

Consider yourself warned.

MIND TWIST

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: Concentration or 1 Wind/round
Range: 5 yards/*hexslingin'* level

Mind twist is the opposite of *mind tweak.* It actually lowers a target's mental Traits by one die type for each of the hands listed under *corporeal tweak.* Once the die type has dropped to a d4, the Trait Level is dropped by 1 level to a minimum of 1d4.

There's nothing like lowering another gambler's *Smarts* to nearly nothing and then taking the fool for all he's got.

MISSED ME!

Trait: Spirit
Hand: Two Pairs
Speed: 1
Duration: Concentration or 1 Wind/round
Range: Self

This hex forces a manitou to deflect bullets and other physical projectile attacks that would otherwise hit the huckster's body. The effect is to add +5 to the TN of anyone trying to shoot the huckster. Explosives, fire from a flamethrower, and other area-effect attacks cannot be deflected, but hexes and other supernatural effects usually can be pushed aside.

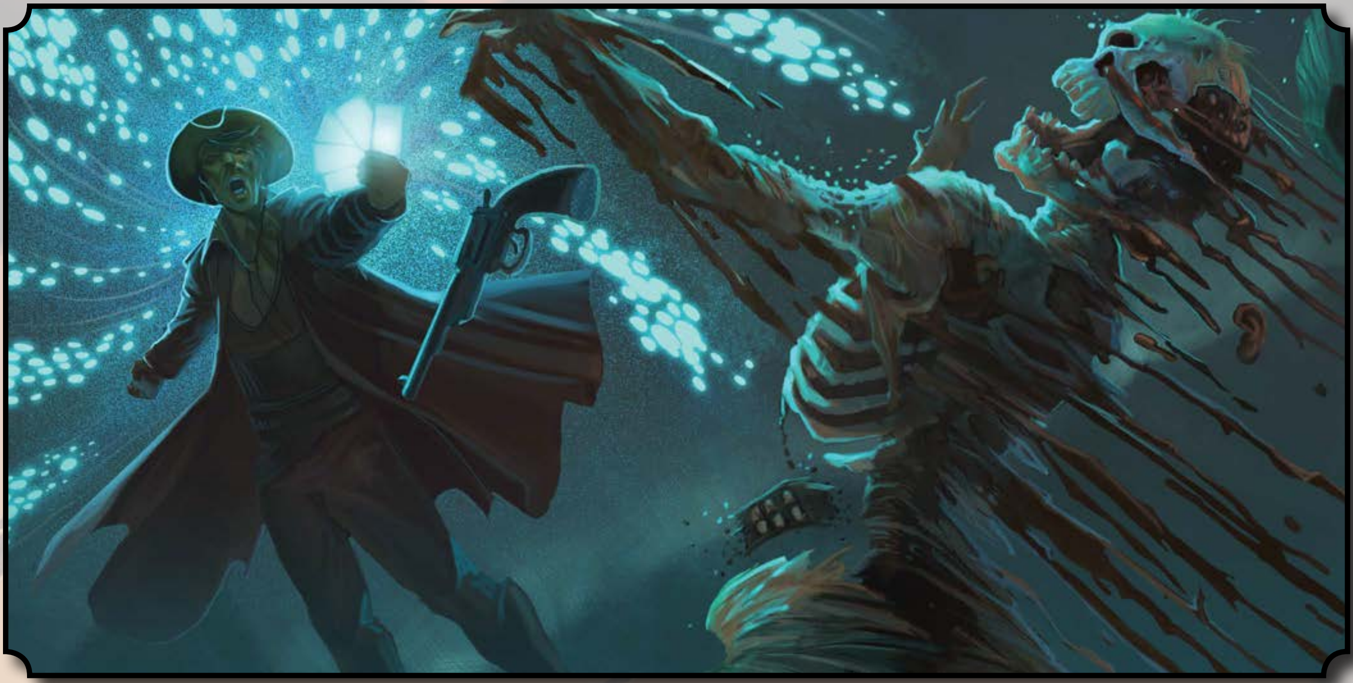
PHANTOM FINGERS

Trait: Spirit
Hand: Ace
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 Wind/round
Range: 5 yards/*hexslingin'* level

Hucksters often use this hex to cheat at cards or pull an enemy's gun from his holster. *Phantom fingers* can perform relatively complex manipulations with an object (such as turning a key or firing a gun), but this taxes the huckster and causes him 1d4 Wind per action.

PHANTOM FINGERS

Hand	Size/Weight
Ace	Baseball
Pair	Pistol
Jacks	Rifle
Two Pairs	Gatling gun
Three of a Kind	Person
Straight	Iron safe
Flush	Wagon
Full House	Oak tree
Four of a Kind	Freight car
Straight Flush	Manor house
Royal Flush	Train



PRIVATE EYE

Trait: Cognition
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: Concentration or 1 Wind/round
Range: 1 mile/*hexslingin' level*

Private eye allow a huckster to see through another's eyes. See the *earshot* hex to see how it works.

SHADOW MAN

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Pair
Speed: 2
Duration: Concentration
Range: Self

Shadow Man creates a pocket of shadow around the huckster. It does not make the huckster invisible, but it does add to his *sneak* rolls. A pair adds +5 to the huckster's *sneak* rolls. Better hands add an additional +2 per level.

SHADOW WALK

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Jacks
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: Self

Hucksters with this hex can step into one shadow and emerge from another. The shadows they enter and leave from must be large and dark enough to engulf their entire form. The Marshal gets the final call as to what works.

The hand needed to *shadow walk* depends on the distance between the two shadows. The huckster has to be able to actually see the shadow he wants to emerge from.

SHADOW WALK

Hand	Distance
Jacks	2 yards
Two Pairs	5 yards
Three of a Kind	10 yards
Straight	20 yards
Flush	40 yards
Full House	100 yards
Four of a Kind	500 yards
Straight Flush	1 mile
Royal Flush	Line of sight

SOUL BLAST

Trait: Spirit
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: 50 yards/*hexslingin'* level (maximum)

The hexslinger's best friend is the *soul blast* hex. When cast, an almost invisible stream of ghostly white energy races from the huckster's palm toward his

TAMIRES PARA

target. The stream slams into the victim like a bullet. This hex has no effect on inanimate objects.

Just because the hex comes off doesn't mean it hits its target. Determine the Target Number like a gunshot—starting with an Easy (5) TN—but ignore range. The caster could attempt a called shot, affecting the Target Number that way, and other factors (like wound effects) may come into play.

Use the huckster's *hexslingin'* roll as both your attack roll and to figure how many cards you get to draw.

If the *soul blast* hits, damage depends on the hand drawn, as shown on the table. This damages does get extra dice for hit location, and ignores all armor, including cover.

For some reason, drawing a Dead Man's Hand (two black Aces, two black 8s, and a Jack of Diamonds) kills the target automatically.

Velvet Van Helter, New Orleans gentleman and a dedicated student of Hoyle, hurls a *soul blast* at a scoundrel abusing a young lady's honor. The ruffian is in plain sight, and the hex has no range increment, so the TN to hit the man with the *soul blast* is 5, the same as the hex's TN for figuring the number of cards (the same with hex for that matter).

Velvet rolls an 11. For the raise, he gets to draw one extra card to figure the hex's effect. He also uses the 11 for his attack roll. He gets a raise there too, so when he rolls for hit location, he can add or subtract 1 from his roll, as he prefers.

Soul Blast

Hand	Damage
Pair	1d6 Wind
Jacks	3d6
Two Pairs	4d8
Three of a Kind	5d8
Straight	6d8
Flush	7d10
Full House	8d10
Four of a Kind	9d10
Straight Flush	10d12
Royal Flush	10d20

Texas Twister

Trait: Knowledge
Hand: Jacks
Speed: 2
Duration: Concentration
Range: 20 yards/hex level

This hex conjures up a minor whirlwind. In the outdoors, a Texas twister kicks up dirt and sand, blinding everyone within a 10-yard radius.

Those in the twister's radius must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll every round to do anything but move. If they move out of the twister's radius they are free to act normally. Any attacks crossing the twister's radius suffer a –2 penalty.

Indoors, the twister is more limited in effect. Everyone in the area indoors suffers a -2 penalty to all actions unless they leave the area or make *Vigor* rolls as above. It also makes a mess.

The huckster can move the twister in any way she likes, as long as she concentrates and keeps it in sight and range. It has a Pace of 20.

TRINKETS

Trait: Knowledge
Hand: Ace
Speed: 2
Duration: 1 round/hex level
Range: Touch

The *trinket* hex allows the huckster to reach into a pocket, pouch, or bag of some sort and pull forth a minor mundane object. The hand required depends on the item the huckster hopes to find. Money can be conjured with this hex, but like anything else created by the hex, it only lasts 1 round for every level the huckster has in *hexslingin'*.

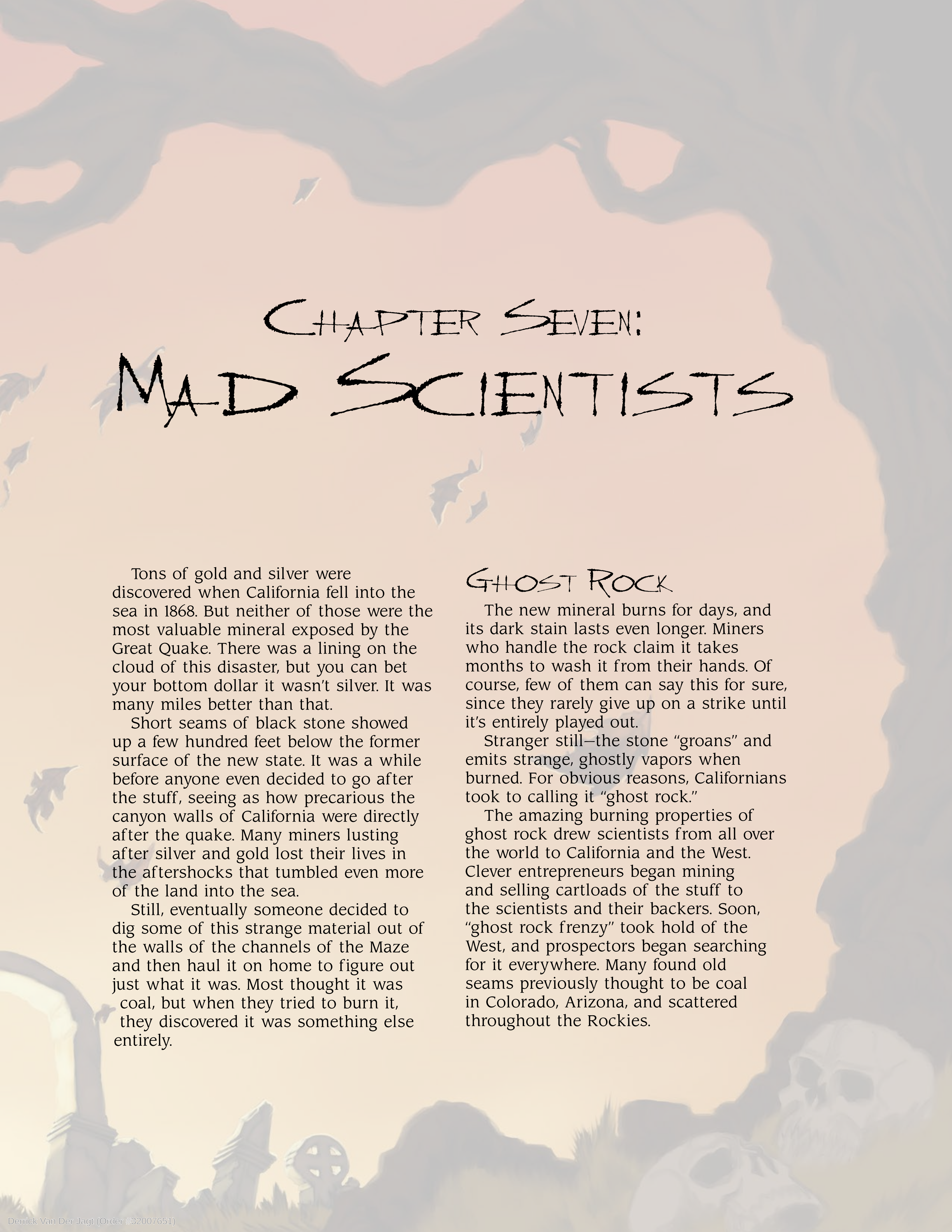
Hands higher than two pair are required to get very special trinkets—such as a key to open a specific lock. The Marshal must set the hands for these items himself.

TRINKETS

Hand	Type of Item
Ace	Match, penny
Pair	Scarf, random playing card, nickel
Jacks	Derringer, knife, two bits (25¢)
Two Pairs	Pistol, $5 coin, specific playing card

HUCKSTER HEXES

Hex	Trait	Hand	Speed	Duration	Range
Call o' the Wild	Knowledge	Two Pair	2	Concentration	1 mile/*hexslingin'* level
Corporeal Tweak	Smarts	Pair	1	Concentration or 1 Wind/round	5 yards/*hexslingin'* level
Corporeal Twist	Smarts	Pair	1	Concentration or 1 Wind/round	5 yards/*hexslingin'* level
Earshot	Cognition	Pair	1	Concentration or 1 Wind/round	1 mile/*hexslingin'* level
Helpin' Hand	Smarts	Ace	10 minutes	Permanent	1 yard
Hunch	Cognition	Two Pair	10 Seconds	Instant	Touch
Mind Tweak	Smarts	Pair	1	Concentration or 1 Wind/round	5 yards/*hexslingin'* level
Mind Twist	Smarts	Pair	1	Concentration or 1 Wind/round	5 yards/*hexslingin'* level
Missed Me!	Spirit	Two Pair	1	Concentration or 1 Wind/round	Self
Phantom Fingers	Spirit	Ace	1	1 Wind/round	5 yards/*hexslingin'* level
Private Eye	Cognition	Pair	1	Concentration or 1 Wind/round	1 mile/*hexslingin'* level
Shadow Man					
Shadow Walk					
Soul Blast	Spirit	Pair	1	Instant	50 yds/*hexslingin'* level
Texas Twister	Knowledge	Jacks	2	Concentration	20 yards/*hexslingin'* level
Trinkets	Knowledge	Ace	2	1 round/*hexslingin'* level	Touch



CHAPTER SEVEN:
MAD SCIENTISTS

Tons of gold and silver were discovered when California fell into the sea in 1868. But neither of those were the most valuable mineral exposed by the Great Quake. There was a lining on the cloud of this disaster, but you can bet your bottom dollar it wasn't silver. It was many miles better than that.

Short seams of black stone showed up a few hundred feet below the former surface of the new state. It was a while before anyone even decided to go after the stuff, seeing as how precarious the canyon walls of California were directly after the quake. Many miners lusting after silver and gold lost their lives in the aftershocks that tumbled even more of the land into the sea.

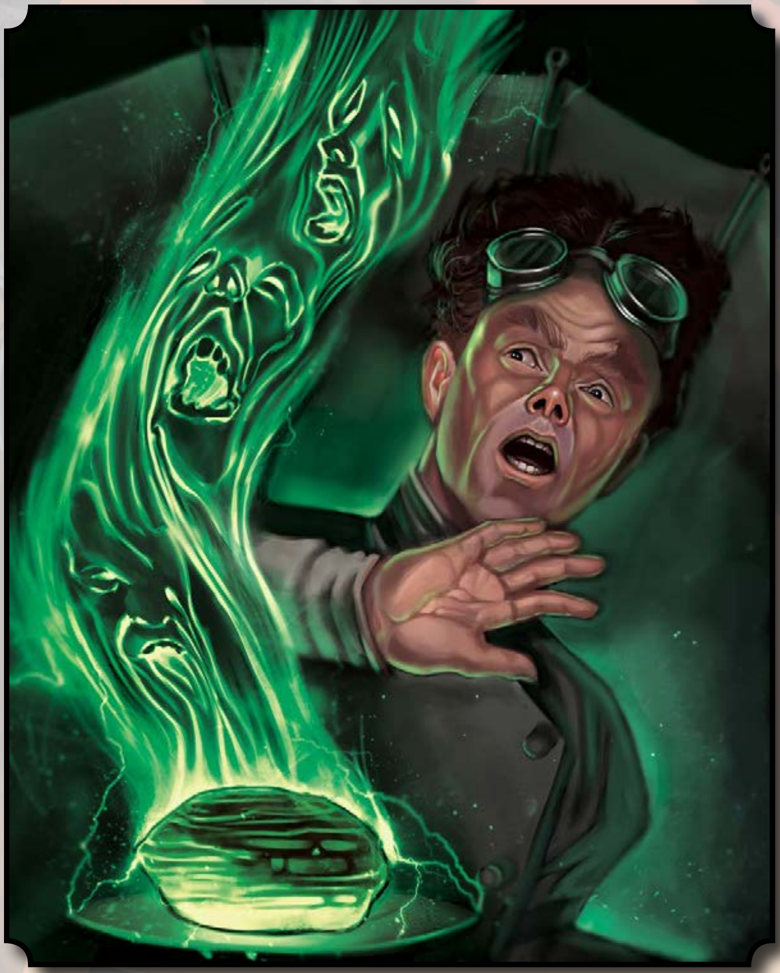
Still, eventually someone decided to dig some of this strange material out of the walls of the channels of the Maze and then haul it on home to figure out just what it was. Most thought it was coal, but when they tried to burn it, they discovered it was something else entirely.

GHOST ROCK

The new mineral burns for days, and its dark stain lasts even longer. Miners who handle the rock claim it takes months to wash it from their hands. Of course, few of them can say this for sure, since they rarely give up on a strike until it's entirely played out.

Stranger still—the stone "groans" and emits strange, ghostly vapors when burned. For obvious reasons, Californians took to calling it "ghost rock."

The amazing burning properties of ghost rock drew scientists from all over the world to California and the West. Clever entrepreneurs began mining and selling cartloads of the stuff to the scientists and their backers. Soon, "ghost rock frenzy" took hold of the West, and prospectors began searching for it everywhere. Many found old seams previously thought to be coal in Colorado, Arizona, and scattered throughout the Rockies.



WEIRD SCIENCE

Ever since, scientists have been experimenting with this new substance, trying to divine its secrets. The first really high profile breakthroughs occurred in Utah in 1870. Professor Darius Hellstromme, a now-famous English scientist, created and put into use a steam engine fueled by ghost rock that could power a horseless carriage across the Salt Flats. "Steam wagons," as they have come to be called, are still in great use among the Mormons of the region.

Hellstromme's success inspired countless other black-fingered scientists. Soon scores of fantastic devices were making reputations that rivaled that of the great gunslingers and outlaws.

But there is a price to be paid by those who build bizarre gadgets and gizmos.

DEMENTIA

Some suggest that creating fantastic devices is actually a form of sorcery. They believe that scientists are consorting with the same spirits as witches, warlocks, and hucksters. If this is true, the scientists seem blissfully unaware of it. They see their new creations as things inspired by a great scientific revolution, and they scoff at the idea that they are dealing with demons and devils.

But there seems to be some truth to the matter, for there is a reason these wild academicians are collectively called "mad scientists." Those who create fantastic devices tend to lose their grip on reality. Most eventually become neurotic hermits or raving lunatics, though they leave a legacy of amazing gadgets in their frantic wake.

THE LIFE OF A MAD SCIENTIST

Playing a mad scientist can be a lot of fun, especially if you like playing around with strange gadgets. Your character gets to create "weird gizmos" and blow things up with them (if he's lucky). The downside is that he might also go a little insane in the process. Oh, and he might blow his friends up as well.

Mad scientist characters must take the *arcane background: mad scientist* Edge, and at least one level in the *mad science* Aptitude. They should also have the *tinkerin'* Aptitude if they want to actually build the weird gizmos they design. They must also have at least 1 level in at least one scientific concentration, such as *science: general, biology, chemistry, engineering,* or *physics*. This represents the basic knowledge that a scientist has to have to make the cognitive (and fairly crazy) leap to mad scientific thinking. Higher *science* Aptitudes will come in handy to a mad scientist, but they are not strictly speaking, required.

Creating Weird Gizmos

Making gadgets that defy common sense is easier than some might expect—for a mad scientist at least.

There are four steps that a deranged inventor must complete to create a weird gizmo.

1. Concoct the theory.
2. Devise a blueprint.
3. Gather the components.
4. Construct the device.

As you complete each of the steps, fill in any relevant information on a "Weird Gizmo" blueprint like the one we've provided on the next page.

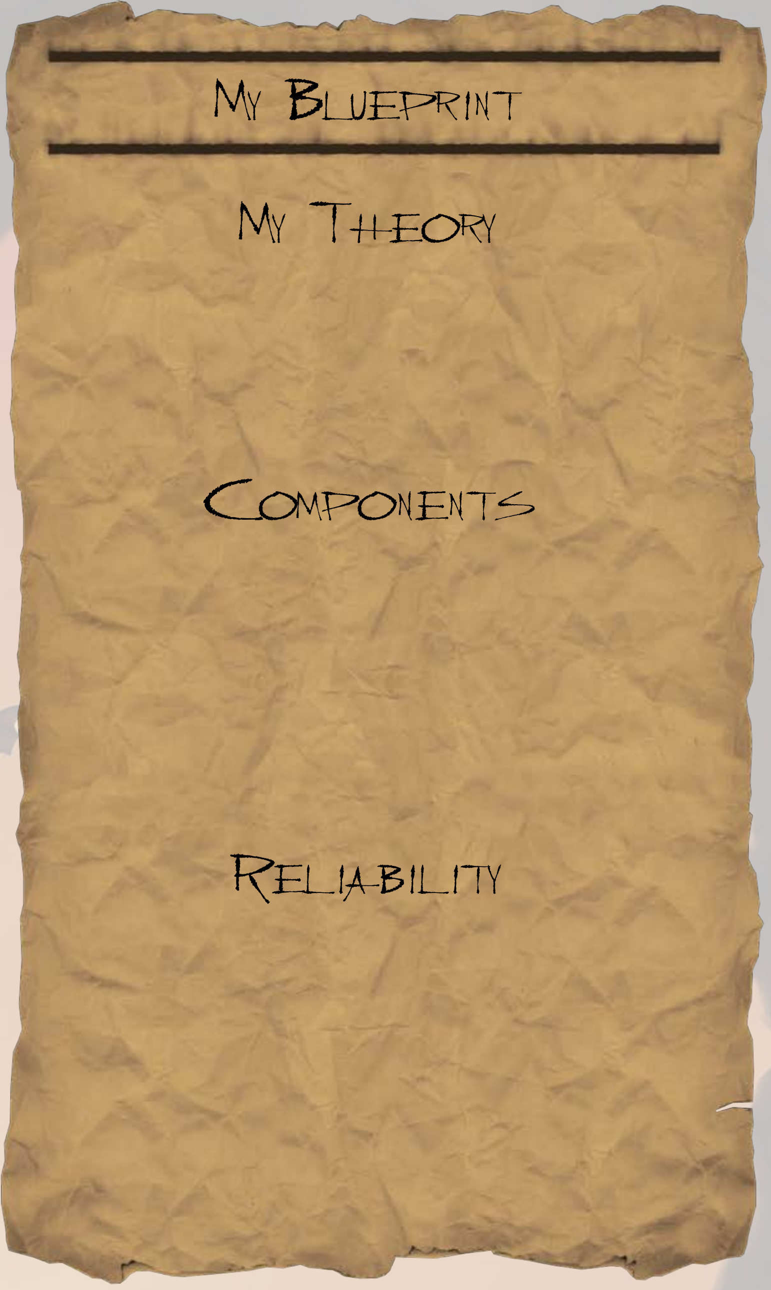
Concoct The Theory

The first thing a mad scientist has to do is decide just what kind of weird gizmo he's trying to make. This means the scientist's player—that's you—should write down the name of the device followed by a paragraph or two describing the "scientific principles" (as nutty as they may be) your character employs to make it work. It's more fun to write the theory from the perspective of the character, by the way. And be sure to share it with your posse. Mad scientists can never keep their traps shut about their inventions.

Devise The Blueprint

Now it's time to draft a blueprint. Though the mad scientist doesn't know it, he actually consorts with manitous as he drafts his fantastic creations. Occasionally, contact with these malicious spirits might push him over the edge.

The mad scientist must now make a *mad science* roll. Compare the total against a Fair (5) TN. If the scientist does not have a science concentration directly related to the design task, the TN is Hard (9). We told you those *science* Aptitudes would come in handy.



My Blueprint

My Theory

Components

Reliability

If you fail, the inventor is stymied and can't try to build any other devices for the next 8 hours while he clears his head. If you are successful, draw 5 cards from your Action Deck plus 1 for every raise. The scientist also may take one free card for each *science* Aptitude she has at level 5 or greater. She doesn't have to take these extra cards if she does not wish to.

Jokers count as wild cards, but the black Joker means a manitou has driven the mad scientist insane. Let the Marshal know when this happens He'll know what to do.

GIZMO CONSTRUCTION TABLE

Hand	Description	Item	TN	Base Time
Jacks	Simple repair of device created by these rules, or of current top-of-the-line technology	Gatling gun	5	10-60 minutes
Two Pairs	Slight improvement on existing technology	Faster printing press, 10% faster locomotive (a "tune-up")	7	1-5 hours
Three of a Kind	Major improvement on existing technology	Gatling pistol, bullet-proof vest, automatic weapon, 25% faster locomotive (total reconfiguration)	9	1-10 hours
Straight	Relatively simple but new use of existing technology	Flamethrower, automatic machine-gun	11	1-6 days
Flush	New use of cutting-edge technology	Steam wagon, land ship	13	1-4 weeks
Full House	Entirely new but "realistic" technology	Ornithopter, submersible	15	1-6 months
Four of a Kind	New technology that flaunts the laws of science	Heat or freeze ray, sleep gas	17	1-12 months
Straight Flush	New technology that alters the laws of science	Mind-control ray	19	1-4 years
Royal Flush	Technology that defies the laws of science	Dimension or time control device	21	1-20 years

CAREFUL DESIGN PAYS

Every raise on this roll adds +2 to the device's base "Reliability" of 10. The Reliability is built into the blueprint, so other devices constructed from this blueprint also benefit from a good design. See page 79 for how Reliability functions.

HAND O' FATE

The hand you need in order to succeed at creating the device depends on the nature of the device your character is trying to construct and how far above the normal technology curve it is. Should you fail to get the hand you need, your character spends half the time required and must start again from scratch.

THE GIZMO CONSTRUCTION TABLE

The **Gizmo Construction Table** has all the details that you kneed to know about building your device.

Hand is the minimum hand needed to devise the device on your blueprint.

Description is a guideline for how far the gizmo is above the normal technology level.

Item is an example of some common weird gizmos in use in the Weird West.

Construction TN is the roll needed to actually create the device.

Base Time is a rough guideline for how long weird gizmos in a particular category *tend* to take. This can change drastically depending on the machine.

You and the Marshal should discuss the actual building of the gadget and how long you both think it should take, or simply roll randomly based on the suggested time spans.

Gather The Components

Once the scientist has concocted a theory and drawn a blueprint for his weird gizmo, he knows what materials he needs to actually build the thing. Now it's time for a scavenger hunt.

Write down the major components below the device's theory on the gizmo sheet. Your character then needs to go out and actually buy or find the parts he needs. Mad science devices sometimes require some strange components, and acquiring them is sometimes an adventure in and of itself.

Construct the Device

Now that you've gathered your components, it's time to actually build the gadget. Your character needs to make a *tinkerin'* roll against the construction TN of the item (see the **Gizmo Construction Table**, partner).

As long as the builder gets at least one success, the item is built. Every raise on the construction roll raises the Reliability by +2.

Some scientists bring in expert tinkerers to help them out on the tough jobs.

Rushing the Job

The evils of the Weird West rarely wait patiently while a mad scientist invents something to destroy them. When a weird gizmo is needed in a hurry, the inventor can attempt to rush the job.

Every hand above the one needed for a job halves the construction time. That does mean that a device requiring a Royal Flush can't be rushed, by the way.

Reliability

Even the best weird gizmos are forged in the energies of the Hunting Grounds. This means pesky manitous and the limits of the human mind can occasionally cause gadgets to malfunction.

The base chance for a malfunction of any weird gizmo is 10. Each raise rolled when devising the blueprint or constructing the device adds +2 to its Reliability, as explained above, up to a maximum of 19. A weird science device can never have a Reliability higher than 19. There is always that chance of malfunction, no matter how small.

RELIABILITY CHECKS

When your character uses a mad science gizmo, you have to make a Reliability check. As usual, if the d20 roll comes up over the device's Reliability, the gizmo malfunctions in some way (a result of 20 always fails with these kinds of devices).

This means a train powered by a ghost-rock engine usually has to roll for Reliability only when it starts and stops (or if someone messes with the engine for some other reason). A Gatling pistol, however, has to check Reliability every time it's fired. With a bullet-proof vest, you'd roll each time it absorbed damage.

If you roll a malfunction, the Marshal lets you know how catastrophic the results are. Most times the gizmo just conks out, but you'd better back up a bit in case it malfunctions more spectacularly. These things can leave a mark.

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WEIRD GIZMOS

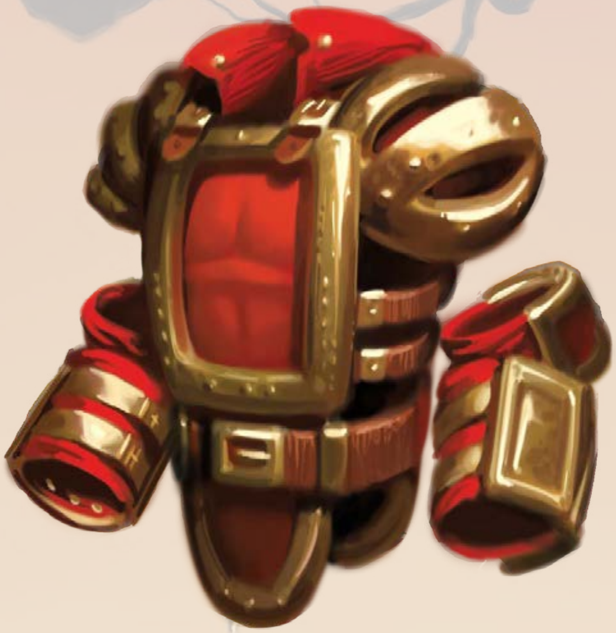
To get your scientist started down the path of weird science, we've provided descriptions of some devices over the next few pages. All these gizmos barely scratch the surface of what mad science has to offer, however. A large selection of additional devices, as well as some nifty new rules for mad scientists can be found in the *Smith & Robards* sourcebook.

Starting Gizmos: A mad scientist player character starts the game with one of the devices described on the following pages. Alternatively, she can begin with one of her own creations of similar power (built by the mad scientist and approved by the Marshal of course).

The mad scientist hero gets this first device for absolutely free. Anyone else who wants one of these devices must purchase it.

DEVICE DESCRIPTIONS

The listed cost is that charged by Smith & Robards, a famous mail-order firm out of Salt Lake City (also known as the City o' Gloom for the cloud of pollution that hangs over it). They custom-make weird gizmos and other devices for clients around the world. Since each of these items is unique and cannot be made on an assembly line, the cost is usually quite steep.



BULLET-PROOF VEST

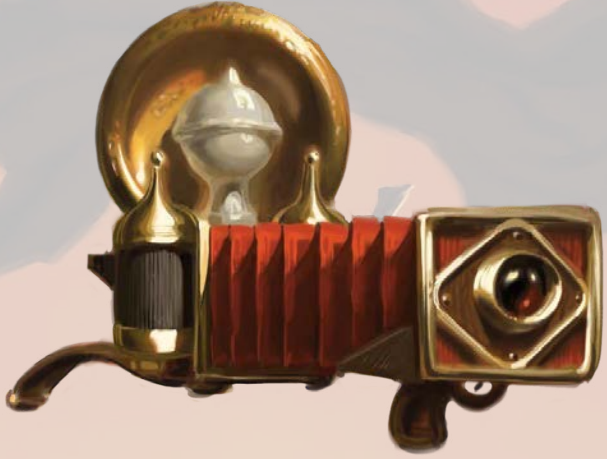
It's said a mysterious, unnamed gunslinger asked a mad scientist friend to concoct this simple but effective device. It beats a steel plate because it's light and easily concealable.

The vest covers the upper and lower guts area with an Armor value of 2. This drops any attack's die type by two levels.

Price: $1,800
Reliability: 19

THE EPITAPH CAMERA

The *Tombstone Epitaph* publishes weekly reports of bizarre creatures and events. Everyone reads them, but few believe them.



A picture, however, is worth a thousand words. The problem is that movement of any sort ruins pictures taken by most cameras of the period. So John Clum, the editor of the *Epitaph,* commissioned Smith & Robard's to manufacture a camera that could take pictures of moving subjects. The result is the *Epitaph* camera.

Unfortunately, the very success of these cameras makes skeptics believe the images are faked by the people who claim to have taken them.

Price: $1,600

Reliability: 19

Flamethrower

These clever devices were pioneered by Confederate munitions experts. The galvanized tank is filled with methane stored under high pressure. When the trigger of the rifle stock is pulled, the methane shoots out and is lit by a bit of burning ghost rock.

When filled with methane, a flamethrower has 30 "shots" in its holding tank. Every time the user depresses the trigger, he fires 1 to 6 shots (his choice).

The flame's range is 20 yards. The flame is shaped like a cone 2 inches wide at the barrel of the flamethrower and 3 yards wide at the other end. The scientist rolls his *shootin': flamethrower* attack (an Easy (5) roll) against every target in the cone.

The damage caused to everyone hit by the flame is 1d10 times the number of shots. The damage dice are added together, but any wounds caused are applied to separate hit locations as massive damage (see Chapter Four).

A major drawback of the weapon is the methane tank itself. Bullets that hit the user in the upper guts from the side or behind have a 1 in 6 chance of detonating the device. When this happens, the tank explodes causing 1d10 damage times the number of shots remaining inside. The number of damage dice drops by half every 10 yards after the first.

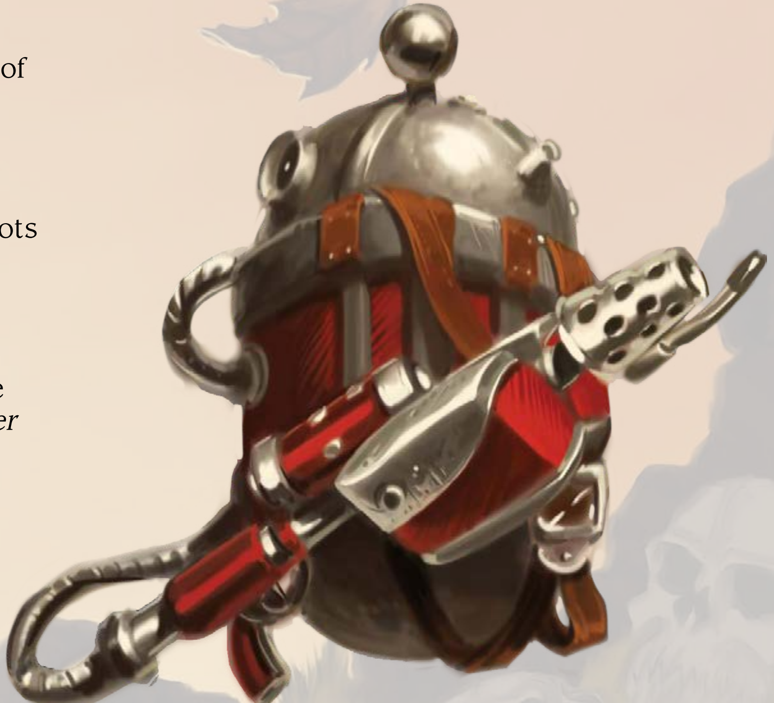
Professors make the most interesting fireworks.

The flamethrower's statistics are: **ROF**: 1; **Range:** Special; **Damage:** 1-6x1d10.

Price: $2,000

Reliability: 18

Professor Spencer is surrounded by prairie ticks. He cuts loose with his flamethrower and rolls his *shootin': flamethrower* dice against each tick. The TN is 5 at less than 10 yards. Spencer hits 10 of them. He used 6 "shots", so all the disgusting critters take 6d10 damage. It's time to break out the toothpicks and hot sauce.



Gatling Pistol

The Agency has long looked for ways to give its agents an edge against the horrors of the Reckoning. The "Gatling pistol," the common name for several brands of multi-barreled rotating pistols, has proven their favorite.

A windup gear releases 3 shots every time the trigger is pulled. A Gatling pistol fires on automatic (see Chapter Four), just like a Gatling gun.

The Gatling pistol's stats are: **Shots** 12; **ROF** 3; **Range** 10; **Damage:** 3d6.

Price: $800

Reliability: 18

Marshal Law

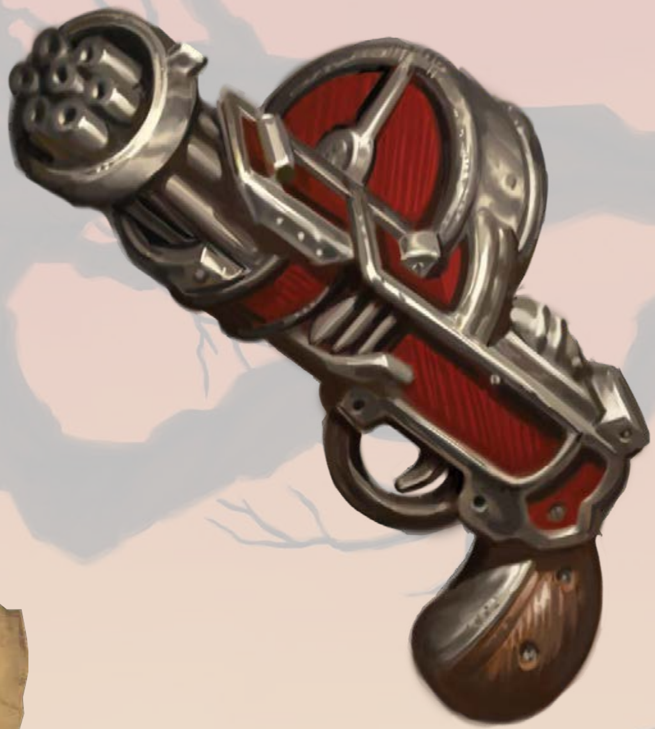
The damage, range, or other specific statistics of an item are determined by the Marshal and the theory the scientist has devised. The flamethrower described later on in this chapter, for instance, uses methane gas as fuel. This causes the weapon to have a very short range, since it's hard to make clouds of gas travel as far as a bullet.

When figuring the rules for a device, the Marshal should evaluate the mad scientist's theory and fill in the "rules" at the bottom of the blueprint.

If a mad scientist is after a specific effect, such as a flamethrower that shoots twice as far as normal, the Marshal should raise the hand required to design it by an appropriate number of levels.

Finally, mad scientists can only build upon the materials and technologies available to them. Galvanized engines powered by ghost rock can do a lot of things. They can't make "guided" bombs or synthetic humans, but they can make trains that go twice as fast as usual or clunky mechanoids of some sort.

We recommend that Marshal's err on the side of caution when setting statistics. Otherwise, you may end up with mad scientists wandering around the Weird West with doomsday weapons of terrible power. The devices on the following pages are good examples of what should be possible.



Rocket Pack

The buffalo soldiers stationed at Fort Apache, New Mexico, were always getting ambushed by Apaches firing from high passes. Their commander was browsing through the latest Smith & Robard's catalog when he saw an amazing device. The catalog advertised an experimental "rocket pack" that could lift a man high into the air.

The commander thought this would be a great way to clear the passes of Apaches, and he used his own personal fortune to order five of them. He assigned them to the best men of the regiment. These men came to call themselves the "Flying Buffaloes."

The rocket pack can lift up to 300 pounds (over the weight of the pack) for up to 20 minutes. The stove body is made of iron galvanized in one of Smith & Robard's special kilns. When the fuse atop it is lit, the ghost rock "rod" at the center is ignited and heats the water stored inside the boiler. The steam pushes the wearer suddenly into the air. He can control the amount of thrust by venting extra steam from a large side panel.

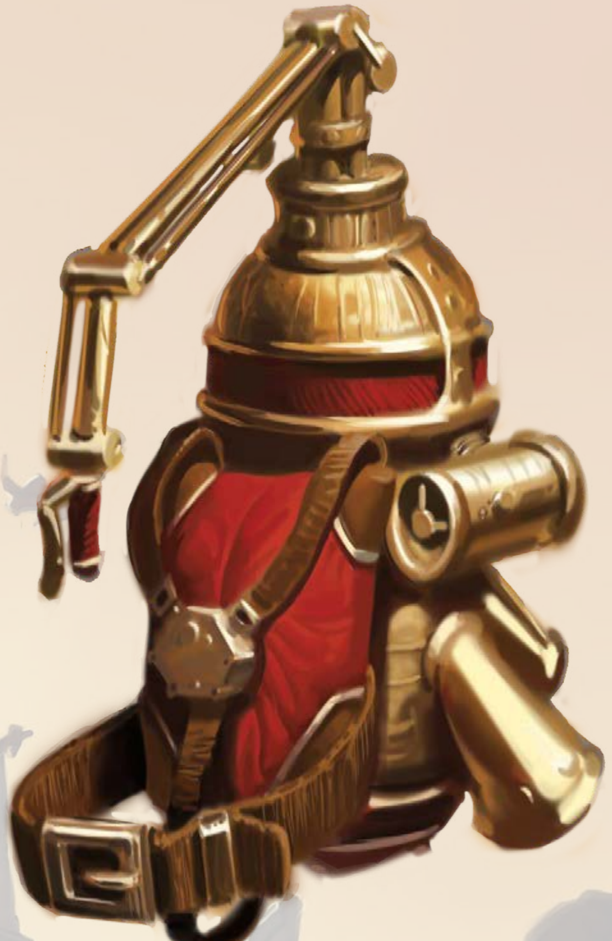
The Pace of the rocket pack is 20. Vertical movement costs 2 yards of movement for every yard climbed, or 1 yard for every yard dropped in elevation.

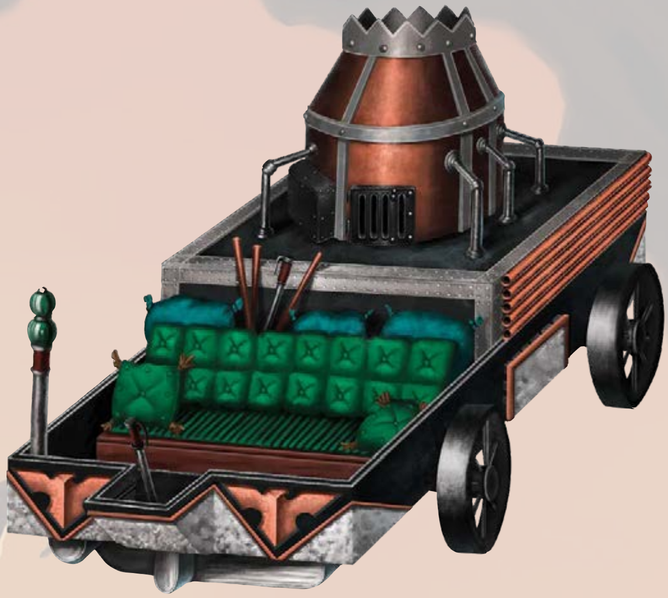
Controlling the rocket pack is done by a "fishing rod" handle that changes the angle of the pack's thrusters. This requires a new Aptitude—*flight: rocket pack*—which is normally based off *Nimbleness* since the wearer must twist and turn to get the thing to go where he wants. If the wearer ever goes bust on a *flight: rocket pack* roll, he heads for the nearest obstacle. If there isn't a vertical obstacle within range of his current move, he takes a steep dive at the ground instead.

If the user hits something horizontally, divide the character's last Pace by 2 and add that to a 2d6 damage roll. This is Massive Damage as discussed in Chapter Four.

An in-air crash causes the wearer to make a second *flight: rocket pack* roll immediately against a Fair (5) or Hard (9) TN, depending on speed. If the wearer fails this roll, he plummets to the ground, taking falling damage as usual (see page 141).

Price: $2,100
Reliability: 18





Steam Wagon

When the Mormons first settled Salt Lake City, they found the denizens of the Reckoning waiting for them in the form of giant creatures called salt rattlers. Getting across the Salt Flats was one of the most dangerous trials they faced. In 1870, the infamous Professor Darius Hellstromme visited their community and offered them the secret to a new invention: the steam wagon.

This steam-powered horseless carriage could dash across the flats in no time. The devices don't work well in uneven terrain and can't enter rocky areas at all, but in the desert they can easily outpace a horse over long distances.

Steam wagons gained such fame that bandits in Nevada and other relatively flat areas started using them to rob trains. Some of these bandits even mount Gatling guns on their steam wagons. The Texas Rangers have a particular grudge against these desperadoes, since it often falls upon them to protect the Confederacy's trains.

Steam wagons have a Pace of 20.
Price: $1,500
Reliability: 18

HOLY BIBLE

CHAPTER EIGHT:
THE BLESSED

Faith is a funny thing. Most folks seem to have more of it when they're about to get munched on by something with jaws the size of Kansas. Seems they've got some notion they can redeem themselves at the last minute.

If that really worked, most fellows would keep drinking, gambling, and carousing right up to the minute they're about to expire. Then they could say a couple of holy apologies and march right on through the Pearly Gates.

But we all know better in the end. Genuine faith is a rare thing. Most people claim one religion or another as their own, but they don't really stop sinning until they get in trouble.

A few blessed souls are more noble, however. The pure can sometimes call on divine aid against the minions of the Reckoning. Of course, sometimes they're just the first to get eaten.

This section deals with western religions, particularly those Christian in nature. If you want to play an Indian holy person, see Chapter Nine.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED

The faithful have certain miracles they can call upon in times of need. Which ones depends on the traditions and teachings of the religion. Regardless of the religion however, invoking a miracle requires at least one level of *faith*, and all but the miracle of *protection* require the user to have the *blessed* Edge.

Simply taking the *arcane background: blessed* Edge and the *faith* Aptitude and claiming to be a devout follower isn't always enough. True faith requires a little work, even if the religion's practices might seem strange to others. Sinners aren't apt to be shined upon by their chosen higher power.

Baptists lose faith if they don't dunk their "young 'uns," Jews can't get hitched without breaking somebody's best crystal, and Roman Catholics can't eat meat on certain Fridays without getting dirty looks from on high.

If your character isn't following the tenets of his religion, he starts losing his faith, slowly but surely. Divine entities are easily angered when their servants don't uphold their ideals or traditions, especially if they've been designated as something special in the public eye. There's little more embarrassing to a deity than a chosen one making a mockery of its holy name.

Tests of Faith

Whenever a blessed character commits a sin of some sort, she must make a *Spirit* roll. If she fails, she loses a point of her *faith* Aptitude. She does not lose her miracles, but her ability to use them may be severely hampered.

That means your character should be on her best behavior at all times or the Marshal may make you remember just exactly what your hero's job is supposed to be. Remember, this character is on a mission "from God." If your priest is helping the posse execute prisoners, the Almighty will not look happily upon him. Even relatively minor sins, such as swearing or taking the Lord's name in vain, might get your hero in trouble. The worse the sin, the harder that *faith* roll will be.

This is the cost the blessed must pay for the ability to cast miracles without the aid of manitous and with no chance of backlash.

The Target Number of the *Spirit* roll depends on the sin. The Marshal has the particulars.

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Atonement

Lost *faith* doesn't just return on its own. A lamb that's lost its way doesn't just wander home. This is something that has to be worked at.

If a blessed character loses all her *faith,* it costs her 5 Bounty Points to purchase the first level again. Restoring other lost levels can be done at normal cost. The Marshal might also make the blessed character fulfill some special goal or go on a quest for atonement.

Invoking Miracles

Calling on a character's savior is easy. Getting him, her, or it to listen is a little more difficult.

Whenever the blessed wants to invoke a miracle, she must make a *faith* roll and compare it to the TN of the miracle she's attempting to perform. If she's successful, the deity smiles on her, and the miracle goes off as desired.

If she's unsuccessful, the blessed hasn't convinced her deity that she's deserving of aid in this particular case. Put bluntly, nothing happens, except the blessed might end up with a deep blush on her face.

This doesn't mean that the blessed individual is necessarily unfaithful. Other circumstances—such as watching one's companions get wrapped up in a thorny tumblebleed—may just have distracted the pious fellow for a few critical moments, or the patron might just be testing its acolyte today.

Miracles

Every character with *faith* knows the *protection* miracle. Other miracles take years of study and practice in rituals and meditation to perfect.

The deeper mysteries of the blessed, as well as a mess of new miracles and such can be found in our blessed sourcebook, *Fire & Brimstone*.

Starting Miracles: A starting blessed character knows *protection* plus one additional miracle for every level in the higher of her *professional: theology* and *faith* Aptitudes.

New Miracles: A blessed may select a new miracle by spending 5 Bounty points.

Miracle Descriptions

Miracles have four elements you need to know before your character tries an invocation.

TN is the Target Number the blessed needs on a *faith* roll to accomplish the miracle.

Speed is the number of actions it takes to complete the invocation.

Duration is the length of time the invocation stays in effect.

Range is the distance at which the miracle can take effect.

Exorcism

TN: Special
Speed: 8 hours
Duration: Permanent
Range: 1 yard

Evicting evil spirits from a mortal host is a slow and painful process. Once the ritual has begun, the spirit is wracked by holy energy and begins an appalling display. It speaks in tongues, vomits all kinds of foulness, and curses the blessed up and down a blue streak.

Attempting to exorcise a manitou (called a demon in western religions) is a test of the blessed's *faith* versus the creature's *Spirit*. At the end of the 8-hour ritual, both sides roll. The manitou's *Spirit* is determined by a draw of the cards—just like during character creation.

If the blessed is successful, the manitou is banished and leaves the host body immediately. If the manitou wins, it gets +2 to resist further *exorcism* attempts by the same exorcist. This puts a Harrowed character to rest, by the way.

Holy Roller

TN: 5
Speed: 1
Duration: Permanent
Range: Self

The blessed know asking for holy power is normally off-limits. But sometimes the horrors of the Weird West call for desperate measures.

A blessed character can use this miracle to gain a chip from the Fate Pot. The chip must be used on her next action. If the character meets the difficulty, she gains a white chip. A raise nets her a red chip, and two raises gets her a blue chip.

The downside is that if the blessed fails the roll, her patron takes her highest chip (put it back in the pot) as penance. It's a gamble—that's why the blessed call this miracle "holy roller."

Inspiration

TN: 5
Speed: 1-minute sermon
Duration: Special
Range: Special

The Reckoners thrive on fear. Only a few folks know this, but it seems the blessed often find out quicker than others. Their good-natured tendencies to help those in need usually bring them face-to-face with things that sometimes don't even have something you'd recognize as a face.

When the blessed are fortunate enough to survive their adventures, their tales often inspire those around them.

The next part won't make sense until your character figures out how fear works for the Reckoners, but that's okay for now. Feel free to take the miracle anyway, and know that you should use it after defeating some major villainous presence to relay the inspiring story of your posses' good deeds, natures, and accomplishments to the desperate and bedeviled masses.

Every success and raise adds +2 to the blessed's *tale-tellin'* roll to reduce the Fear Level (which the Marshal can tell you all about). The blessed has to tell his tale immediately. He can't "save up" an *inspiration* bonus to use later on.

Lay on Hands

TN: Special
Speed: 1 minute
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

Holy healers have been around since ancient times. They've just never been in such demand.

The blessed use this miracle to heal the wounds and afflictions of others (not themselves). The problem is that it can only be used to cure significant ailments. Worse, if the healer is not truly faithful, he takes on the subject's malady as well.

The base TN for healing a subject's wounds is shown on the table below. The entry for "Maimed" applies to severed limbs, diseases, blindness, and the like. Maimed gizzards and noggins cannot be healed.

The blessed can never bring back the truly dead. Or undead, for that matter. Once a person's breathed his last, there's little that can be done for him.

The blessed actually feel the victim's pain, so they must subtract the patient's total wound modifiers from their *faith* roll. They must also add the victim's *faith* level if he is of the same basic religion, or subtract it if he is not.

If the healer is successful, the victim is completely healed in all areas. The patient maintains his wound modifiers for the next hour, but he is not otherwise considered wounded.

The bad news is that if the healer fails the roll, the patient isn't cured and the healer takes on the same maladies or wounds. If these are wounds, the blessed takes the victim's highest wound level to his own guts area.

Healing Difficulties

Wound Level	**TN**
Wind	3
Light	5
Heavy	7
Serious	9
Critical	11
Maimed (limbs)	13

Protection

TN: Opposed
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 round
Range: Self

One miracle used by all major religions is *protection.* This is simply reliance on one's deity or deities to protect the faithful from supernatural evil. Any character with at least one level in the *faith* Aptitude may attempt this miracle by presenting her holy symbol or otherwise declaring the power of her deity.

A supernaturally evil opponent must make a *Spirit* total versus the hero's *faith.* Should it lose, the creature cannot touch the character or otherwise cause her *direct* harm. It could still push over a bookshelf the blessed happened to be standing under, but it couldn't fire a weapon, cast a hex, or use its special abilities on her until it wins the spiritual contest.

Of course, this doesn't do the blessed's companion a bit of good. They're still fair game. Truly valiant heroes who have *protection* often find they can help the rest of their posse by standing directly between the horrific creature and their hapless friends. Be careful, though. This can be a really awkward place to be should the miracle suddenly fail.

Faithful characters shouldn't rely on this miracle too often since the winner of the contest is likely to waver back and forth. And any creature affected by *protection* probably doesn't need more than one opening to finish the fight permanently.

SACRIFICE

TN: 5
Speed: 1
Duration: Permanent
Range: Sight

One important central belief in most religions is that of sacrifice. The blessed can call upon this intervention to give one of his own chips to any other character in sight. He doesn't have to pay the usual "equal" cost of trading chips.

The blessed can give chips to nonbelievers as well as members of his own flock, unless the recipient's beliefs run counter to his own (such as an evil cultist).

Failure means no chips are transferred.

SANCTIFY

TN: 11
Speed: 1 week
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

The blessed are able to ask their deity to consecrate hallowed ground, making it painful for evil creatures to walk upon it.

To work this miracle, the blessed must remain in the place to be *sanctified* for an entire week. Once the ritual is completed, a circle with a radius equal to 10 times the blessed's *faith* is hallowed.

When an evil creature steps upon *sanctified* ground, it must make an Incredible (11) *Spirit* total every round. If it fails, it begins to smoke and steam as if burning and takes the difference in Wind. This damage is spiritual and so can actually affect undead as well as other abominations.

SMITE

TN: 5
Speed: 1
Duration: 12 rounds
Range: Touch

With this miracle, the blessed heroes of the Weird West can smite the evils of the Reckoning back into the last century.

When invoked, the caster's deity fills the blessed with holy power, raising his *Strength* by one step for every success and raise.

SUCCOR

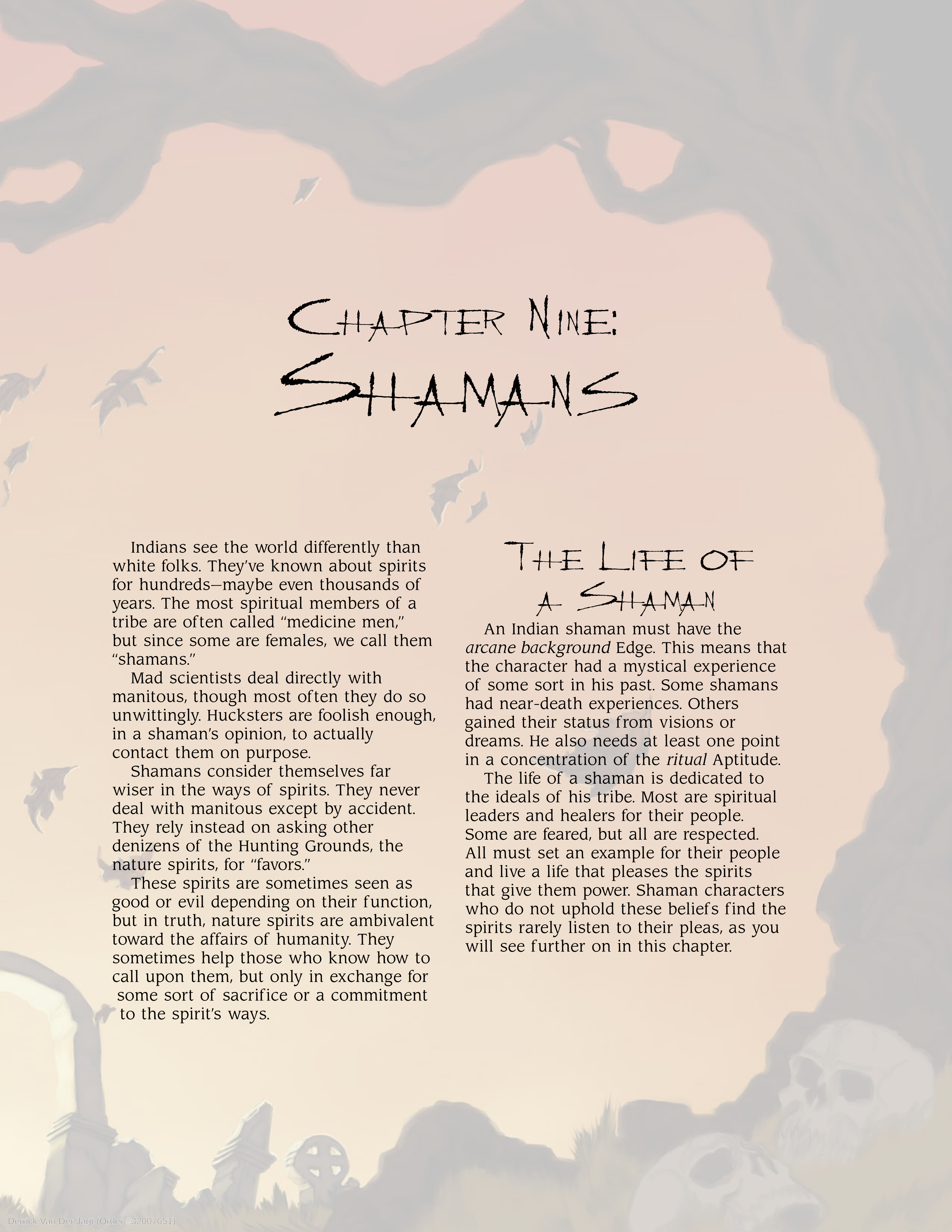
TN: 5
Speed: 1
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

There's one born every minute. Someone who's always getting beat up, that is.

This is the blessed's quick and dirty version of *lay on hands*. When invoked, it instantly rids the recipient of 1d6 Wind per success and raise. The blessed, being the pious and altruistic individuals they are, can never grant *succor* to themselves.

BLESSED MIRACLES

Description	TN	Speed	Duration	Range
Exorcism	Special	8 hours	Permanent	1 yard
Holy Roller	5	1	Permanent	Self
Inspiration	5	1 minute sermon	Special	Special
Lay On Hands	Special	1	Permanent	Touch
Protection	Opposed	1	1 round	Self
Sacrifice	5	1	Permanent	Sight
Sanctify	11	1 week	Permanent	Touch
Smite	5	1	12 rounds	Touch
Succor	5	1	Permanent	Touch



CHAPTER NINE: SHAMANS

Indians see the world differently than white folks. They've known about spirits for hundreds—maybe even thousands of years. The most spiritual members of a tribe are often called "medicine men," but since some are females, we call them "shamans."

Mad scientists deal directly with manitous, though most often they do so unwittingly. Hucksters are foolish enough, in a shaman's opinion, to actually contact them on purpose.

Shamans consider themselves far wiser in the ways of spirits. They never deal with manitous except by accident. They rely instead on asking other denizens of the Hunting Grounds, the nature spirits, for "favors."

These spirits are sometimes seen as good or evil depending on their function, but in truth, nature spirits are ambivalent toward the affairs of humanity. They sometimes help those who know how to call upon them, but only in exchange for some sort of sacrifice or a commitment to the spirit's ways.

THE LIFE OF A SHAMAN

An Indian shaman must have the *arcane background* Edge. This means that the character had a mystical experience of some sort in his past. Some shamans had near-death experiences. Others gained their status from visions or dreams. He also needs at least one point in a concentration of the *ritual* Aptitude.

The life of a shaman is dedicated to the ideals of his tribe. Most are spiritual leaders and healers for their people. Some are feared, but all are respected. All must set an example for their people and live a life that pleases the spirits that give them power. Shaman characters who do not uphold these beliefs find the spirits rarely listen to their pleas, as you will see further on in this chapter.

Calling on the Spirits

Obtaining favors from the supernatural inhabitants of the Hunting Grounds requires three steps: selecting a favor, performing a ritual, and appeasing a nature spirit.

The Favor

Favors are based on ancient traditions and relationships with particular spirits. They are not based on the shaman's whims of the moment, so the rituals used to ask for them—and the effects they have on the physical world—are already determined.

A list of rituals and favors commonly asked for by the Plains Indians and the Indians of the Southwest is presented on the following pages. More rituals, favors, deeper mysteries of shamanism, and information on specific tribes can be found in the *Ghost Dancers* sourcebook.

The Ritual

Once the shaman has selected a favor, he must attract the attention of a nature spirit. This is done by conducting a ritual of some sort, such as a chant or some form of self-sacrifice. The more important or powerful the favor, the greater the ritual must be.

Simple favors usually require only a pledge to the spirit's ideals. Greater favors may require fasting, scarring, or even mutilation. Different rituals require different concentrations in the *ritual* Aptitude. The rituals themselves are discussed on the following pages.

Approval

When the ritual required for the favor is complete, the shaman's skill and knowledge is tested by the nature spirit. The shaman should make a *ritual* Aptitude roll immediately after completing the ritual. The spirit grants the favor only if the shaman has performed the ritual with proper form and respect.

Each ritual generates "Appeasement points" based on the number of successes obtained. If the character cannot generate enough Appeasement points for the favor he has asked for, the spirit turns its distant attentions back to the chaotic Hunting Grounds.

If the number of Appeasement points generated is equal to or greater than the minimum listed to obtain the favor, it is granted by the spirit. The favor can affect either the shaman or some other individual in her presence as she chooses.

Use It or Lose It: Appeasement points can't be stored up. Your shaman asks for the favor, and then he performs the ritual. If he doesn't ask for a favor beforehand, none is granted.

Angering the Spirits

Although the spirits aid those who show them proper respect, they do so reluctantly. If a shaman continuously disturbs them for the same favor, they grow angry. For this reason, the base Appeasement cost of a favor is increased by +1 each time after the first that a shaman requests it in a 24-hour period.

The Old Ways

To nature spirits, "natural" clothing, weapons, or other belongings made by and for a particular human being have a history and carry a bit of the maker's soul. This is why they dislike mass-produced items with no past, things that are so commonly used by the white men and are symbolic of their ways.

Shamans are also repulsed by machines that pollute and ravage the earth, such as steam-powered trains and wagons, particularly since they have been created exclusively by mad scientists who have had contact with manitous in the building of their unnatural creations. These are the worst of the artificial things to be found upon the earth.

Shamans believe the spirits' disapproval of such things has weakened their relationship with the People. Many shamans are attempting to remedy this by urging their tribes to resort to the "old ways." Not everyone is heeding their call, particularly the younger braves, but their voice is still a strong one, not to be ignored.

Ordeals

A shaman who requests a very powerful favor may need to combine a number of rituals to appease the spirits. The many sacrifices made during one of these extended rituals are collectively called an "ordeal."

To begin an ordeal, the shaman must first select which rituals are to be performed. No single ritual type may be used more than once during the trial. Most rituals must be performed consecutively, but some, such as *fasting*, may be performed simultaneously with other rituals.

Any interruption between rituals causes the ordeal to fail. A going bust on any *ritual* roll also causes the entire ordeal to fail. To make another attempt at the ordeal, the shaman must start entirely over again.

After all parts of an ordeal have been performed, the Appeasement points from each ritual are totaled and applied to the favor.

Manitous

Speaking with the denizens of the Hunting Grounds is a tricky process. The rituals performed by shamans are intended to attract the attention of the nature spirits, but every once in a while a shaman is duped into communicating with a clever manitou. Worse, performing a ritual opens the shaman to spiritual forms of attack. And the manitous have little love for shamans since the Great Spirit War.

If a shaman ever goes bust while making a *ritual* Aptitude roll, he has been tricked into treating with a manitou instead of a nature spirit. The evil spirit's attack is an opposed *Spirit* roll. Since manitous come in all shapes and sizes, the Marshal has a handy chart in his section to help him figure out the manitou's power. He'll make the roll for the manitou, and tell you how much trouble your shaman's in.

If the shaman wins, the manitou retreats to the Hunting Grounds in search of easier prey. If the manitou wins, the shaman takes 3d6 points of damage to his guts area, plus an additional 1d6 for every raise the spirit got in the opposed roll.

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Non-Shaman Favors

Although only shamans can perform powerful medicine, knowledge of the spirits is an important part of most Indian cultures. Warriors, for example, call on the spirits to help them in battle, while successful hunters give thanks to the animal spirits for providing food. This means that even non-shaman Indians may ask minor favors of the spirits.

The warrior asking the favor must have at least 1 level of *faith* and know an appropriate *ritual* concentration (purchased normally). Non-shamans may not request favors that have a minimum Appeasement greater than 1, but any and all Appeasement points generated by a ritual may be applied to a requested favor.

Indians with *faith* do not have access to the blessed *protection* miracle, unless that faith is in a non-Indian religion. In which case, they shouldn't have access to shamanic favors

Shamans & Faith

You may have noticed that shamans themselves don't need the *faith* Aptitude to commune with the spirits. That's because the shaman talks to the spirits every day, and has total confidence in their power. Nature spirits are part of the real everyday world for the shaman, as real as horses and guns to the white man

Whenever a shaman is called upon to make a *faith roll,* he may use his *ritual* skill instead.

Non-shaman Indians may have *faith*. If so, they are believers in their tribe's ways but not practitioners. These types usually cannot ask for favors of any sort.

Rituals

Each ritual is a concentration of the *ritual* Aptitude. The individual descriptions also list the Trait the ritual is associated with. Use the shaman's level in ritual along with the ritual concentration's Trait type to figure out what dice to roll.

Starting Rituals: A shaman may start the game with as many *ritual* concentrations as he cares to spend character points for. Each ritual type is a concentration, and costs 3 character points.

Learning New Rituals: A shaman may learn new rituals at any time, simply by spending 3 Bounty Points for a new concentration.

Reading the Rituals

Trait is the Trait the ritual Aptitude uses.

Speed is the time it takes to complete the ritual.

TN is the Target Number of the ritual.

Appeasement is the number of Appeasement points awarded per success and raise on the shaman's *ritual* Aptitude roll.

Dance

Trait: Nimbleness
Speed: Varies
TN: Varies
Appeasement: 1

Few things attract the attention of the spirits like the energy of a rousing dance. Keeping their attention is another matter and depends on the quality of the performance.

Dances may be simple, complex, or elaborate.

A *simple* dance is one performed by a solitary dancer with simple repetitive steps and chanting.

In a *complex* dance, the dancer performs complex footwork and a series of athletic maneuvers.

An *elaborate* dance consists of complex steps combined with special costumes and perhaps multiple dancers.

DANCE

Dance	Speed	TN
Simple	1 hour	9
Complex	2 hours	7
Elaborate	4 hours	5

Fast

Trait: Spirit
Speed: Variable
TN: 13–the number of days fasted
Appeasement: Varies

Physical discomfort is a sign of great loyalty to the spirits. Going several days without eating (i.e., fasting) is a common way of invoking powerful medicine.

Each day the shaman fasts, she must make a *Vigor* roll versus a TN of 5 plus the number of days she has fasted. Failure means the shaman takes 1d6 Wind. This Wind may only be restored by eating. Even magical healing cannot restore the Wind until she eats—that's part of the sacrifice.

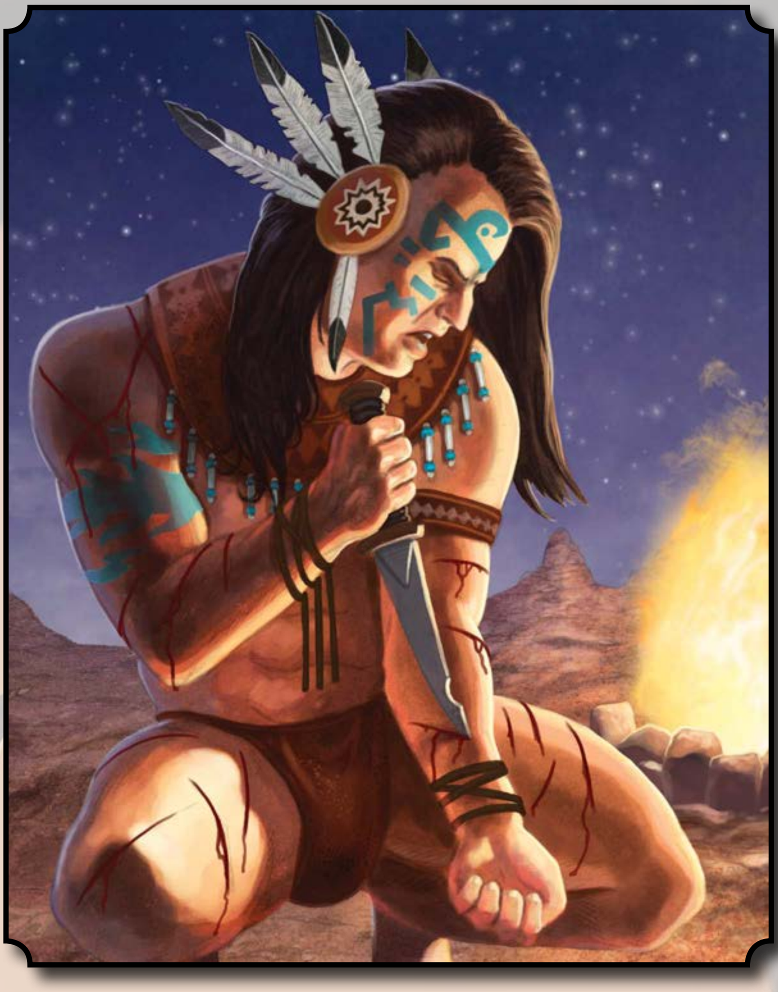
At the end of the fasting, the shaman makes the ritual roll. The TN is 13 minus the number of days fasted. The minimum TN is Foolproof (3). Every success and raise on the roll nets 3 Appeasement points.

Maim

Trait: Vigor
Speed: 1
TN: Varies
Appeasement: 3

One of the most frightening Indian rituals—especially to non-Indians—is self-mutilation.

This involves burning, cutting, or even removing certain body parts. While the shaman is hurt, the Marshal should give him penalties or Hindrances to match any major damage or collective minor damage. If he cuts off a finger, for instance, the character should subtract -1 from future *Deftness* totals. If he eventually removes all of his fingers, he gets the *one-armed bandit* Hindrance and all the penalties that go along with it.



Shamans with *blessed* friends can often have major "incurable" damage healed. That's fine. The risks involved for the healer far outweigh the benefits of picking up a couple of quick Appeasement points, so such undertakings are rarely made lightly by savvy heroes.

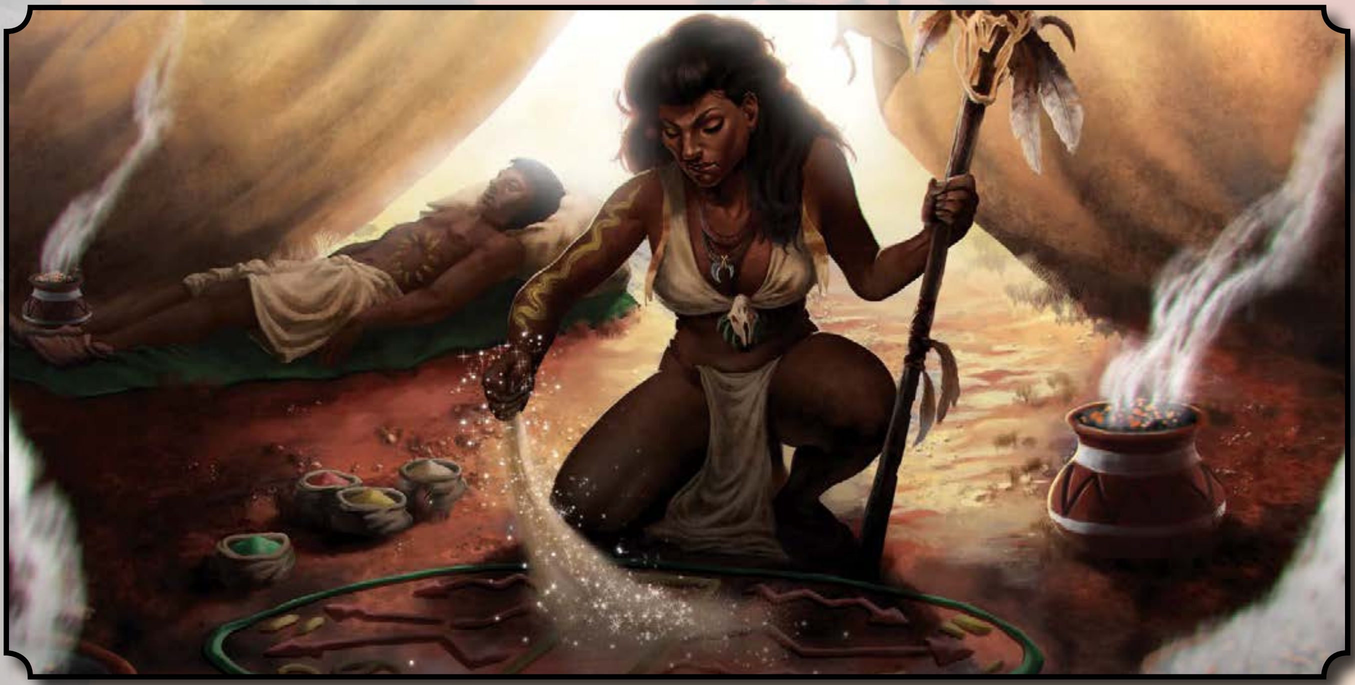
Minor curable damage is an injury at least equivalent to a light wound.

Minor incurable damage is removal or disfigurement of a small body part that may apply penalties to certain actions. The immediate effect is a heavy injury to the body area.

Major incurable damage debilitates the shaman in some way. He loses a finger, eye, tongue, or other important body part. Major damage also causes an critical wound to the affected area.

MAIM

Action	Speed	TN
Minor curable damage	1	11
Minor incurable damage	2	7
Major incurable damage	3	5



Paint

Trait: Cognition
Speed: Varies
TN: Varies
Appeasement: 2

Sand paintings, cliff paintings, and ceremonial markings on the body are other ways of showing the shaman's commitment to the spirit world. The larger and more elaborate they happen to be, the better. When requesting a favor for another, body painting is applied to the recipient of the favor.

Of course, only natural tools and pigments can be used in this ritual. Artificial substitutes just don't cut it.

The time required for this ritual depends on the level of Appeasement desired.

Paint

Painting	Time	TN
Simple	10 minutes	11
Complex	30 minutes	9
Elaborate	2 hours	7

Pledge

Trait: Knowledge
Speed: 1
TN: 9
Appeasement: 1

A pledge is a promise to a particular spirit of nature. The promise is to respect and honor the spirit and its "sphere of influence." An eagle spirit, for example, would want the shaman's promise to respect it, the air, and the wind itself.

A good-natured shaman likely lives up to these values daily, and so can call upon the spirits without pledging any additional or specific tasks. If he doesn't, the Marshal should feel free to penalize the wayward shaman whenever she tries to call on the spirits in the future. This damage can be repaired by fulfilling the pledge at any time.

Scar

Trait: Vigor
Speed: Varies
TN: Varies
Appeasement: 1

Scarring is far less drastic than mutilation. (See the *maim* ritual for details about appeasing the spirits in that particularly drastic way.) A shaman need only mar his skin, not destroy or lop off parts of his anatomy.

When requesting a favor for another, the scarring is applied to the recipient instead of the shaman. The shaman requesting the favor from the spirits must be the one wielding the knife in any case.

Scarring does no actual wounds to the recipient, but they do take some wind. The only lasting damage is cosmetic. An Indian with several large and visible scars (at least three) automatically has the *ugly as sin* Hindrance.

SCAR

Size	Speed	TN	Damage
Small (1–3")	1	7	1d6 Wind
Large (4"+)	2	5	2d6 Wind

TATTOO

Trait: Deftness
Speed: Varies
TN: Varies
Appeasement: 2

This ritual proves the shaman's dedication to the spirit world by permanently inscribing a tribute directly on human flesh. The greater this tribute is, the more likely the spirits are to honor it with favors.

Tattoos have three basic sizes: small, medium, and large.

Small tattoos are only a few inches square.

Medium tattoos cover a sizable portion of the shaman's body, such as the forearm.

Large tattoos cover the majority of a major body part, such as the back or chest.

New tattoos may not be placed over existing tattoos. When requesting the favor for another individual, the tattoo is inscribed on the recipient of the favor.

TATTOO

Tattoo Size	Speed	TN
Small	1 hour	9
Medium	2 hours	7
Large	8 hours	5

FAVORS

Below are some common favors that may be granted by the spirits of nature.

Starting Favors: A shaman knows 1 favor for every level she has in the *ritual* Aptitude.

Gaining New Favors: Shamans can learn additional favors for 5 Bounty Points each. Check out the *Ghost Dancers* sourcebook for a ton of new favors, as well as rules for gaining Appeasement points faster and easier through Guardian Spirits.

READING THE FAVORS

Favors have only 3 elements:

Appeasement is the minimum number of Appeasement points it takes to garner the favor.

Duration is how long the favor lasts.

Range is the distance at which the favor takes place or the "reach" of the shaman's effect, depending on the favor. As with a huckster's magic, a shaman must be able to see his target to affect it, unless a favor says otherwise.

CURSE

Appeasement: 3/5/7
Duration: Permanent
Range: 10 yards/Appeasement

This favor is powerful medicine that calls down the wrath of the spirit world upon a shaman's enemy. When granted, the target suffers a malady of some sort.

The number of Appeasement points used to ask for the favor determines the power of the curse. The nature of the disease or affliction may vary, but the effects are the same as for the *ailin'* Hindrance. Three Appeasement points causes a *minor* ailment, five points causes a *chronic* affliction, and seven

Appeasement points inflicts a *fatal* condition on the victim.

The *curse* may be lifted at any time by the shaman who first invoked it. Other shamans may lift the *curse* by generating more Appeasement points than were used to place the curse and then asking the spirits to check their anger.

Most shamans don't use this favor lightly. Curses are not to be trifled with.

Earth Speak

Appeasement: 1
Duration: Concentration
Range: Touch

This favor calls upon the spirits of the earth to guide the shaman along the path of her quarry. Unlike most favors, the shaman does not have to see her quarry to receive this boon.

Each Appeasement applied to the favor gives the recipient an extra level of *trackin'*. A mystical glow surrounds marks made by the target's path, though only the shaman can see it (as long as he's close enough).

Guiding Wind

Appeasement: 1
Duration: 5 rounds
Range: Touch

Using this favor, the shaman calls upon the wind spirits to guide the flight of an arrow, spear, or other "natural" weapon to its target.

Each Appeasement point applied to the favor grants the recipient a +1 bonus to hit with a thrown weapon or arrow for the next 5 rounds.

Lightning Strike

Appeasement: 2
Duration: Instant
Range: 50 yards/Appeasement

This favor calls upon the spirits of the storm to strike the shaman's enemy with lightning. Though powerful, *lightning strike* may only be used during a thunderstorm.

If the ritual is successful, the target is automatically hit for 3d10 points of damage to the guts area. Every Appeasement point beyond the minimum increases the damage by an extra d10.

Medicine

Appeasement: Varies
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

This favor calls upon the spirits to accelerate Nature's course and speed a patient's healing.

The number of Appeasement points required to heal a wound depends on the highest level of wounds the character to be healed has sustained. (A serious wound requires 4 Appeasement points, for instance.) If the shaman achieves that many Appeasement points, the character in her care is healed completely. If not, he remains wounded.

The shaman can try again if she'd like, with the usual penalties.

Medicine

Wound Level	AP
Light	2
Heavy	3
Serious	4
Critical	5
Maimed (limb)	6

Pact

Appeasement: Varies
Duration: Until used
Range: Self

This favor allows the shaman to make a sacred pact with a nature spirit which the spirit promises to honor at a later time. In effect, the shaman uses this favor to store another favor in some sort of token or fetish for later use.

Spirits dislike being bound in this way and require high levels of Appeasement for such a service. For this reason, the Appeasement needed to forge such a pact is equal to twice the Appeasement normally required for the requested favor.

The shaman must use some small token such as a feather or other fetish in the ritual. This fetish serves as a symbol of the spirit's obligation and is needed to redeem it later. When the pact is forged, record the number of Appeasement points that were used. Half this number is used to determine the power of the promised favor when the fetish is redeemed.

Keep in mind that if the shaman loses the fetish before the favor is used, those points are gone. Anyone possessing an unredeemed fetish may activate it (if they know what it is) as a simple action by touching it and making a Fair (5) *Spirit* roll. The person does not have to know the particular favor that is stored in a fetish to activate it—but it's usually best to find out, if possible. Activating a fetish with a *curse* bound in it could be inconvenient, to say the least.

Even favors that can normally be used only by shamans can be granted in this way to non-shamans or even non-Indians.

Spirits tend to avoid shamans who habitually bind them. For this reason, a shaman is at -2 per unredeemed promise to all *ritual* Aptitude rolls.

Shapeshift

Appeasement: 4
Duration: 1 hour per Appeasement point
Range: Self

A shaman may use this favor to assume the form of an ordinary animal. The most common are the wolf, eagle, coyote, and fish. The Marshal has stats for some common critters in his book.

Only the shaman's body is affected by this transformation. Clothing and equipment carried by the shapeshifter are dropped unless they can be fitted to his new form. This favor may not be used to transform into any form of supernatural creature.

Throughout the experience, the shaman retains his sense of self. He can return to his own form at any time he wishes, but he must then perform another ritual to take on an animal's form once again.

Soar with Eagles

Appeasement: 2/4
Duration: Concentration
Range: Self

The shaman's spirit is guided by nature spirits into the body of the nearest raptor—a bird of prey. The shaman may see through the bird's eyes. If 4 Appeasement points are used, the shaman has full control of the bird's actions.

If the bird is hurt while inhabited by the shaman, make a *Spirit* roll against the TN of the wound received by the animal. Failure means the shaman takes the same wounds to his own body.

The shaman is in a trancelike state for the entire duration of the favor and may take no actions.

Speed of the Wolf

Appeasement: 1
Duration: 6 rounds
Range: Touch

Speed of the wolf endows the recipient with the graceful speed of a running wolf. He may add 1d6 yards to his basic Pace per Appeasement point spent. Treat this as if it were his normal Pace—meaning he may run up to twice this amount in a round.

Spirit Warrior

Appeasement: 1
Duration: 4 hours
Range: Touch

This favor allows a shaman or warrior to call upon the spirits for aid in battle. Unlike other favors, this one is tied to a particular ritual: body painting. The warrior must paint herself conspicuously to show that she is on the warpath prior to engaging in a fight.

The recipient of the favor may add 1 level to her *dodge, fightin',* or *shootin': bow* Aptitude per Appeasement point. The one who asks for the favor must select the Aptitude that receives the bonus at the moment the favor is requested.

Strength of the Bear

Appeasement: 1
Duration: 6 rounds
Range: Touch

The recipient of this favor is imbued with the powerful strength of a massive bear spirit. Indians with at least one level of *faith* can see the hazy outline of a huge grizzly around the warrior.

The target's *Strength* is increased by 1 step for each Appeasement point.

Vision Quest

Appeasement: Varies
Duration: Instant
Range: Self

A *vision quest* is a plea to the spirits for a glimpse into the outcome of a future action or event. Spirits don't like to grant these requests. They are wild and chaotic beings themselves, and they realize the future can change in less than a heartbeat. Still, they can be talked into providing the most likely answer to a particular question if they are sufficiently appeased.

The shaman may ask the spirits a single question. The importance of the question determines the Appeasement points needed. The Marshal has the final say on how much it costs.

Nature spirits' answers are always strange and indecipherable, but they never lie. The Marshal should concoct a story that somehow communicates the answer to the question without directly giving it away.

Vision Quest

AP	Information Requested
2	A minor matter such as the success of a crop, marriage, birth, etc.
5	A matter of import, such as a clue to the identity of a murderer or a hint as to the weakness of an abomination.
10	A major matter such as the outcome of a proposed raid or whether someone might speak the truth at an important negotiation.

Wilderness Walk

Appeasement: 2
Duration: Concentration
Range: Touch

Wilderness walk allows the shaman to move through the outdoors quietly and without leaving a trace.

The earth spirits quiet the sound of the shaman's footsteps, giving +8 to *sneak* rolls. They also make it impossible for someone to track the walker without magical aid.

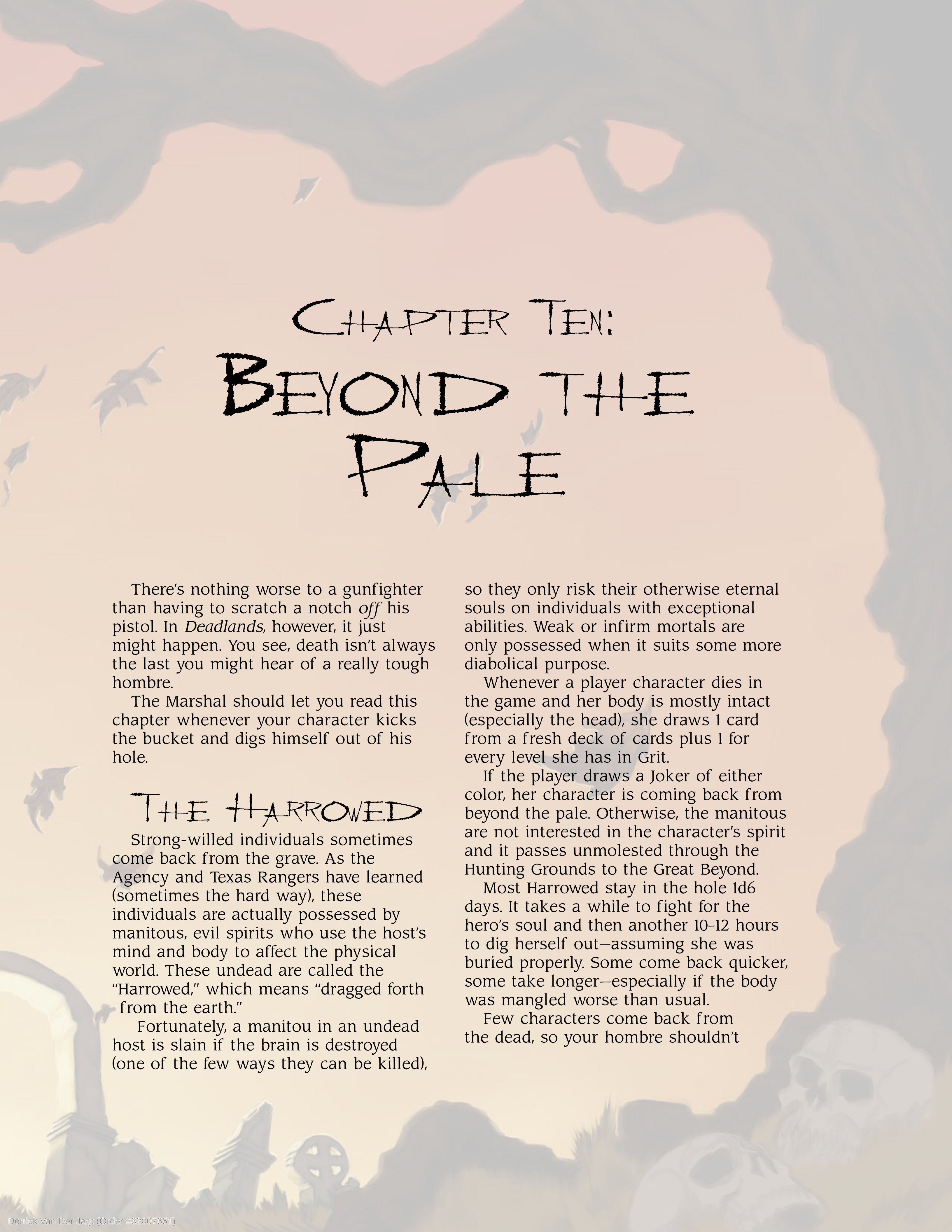
The nature spirits that perform this service refuse to enter villages, towns, or any other inhabited area. The shaman loses any benefits of the favor if he gets within 50 yards of such a place.

Shamanic Rituals

Ritual	Trait	Speed	Target Number	Appeasement
Dance	Nimbleness	Varies	Varies	1
Fast	Spirit	Varies	13-number of days fasting	3/success and raise
Maim	Vigor	1	Varies	3
Paint	Cognition	Varies	Varies	2
Pledge	Knowledge	1	9	1
Scar	Vigor	1/2	7/5	1
Tattoo	Deftness	Varies	Varies	2

Shamanic Favors

Favor	Appeasement	Duration	Range
Curse	3/5/7	Permanent	10 Yards/Appeasement
Earth Speak	1	Concentration	Touch
Guiding Wind	1	5 rounds	Touch
Lightning Strike	2	Instant	50 yards/Appeasement
Medicine	Varies	Permanent	Touch
Pact	Varies	Until Used	Self
Shapeshift	4	1 hour/Appeasement	Self
Soar With Eagles	2/4	Concentration	Self
Speed of the Wolf	1	6 rounds	Touch
Spirit Warrior	1	4 hours	Touch
Strength of the Bear	1	6 rounds	Touch
Vision Quest	Varies	Instant	Self
Wilderness Walk	2	Concentration	Touch



CHAPTER TEN:

BEYOND THE PALE

There's nothing worse to a gunfighter than having to scratch a notch *off* his pistol. In *Deadlands*, however, it just might happen. You see, death isn't always the last you might hear of a really tough hombre.

The Marshal should let you read this chapter whenever your character kicks the bucket and digs himself out of his hole.

THE HARROWED

Strong-willed individuals sometimes come back from the grave. As the Agency and Texas Rangers have learned (sometimes the hard way), these individuals are actually possessed by manitous, evil spirits who use the host's mind and body to affect the physical world. These undead are called the "Harrowed," which means "dragged forth from the earth."

Fortunately, a manitou in an undead host is slain if the brain is destroyed (one of the few ways they can be killed), so they only risk their otherwise eternal souls on individuals with exceptional abilities. Weak or infirm mortals are only possessed when it suits some more diabolical purpose.

Whenever a player character dies in the game and her body is mostly intact (especially the head), she draws 1 card from a fresh deck of cards plus 1 for every level she has in Grit.

If the player draws a Joker of either color, her character is coming back from beyond the pale. Otherwise, the manitous are not interested in the character's spirit and it passes unmolested through the Hunting Grounds to the Great Beyond.

Most Harrowed stay in the hole 1d6 days. It takes a while to fight for the hero's soul and then another 10–12 hours to dig herself out—assuming she was buried properly. Some come back quicker, some take longer—especially if the body was mangled worse than usual.

Few characters come back from the dead, so your hombre shouldn't go catching bullets hoping to come back with cool powers. Unless your hero has a lot of Grit, odds are he's just wormfood.

If you're really "dying" to play a Harrowed character, *The Book o' the Dead* lets you create an undead from scratch and details all kinds of new powers and abilities.

Voices in your Head

Manitous need a mortal soul to survive in the physical world. This means they must keep their host's soul around. When they inhabit a Harrowed, they fight with the soul inside for control.

Harrowed heroes remain in control of themselves most of the time (otherwise the Marshal would be running your character for you). But, from time to time the demon squirming around inside his head tries to hop into the driver's seat. If the manitou is strong enough, it can take control of your hero for a couple of minutes. If it gets too strong, it can take control of the body forever.

Dominion Points

We represent this struggle for control with Dominion points. Harrowed characters have a total number of Dominion points equal to their *Spirit*. Having Dominion is pretty important. The more you have, the better your hero will be able to keep the demon inside him from coming out to play.

When do you check for Dominion? Well, as you'll learn in a minute, Harrowed do need to "sleep" for a couple of hours a night, and the manitou uses that opportunity to torment its host with nightmares and visions of evil deeds. While the hero's mind is still reeling from the psychic assault, the manitou tries to sap a little of its host's will, stealing Dominion. So, at the beginning of each game session, both the manitou and the hero should make an opposed *Spirit* check, adding their Dominion to their roll when they struggle for control.. The winner gains a point of Dominion for every success and raise he gets over his opponent.

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The Nightmare

Manitous first battle for Dominion moments after snatching mortal souls as they pass through the Hunting Grounds. This spiritual test of wills manifests as a horrible nightmare drawn from your character's past. That's why we had you fill in the "worst nightmare" box on the back of your character sheet.

When your character has his nightmare, the Marshal has two ways to carry it out. One way is quick and dirty and gets you back in the game quickly. In the other, you actually have to struggle through a solo adventure inspired by your hero's nightmare. The result determines who's in charge when your character's corpse comes crawling up out of the earth.

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THE UNLIFE OF THE HARROWED

So what's it like being undead? It's a mixed blessing. A walking corpse is a tough hombre in a fight, but he doesn't have an easy time making friends.

The first few hours an undead crawls back into the world aren't pleasant. His last memories are of whatever caused his death, and then he usually finds himself waking up in a grave or some other strange place. Whatever wounds the cowpoke died of don't seem as bad as they should, but he bears a scar or some other evidence of his death wound that *never* goes away.

The Harrowed's body doesn't adjust to its new state quickly. At first, rigor mortis causes the character seizures, and his mind is fuzzy as well. The first day after returning from the grave, the Harrowed suffers a -4 to all actions. The second day, the modifier is -3, and so on.

Things aren't much better once the fog clears a bit. The character still doesn't know why he thought he died and has now come back. Even more confusing, if he listens for a heartbeat, he hears one, though it sounds more like a pregnant flutter than a heartbeat (that's the manitou wiggling around inside). If he tries to cut himself, he bleeds, but the blood is thick and dark and clots quickly.

After a while, a new Harrowed eventually figure out he's undead. When someone blows a hole through your gizzard and it's healed up a few days later, it's hard to deny something's up. That's when a fellow starts learning the up side of being a zombie.

COMMON POWERS

There a whole passel of powers common to all Harrowed characters, and they're listed below.

Harrowed characters can eventually learn two other types of powers: those they gain from defeating abominations, called Coup Powers, and those that are extensions of their own personality, called Harrowed Powers. More on both of those in a little bit.

DEATH WOUNDS

As you'll see in a bit, Harrowed regenerate. Slit one's belly open and he'll be fine in just a few days—you'd never even know he was wounded.

The exception to this is the hero's "death wound." The wound that finally puts a fellow down never "sets" quite right. Those in the know can sometimes spot a Harrowed just by looking for these nasty wounds.

Most Harrowed do the best they can to cover up their death wounds—the living don't cotton to seeing other folks guts falling out of their bodies. Some wounds are easier to cover than others. A Harrowed who was strangled might just have to start wearing high-collared shirts after death.. If your hero gets her chest blown out by a double-barrel shotgun blast, she might have a bit more trouble.

DECAY

Undead characters always have pale, sallow skin. They don't rot, since the manitous inside them sustain their bodies with magical energy, but they don't exactly smell like roses either. Anyone dumb enough to put their nose up to a Harrowed character can detect the smell of decay on a Moderate (5) *Cognition* roll. Drinking about a quart or so of alcohol "pickles" the Harrowed for a day or so, raising the TN to an Incredible (11).

Animals always react poorly to a piece of rotting meat that has the audacity to walk around on two legs. All *horse ridin'*, *animal wranglin'*, and *teamster* rolls are made at -2.

DRUGS & ALCOHOL

Harrowed can't be poisoned, catch non-supernatural diseases, get drunk, or be affected by normal drugs.

Some of them still *think* they can get drunk or drugged, and act accordingly. Habits of a lifetime die hard.

Food

You might think death would put a serious crimp in a cowpoke's appetite, but surprisingly, the undead do need to eat—at least if they want to repair any damage to their carcasses.

Harrowed need meat. Fresh or carrion, it doesn't really matter. The manitous draw energy from the meat and use it to repair the Harrowed's body. (See **Regeneration** below).

Harrowed don't need water, but whiskey keeps the scent of the grave off of them a bit (see **Decay**).

Grit

Becoming a member of the walking dead hardens the mind. Seeing a werewolf loping across a moonlit plain is still unnerving, but a fellow who can shoot himself in the heart and keep laughing learns to accept these things.

Add +1 to your character's Grit after returning from the grave.

Pain

Undead don't feel much pain, but they still can't shoot as well if half their shooting hand is blown off. This allows them to ignore 2 levels of wound modifiers per area. In other words, serious wounds inflict a -1 penalty per area. Lesser wound modifiers are ignored. This is cumulative with Edges like *thick-skinned*.

The Harrowed can also ignore stun as well—unless the source is magical. Then they have to roll like anyone else.

Regeneration

The same ability to suspend natural decay actually helps the undead regenerate their wounds as well. Harrowed characters may make natural healing rolls once per day instead of once per week.

As we mentioned under **Food** above, the Harrowed has to supply the manitou with some raw material in the form of meat. No meat, no healing roll. A Harrowed who's been dismembered and can't find anyone to feed him food is still "alive"—he's just not real mobile. The only thing that can kill a Harrowed is if his brain is destroyed, so a dismembered undead is in his own personal little Hell. Harrowed can even survive beheading—but they really hate it.

Harrowed can even heal severed body parts. It takes time of course, but if the harrowed can reattach the severed limb to the body, they may start making healing rolls normally. Once the wound is healed from maimed to critical, the limb can be used again.

By the way, undead can't benefit from any sort of healing that heals living flesh. *Medicine*, and even magical healing have no effect the Harrowed.

Sleep

The manitous inside the Harrowed's head need a little down time each night, usually about 1d6 hours for every 24 hour day.

When it's time to go night-night, the manitous usually just shuts the Harrowed down. This can be fought, but it's not easy. Every hour that the hero wants to stay awake, he must make an opposed *Spirit* check with the manitou. If he wins, he's up for another hour. If he loses, time to go sleepy-by.

Fighting the manitou like this is pretty exhausting, The Harrowed loses 1d4 Wind for every 24 hour period that she doesn't go dormant. When she finally does let the manitou put her down for a nap, she regains lost Wind at a rate of 1 per hour of sleep. Harrowed who drop to 0 Wind by resisting sleep drop like a—well, like a corpse. Once the body returns to 1 Wind, the manitou puts the hero to sleep for 1d6 hours as normal.

Sleeping Harrowed aren't totally oblivious to their surrounding, by the way. The manitou keeps an eye out for trouble. Should someone sneak up on the hero, allow him a *Cognition* roll versus the opponents *sneak*. Apply any modifiers for *light sleepers* as well.

Undeath

The undead can ignore bleeding and Wind caused by physical damage, drowning, or other indirect damage that affects the body's organs. The Harrowed still take Wind caused by magical or mental strain, such as failed *guts* checks or miscast hexes, however. They can also be hurt by magical means. *Soul blast* hexes work well, for instance.

The Harrowed take wounds normally, but they can't be killed except by destroying the brain—the manitou needs that to make the body function.

If the noggin takes a killing blow (is maimed), the undead and the manitou inside it are destroyed.

Killing blows to the guts area put a Harrowed down until the manitou inside heals the damage back to critical or less.

Counting Coup

The greatest abominations are filled with supernatural essences that give them their power. Harrowed characters can steal this energy by standing over the creature as it dies and absorbing its essence. The Harrowed call this "counting coup" after the Indian tradition of touching their enemies.

The particular power gained from an abomination is called its "coup." Any Harrowed characters within a few feet of the creature when it dies absorb its coup automatically. It's impossible to tell ahead of time if a critter has a coup or, if it has one, what that power is.

Only the most powerful abominations—singular "named" creatures such as the Headless Horseman, Dracula, or the like—generally have coup. The Marshal will tell you all about it when your hero puts down an abomination with a coup. Don't worry too much about it 'til then.

Harrowed Powers

The Harrowed first emerge from the grave with only the powers common to all undead. After a while, however, they inevitably find themselves in danger and inadvertently tap into the manitou inside them.

Below are a few powers to get your undead characters moving once they're out of the wormhole. There's a bunch more in the *Book o' the Dead,* as well as rules for creating an undead character from scratch.

Buying Powers

A Harrowed can buy a new power by spending 10 Bounty Points. He can choose any power for which he has a recommended Edge or Hindrance. With the Marshal's permission, he can also buy a power that fits his background or personality. The intent is for the Harrowed's power to be an extension of his character. If the rules don't fit the situation, break 'em. We'll call the rules police off this time.

If the new power has multiple levels, the character starts at level 1. Additional levels may be bought with Bounty Points. Improving a power is like raising a Trait Level, but the cost is 2 times the new level. Raising *claws* from level 3 to level 4, for example, costs 8 Bounty Points.

The powers available to an undead character are determined by the Marshal's call alone. The best guide to go by is the character's own Hindrances, Edges, background, and personality as a whole. The powers that the Harrowed can gain should be natural extensions of these factors. A character who is *bloodthirsty,* for example, might be able to raise her *Strength* or grow *claws.*

Harrowed Power Descriptions

Each Harrowed power listed power has three elements: Speed, Duration, and Dispositions.

Speed is the number of actions it takes to activate the power. Some powers, such as *supernatural trait,* are "always on" and don't require any kind of activation.

Duration is how long the power lasts. Concentration means the Harrowed must maintain her concentration on the power instead of other things and meanwhile can only perform simple actions like move or resist enemy tests of will.

Dispositions are Edges and Hindrances that fit most easily with a particular power. You can use these to easily determine powers for a new Harrowed.

When choosing powers, try to choose those that make sense. A really nasty knife-fighter, for instance, might come back with claws. A huckster probably comes back with *supernatural Smarts.*

Remember, these Dispositions are guidelines, not rules. You should feel free to pick powers you think fit best for a hero, regardless of Edges and Hindrances. Aptitudes and background stories are just as important, probably more so, but we can't list those as easily.

Cat Eyes

Speed: 2
Duration: Concentration
Dispositions: *Keen, "the stare," bad eyes, curious*

Cat eyes grants an undead character the ability to see things others cannot, even stare directly into the murky depths of a man's soul (to a certain extent). When used, the Harrowed's eyes glow slightly, as an animal's do when they catch the moonlight just right.

The undead actually has to concentrate to use the ability. It is not considered "always on."

Harrowed characters with this power should be careful how and when they decide to use it. Sometimes the glowing side-effect can show an enemy just where to put his bullet if a Harrowed with *cat eyes* is trying to sneak up on him in the middle of a dark night.

The ability gained at each level is shown on the table. The Harrowed has the abilities of his level and any levels below that too.

Cat Eyes

Level	Power
1	**Distance:** The character can see twice as far as anyone else. Add +4 to *Cognition* or *search* checks made to spot distant sights.
2	**Heat:** The Harrowed can detect heat sources at least as warm as a normal human at 50 yards. Note that background heat might obscure lesser sources.
3	**Night:** As long as there is any light source at all (including starlight), the character can see in almost total darkness as if it were daylight.

4 **Darkness:** The character can see in complete darkness as if it were daylight.

5 **Soul Sight:** The final stage allows the Harrowed to look directly into another's soul. When activated, he can tell a person's general inclination, if he's lying, or if he's an abomination or Harrowed by making a Hard (9) *scrutinize* roll. He can also add +4 to all his normal *scrutinize* rolls.

CLAWS

Speed: 1
Duration: As desired
Dispositions: *Two-fisted, all thumbs, bloodthirsty, one-armed bandit, ugly as sin, vengeful*

Saloon gals can leave vicious scratches down a fellow's back, but that's nothing. These claws can go right through a spine.

The character's hands turn into cruel claws at will. The higher the level, the bigger the claws. The damage of the claws is added to the character's *Strength* roll whenever she hits using *fightin': brawlin'*, just like the claws were a hand-held blade.

The character can retract the claws by simply thinking about it. Keeping them out or in requires absolutely no concentration on the Harrowed's part.

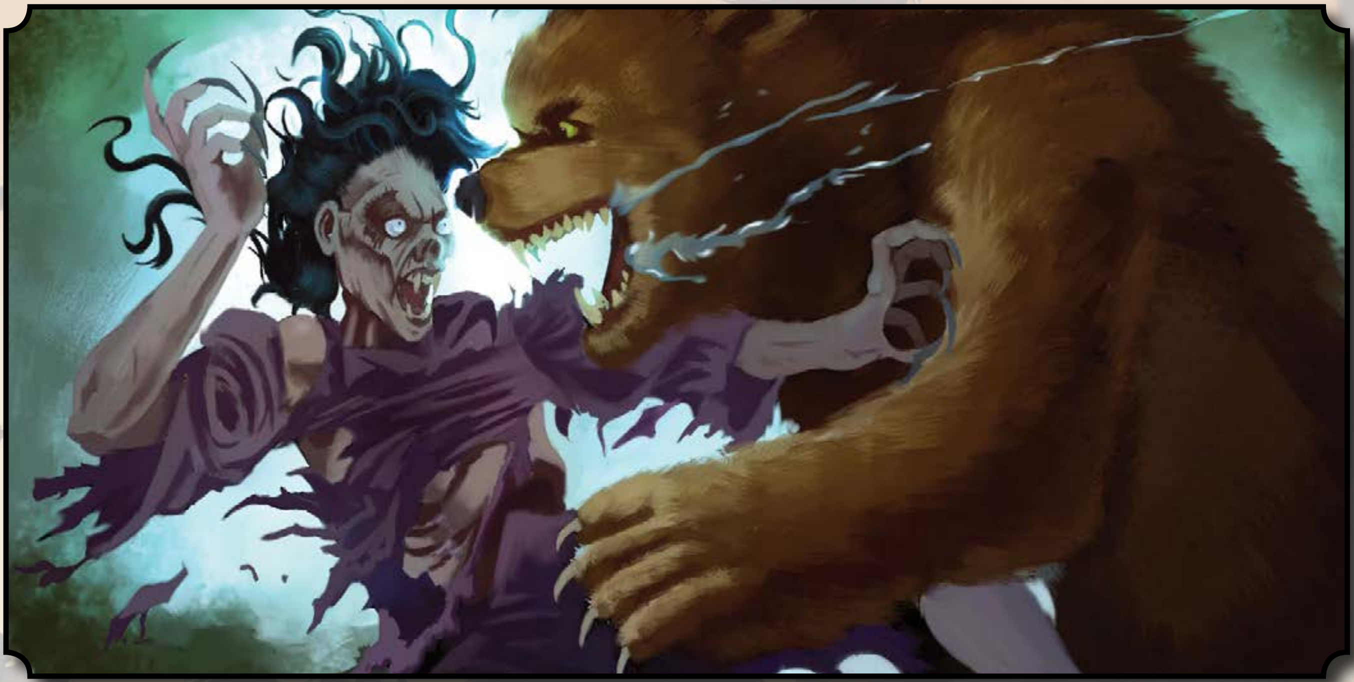
CLAWS

Level	Damage
1	+1d4
2	+1d6
3	+1d8
4	+1d10
5	+1d12

GHOST

Speed: 2
Duration: Concentration (Varies)
Dispositions: *Ailin', bad eyes, curious, haunted, night terrors, pacifist, thin skinned*

Some people seem to have walked through life untouched by anything. Sometimes that continues even after death.



The character and any objects he wears or carries can become completely insubstantial at will. This allows him to walk through walls and ignore physical attacks. Of course, he cannot affect the physical world without materializing himself by ending his use of the power The Harrowed can be affected by supernatural attacks, like the huckster hex *soul blast*.

A "ghosted" undead is not invisible, however. He appears just as a solid as ever, right up until somebody tries to grab his shoulder and winds up sticking her hand straight through him.

The amount of Wind it requires to remain immaterial depends on the level of the power.

Ghost

Level	Wind per Round
1	5
2	4
3	3
4	2
5	1

Soul Eater

Speed: 1
Duration: Special
Dispositions: *Ailin', greedy, hankerin'*

Those who hungered in life—whether for power, money or simple creature comforts—can continue to hunger after death. Of course, the hunger takes a different and more sinister form.

Soul eater is one of the undead's cruelest weapons. The Harrowed grasps her victim by the throat and squeezes as if trying to choke him. In a heartbeat, the victim's life force is drawn from his body and consumed by the hungry undead.

A *soul eating* undead must first get at least one raise on an opposed *fightin': brawlin'* roll. When she does, she has the victim by the throat and can begin to drain out his life force. This is an opposed *Spirit* roll. The difference is the amount of Wind the Harrowed drains if successful. If he fails, nothing happens.

The Harrowed can use the stolen life force to revitalize herself in some way. As her skill in the power grows, she has more options to choose from. The amount of Wind the power steals is determined by the level of the power the Harrowed is using. Stolen Wind fades if not used immediately.

Soul Eater

Level	Power
1	**Restoration:** Stolen Wind restores the undead's Wind on a 1 for 1 basis.
2	**Regeneration:** Every 5 points of stolen Wind regenerates a wound level in one area on the Harrowed's body.
3	**Bolster:** Every 5 points of stolen Wind raises the undead's *Strength* by one step. A step of the stolen *Strength* is lost every 10 minutes until it eventually returns to normal.

Stitchin'

Speed: Special
Duration: Permanent
Dispositions: *Thick skinned, big 'un, overconfident*

Undead can heal themselves faster than ordinary folks. The manitous inside them draw supernatural energy from the air around them to stitch up their holes and keep them looking awful pretty. As pretty as a warmed-over, strutting corpse can get, anyway.

Stitchin' allows undead to regenerate their wounds even faster than the Harrowed normally can. The rate at which they do so depends on the level of the power. The time shown on the table below is how exactly often the undead with this power can attempt a healing roll.

Stitchin'

Level	Healing Roll Frequency
1	Every 12 hours
2	Every 6 hours
3	Every 3 hours
4	Every hour
5	Every 10 minutes

Supernatural Trait

Speed: Always on
Duration: Permanent
Dispositions: Any

A gunslinger with supernatural *Quickness* is deadlier than a Gatling gun. A mad scientist with paranormal *Smarts* can make an awful lot of Gatling guns, however.

This power raises any one Trait (chosen when the power is awarded or purchased) by one step per level. The power is tied to a particular Trait, though a character can have multiple *supernatural traits.*

The trait raised should somehow reflect the character's personality or past. A gunslinger might gain supernatural *Quickness,* for instance.

Harrowed Powers

Power	Speed	Duration	Dispositions
Cat's Eyes	2	Concentration	*Keen, "the stare," bad eyes, curious*
Claws	1	As desired	*Two-fisted, all thumbs, bloodthirsty, one-armed bandit, ugly as sin, vengeful*
Ghost	2	Concentration (Varies)	*Ailin', bad eyes, curious, haunted, night terrors, pacifist, thin skinned*
Soul Eater	1	Special	*Ailin', greedy, hankerin'*
Stitchin'	Special	Permanent	*thick skinned, big 'un, overconfident*
Supernatural Trait	Always on	Permanent	Any appropriate to raised Trait

SHOOTIN' IRONS

Weapons	Shots	Caliber	ROF	Damage	Range Increment	Price
Automatics						
Gatling Gun*	45	.36	3	3d8	20	$1,500
Gatling Pistol*	12	.44	3	3d6	10	$800
Carbines						
Sharps '55	1	.57 C&B	1	5d8	15	$18
Spencer	7	.56	1	4d8	15	$15
LeMat Carbine	9	.42	1	3d6	15	$35
&Shotgun*	1	16-ga	1	Special	5	
Derringers & Pepperboxes						
Derringer	2	.44	2	3d6	5	$8
English 1840 Model*	8	.36 C&B	1	2d6	5	$5
Rupertus Pepperbox	8	.22	1	2d4	5	$6
Wesson Dagger-Pistol	2	.41	1	2d6	5	$6
Pistols, Single-Action						
Colt Army	6	.44	1	3d6	10	$12
Colt Buntline Special*	6	.45	1	3d6	10	Special
Colt Dragoon	6	.44*	1	3d6	10	$11
Colt Navy	6	.36	1	2d6	10	$10
Colt Peacemaker	6	.45	1	3d6	10	$15
Knuckle-Duster*	5	.32	1	2d6	5	$8
Lemat Grapeshot Pistol	9	.40	1	2d6	10	$25
& Shotgun*	1	16-gauge	1	Special	5	—
Pistols, Double-Action						
Colt Frontier	6	.32-20	2	2d6	10	$8
Colt Lightning	6	.38	2	2d6	10	$13
Colt Peacemaker	6	.45	2	3d6	10	$15
Colt Thunderer	6	.41	2	2d6	10	$14
Starr Revolver	6	.44 C&B	2	3d6	10	$9
Rifles						
Ballard '72	1	.56 C&B	1	5d8	20	$24
Bullard Express	11	.50	1	4d10	20	$30
Colt-Paterson Model '36*	7	.69 C&B	1	5d10	20	$25
Colt Revolving Rifle	5	.56 C&B	1	5d8	20	$24
Enfield Musket*	1	.58 C&B (muzzle-loader)	1	5d8	10	$25
Evans Old Model Sporter*	34	.44 Evans	1	4d8	20	$30
Remington '71	1	.50-.70	1	4d10	20	$20
Sharp's Big 50	1	.50	1	4d10	20	$20
Springfield*	1	.58 C&B (muzzle-loader)	1	5d8	20	$8
Winchester '73	15	.44-40	1	4d8	20	$25
Winchester '76	15	.45	1	4d8+2	20	$40
Shotguns						
Colt Revolving Shotgun	5	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$45
Double barrel	2	12-gauge	2	Special	10	$35
Scattergun	2	12-gauge	2	Special	5	$35
Single barrel	1	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$25
Winchester Lever-Action	4	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$35
Other						
Flamethrower	30	—	1d6	1d10/shot	20 Max	$2,000

*See Individual weapon notes at the end of this chapter

HIT LOCATION

1d20	Location
1-4	Legs
5-9	Lower Guts
10	Gizzards
11-14	Arms
15-19	Upper Guts
20	Noggin

+2	When *fightin'*
+/-2	Waist-high height advantage when *fightin'*
+/-4	Head-high height advantage when *fightin'*
+2	Pont blank range when *shootin'*

SHOOTIN' MODS

Situation	Modifier
Firer is walking	-2
Firer is running	-6
Firer is mounted	-2
Size	Varies
Target moving Pace 20+	-4
Target totally concealed	-4
Torchlight, twilight	-4
Moonlight	-6
Blind, total darkness	-8

CALLED SHOTS

Size	Penalty
Guts	-2
Legs, arms	-4
Heads, hands, feet	-6
Eyeball, heart	-10

FIGHTIN' WEAPONS

Weapon Price	DB	Damage	
Bolo			
Brass Knuckles	—	STR+1d4	$1
Club, small	—	STR+1d4	—
Club, large	+1	STR+1d6	—
Fist	—	STR	—
Knife	+1	STR+1d4	$2
Knife, large (Bowie)	+1	STR+1d6	$4
Rapier	+2	STR+2d6	$10
Saber	+2	STR+2d8	$15
Spear	+3	STR+2d6	$3
Tomahawk	—	STR+2d6	$3
Whip	+1	STR	$10
Lariat	—	—	$4

FIGHTIN' MODS

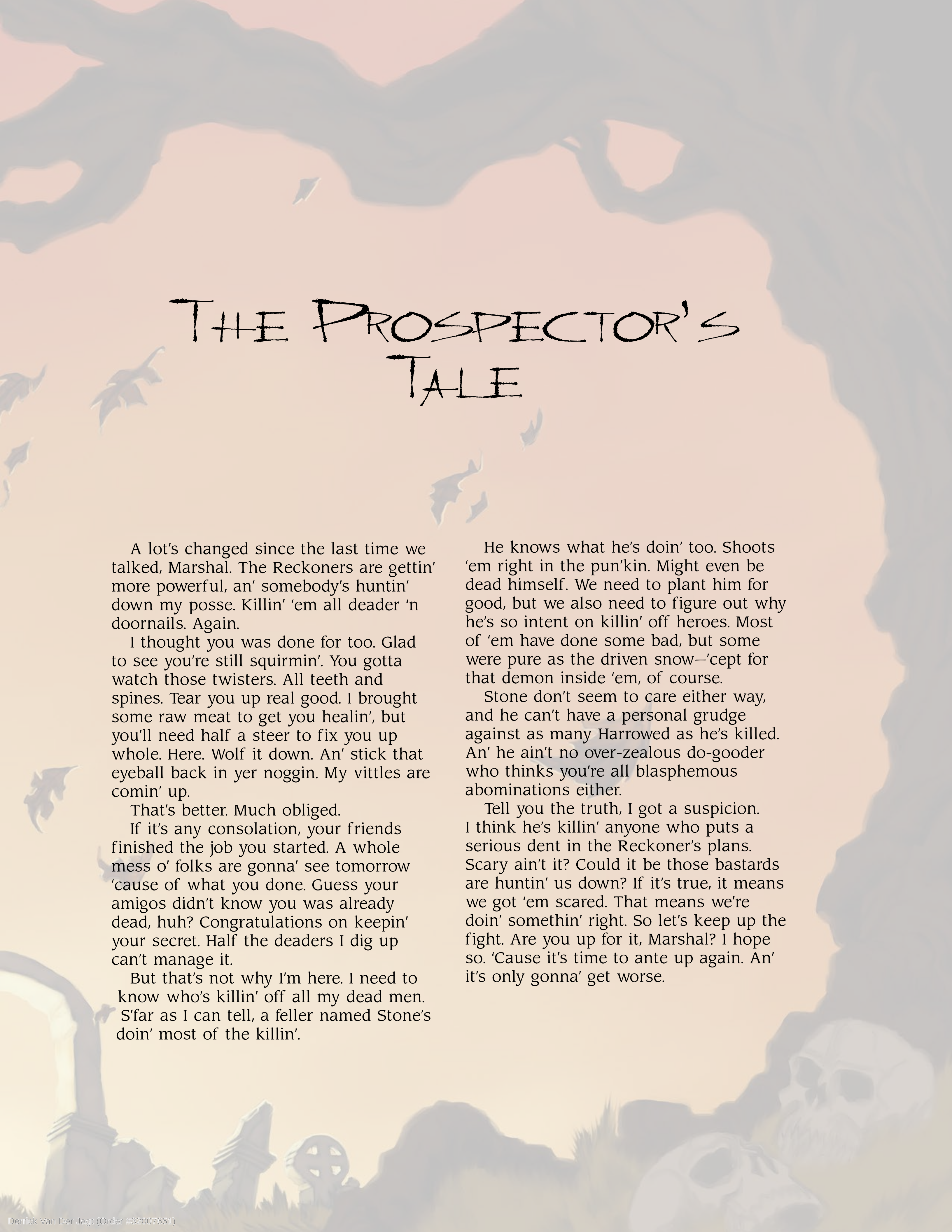
Situation	Modifier
Attacker is running	-4
Attacker has high position	-2
Size	Varies
Target totally concealed	-4
Torchlight, twilight	-4
Moonlight	-6
Blind, total darkness	-8
Attacker Armed	Weapon's DB

ARMOR

Armor	Material
Light	Boiled leather, heavy cloth
1	Wood less than 1" thick
2	1-3" of solid wood, tin
3	4-6" of solid wood, thin metal
4	A small tree, bricks, an iron pan
5	A large tree, armored train walls
6	Inch-thick steel plate

OTHER RANGED WEAPONS

Weapons	Ammo	ROF	Damage	Range Increment	Price
Bolas	Bolo	1	STR+1d4	5	$3
Bow & arrow	Arrow	1	STR+1d6	10	$3
Dynamite*	1 stick	1	3d20 (BR 10)	5	$3
Nitro*	8 oz. bottle	1	3d20 (BR 10)	5	$1.25
Thrown knife	Knife	1	STR+1d6	5	$3
Thrown spear	Spear	1	STR+2d6	5	$3



The Prospector's Tale

A lot's changed since the last time we talked, Marshal. The Reckoners are gettin' more powerful, an' somebody's huntin' down my posse. Killin' 'em all deader 'n doornails. Again.

I thought you was done for too. Glad to see you're still squirmin'. You gotta watch those twisters. All teeth and spines. Tear you up real good. I brought some raw meat to get you healin', but you'll need half a steer to fix you up whole. Here. Wolf it down. An' stick that eyeball back in yer noggin. My vittles are comin' up.

That's better. Much obliged.

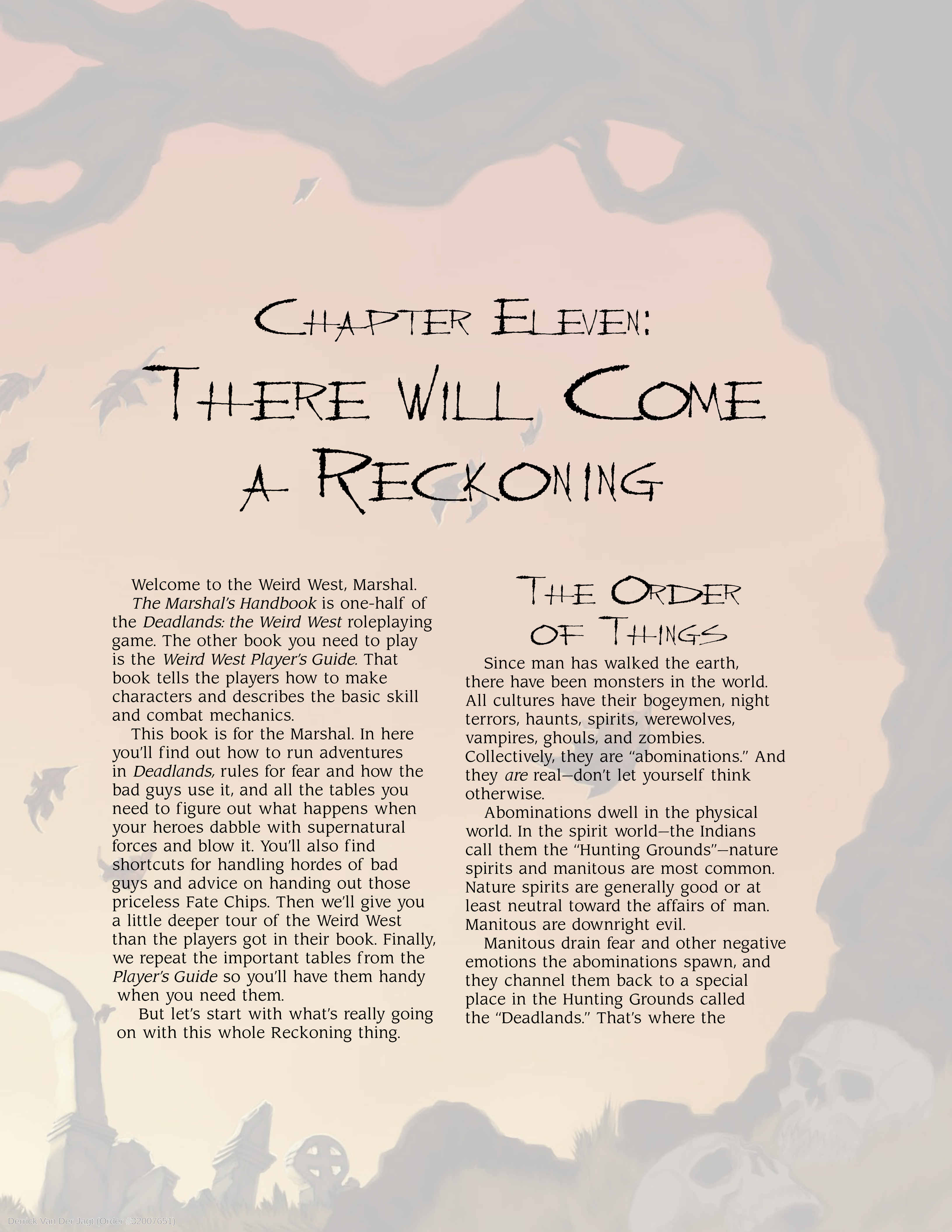
If it's any consolation, your friends finished the job you started. A whole mess o' folks are gonna' see tomorrow 'cause of what you done. Guess your amigos didn't know you was already dead, huh? Congratulations on keepin' your secret. Half the deaders I dig up can't manage it.

But that's not why I'm here. I need to know who's killin' off all my dead men. S'far as I can tell, a feller named Stone's doin' most of the killin'.

He knows what he's doin' too. Shoots 'em right in the pun'kin. Might even be dead himself. We need to plant him for good, but we also need to figure out why he's so intent on killin' off heroes. Most of 'em have done some bad, but some were pure as the driven snow—'cept for that demon inside 'em, of course.

Stone don't seem to care either way, and he can't have a personal grudge against as many Harrowed as he's killed. An' he ain't no over-zealous do-gooder who thinks you're all blasphemous abominations either.

Tell you the truth, I got a suspicion. I think he's killin' anyone who puts a serious dent in the Reckoner's plans. Scary ain't it? Could it be those bastards are huntin' us down? If it's true, it means we got 'em scared. That means we're doin' somethin' right. So let's keep up the fight. Are you up for it, Marshal? I hope so. 'Cause it's time to ante up again. An' it's only gonna' get worse.



Chapter Eleven:

There Will Come a Reckoning

Welcome to the Weird West, Marshal.

The Marshal's Handbook is one-half of the *Deadlands: the Weird West* roleplaying game. The other book you need to play is the *Weird West Player's Guide*. That book tells the players how to make characters and describes the basic skill and combat mechanics.

This book is for the Marshal. In here you'll find out how to run adventures in *Deadlands,* rules for fear and how the bad guys use it, and all the tables you need to figure out what happens when your heroes dabble with supernatural forces and blow it. You'll also find shortcuts for handling hordes of bad guys and advice on handing out those priceless Fate Chips. Then we'll give you a little deeper tour of the Weird West than the players got in their book. Finally, we repeat the important tables from the *Player's Guide* so you'll have them handy when you need them.

But let's start with what's really going on with this whole Reckoning thing.

The Order of Things

Since man has walked the earth, there have been monsters in the world. All cultures have their bogeymen, night terrors, haunts, spirits, werewolves, vampires, ghouls, and zombies. Collectively, they are "abominations." And they *are* real—don't let yourself think otherwise.

Abominations dwell in the physical world. In the spirit world—the Indians call them the "Hunting Grounds"—nature spirits and manitous are most common. Nature spirits are generally good or at least neutral toward the affairs of man. Manitous are downright evil.

Manitous drain fear and other negative emotions the abominations spawn, and they channel them back to a special place in the Hunting Grounds called the "Deadlands." That's where the

Who Are the Reckoners?

You've heard a lot about the mysterious and powerful puppetmasters behind this whole Reckoning thing.. Hopefully, you're curious about who they really are and what they're really up to.

We're not going to tell you.

Well, not here anyway. You see, some secrets are so big they take a whole other game to hold them, and that's the case with the Reckoner's identity.

If you really want to know who the Reckoners are, check out *Deadlands*' sister game, *Hell on Earth*. You won't regret it.

ancient and mysterious Reckoners dwell, though even the manitous that serve them don't know what these unearthly beings are or why they exist. The manitous only live to serve death and destruction up in large helpings.

What the spirits do know is that the Reckoners horde the fear energy the manitous bring to the Hunting Grounds. Most of the energy is stored for some strange and unknown purpose, but some small sparks are hurled back into the physical world to bring new abominations to life. These abominations then create new fears to feed the manitous, who carry it back to the Reckoners, and so on.

It's an ongoing, vicious cycle with razor-sharp teeth, and it's been going on since the dawn of time. As you can imagine, things eventually got out of hand. Terrors walked the earth unhindered, and whole societies lived in fear, feeding the Reckoners' dark appetites. Things were certainly looking pretty bad for the human race—at least right up until the end of the Middle Ages.

The Old Ones

That's when the Old Ones—the elder medicine men of various Indian tribes in the American East—called a council deep in the mountains of New England. There they discussed the state of the earth and the increasing number of horrors that walked upon their sacred land.

The Old Ones knew there was no way to banish all evil from the land at once. The abominations would have to be defeated one at a time. If the manitous were gone, however, they reasoned, far fewer new abominations would be born.

The Great Spirit War

So it was that the Old Ones asked the spirits of nature to war against their evil cousins, the manitous. The spirits agreed, but their price was high. The Old Ones would have to join them in their war.

The Old Ones traveled to an ancient Micmac burial ground and performed a long and arduous ritual. When they were through, a portal to the Hunting Grounds stood open.

The shamans stepped through and began their long fight against the evil spirits. The "Great Spirit War" raged for hundreds of years as things are reckoned in the Hunting Grounds. It was a secret battle unseen by the vast majority of humankind. Only the most spiritually powerful individuals sensed that there was something afoot.

The Old Ones eventually tracked down and defeated their foes, but the manitous, being spirits, could not truly be destroyed. The best the Old Ones could do was defeat them and hold them to a sacred bond: As long as the Old Ones remained in the Hunting Grounds, the manitous could not meddle in the affairs of man.

The Old Ones were trapped (seemingly forever) with the malignant spirits they had defeated, but the horrors of our world abated and began to dwindle. The price the shamans paid was high, but they had won.

A TALE OF VENGEANCE

The manitous kept their bargain. For hundreds of years, supernatural horrors were few.

Until Raven.

In 1763, a young Susquehanna shaman named Raven had just completed his studies. He had been a great student, devouring arcane lessons as if each was his last meal. The spirits spoke softly in those days., but Raven could truly hear them, and he listened eagerly.

One summer day, he sat on a high mountain in the new colony the white men called Virginia. As he meditated, the nature spirits told him of the Great Spirit War, and of the pact that the Old Ones had made with the manitous. His conversation was cut short by the sounds of musketry near his village far below.

Raven climbed down the mountain as fast as he could, the cruel din of battle mocking his every step. His feet felt as if they were made of stone and the miles seemed like leagues. When he finally arrived at his village, he saw a band of white men butchering his family. They had been the last band of the Susquehanna.

Now he was the last son.

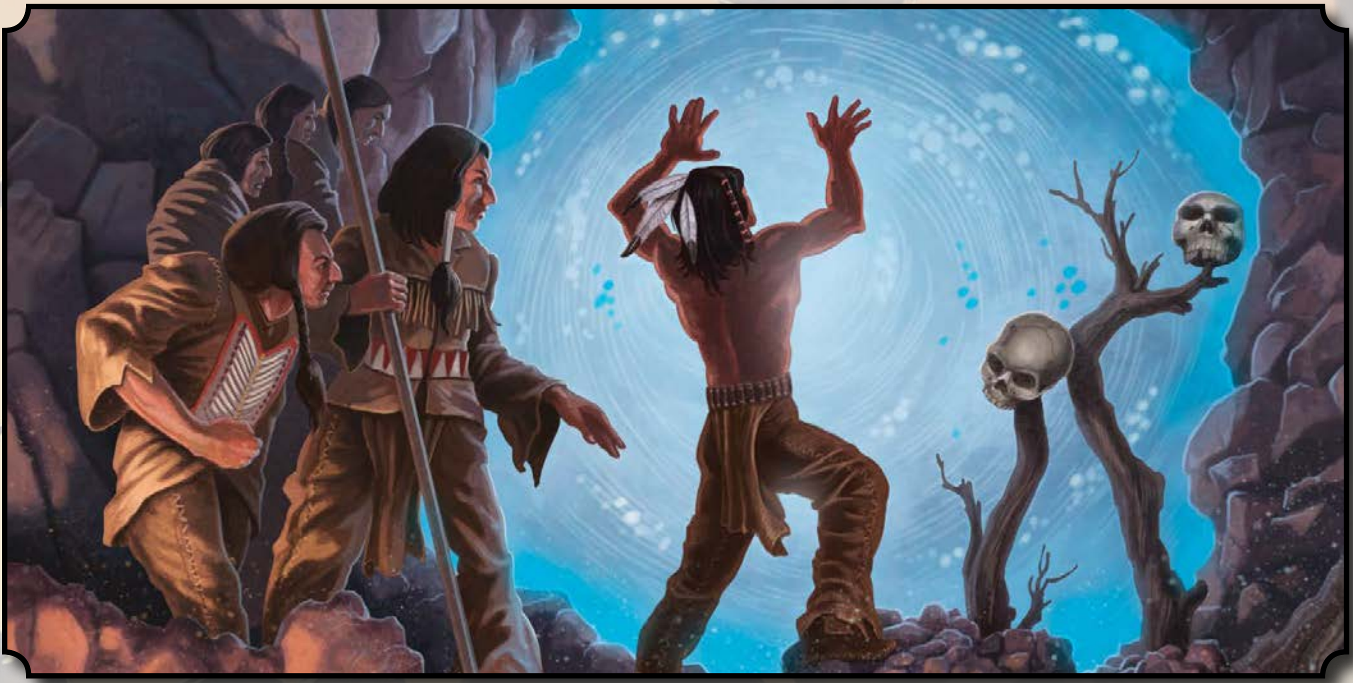
RAVEN REBORN

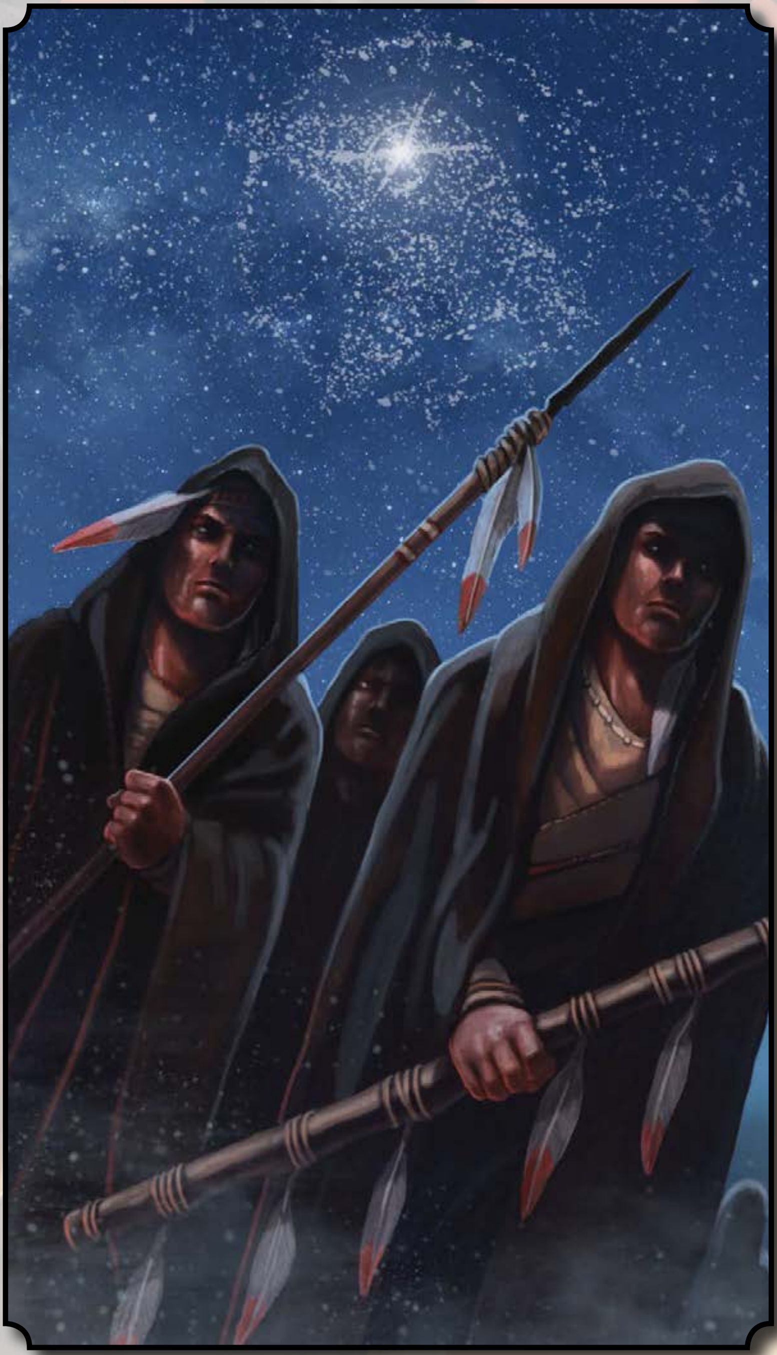
Raven stayed hidden, watching the massacre of every human being he had ever held dear. His heart now filled with hatred, Raven left the valley that he had always called his home and wandered the earth looking for ways to increase his own power and exact vengeance on those who had murdered his people.

The shaman learned many secrets of the world during his travels among both the Indian tribes and the towns of the white men. The first was that of long life. Though born in 1745, Raven looks no more than 40 years old today.

The most important secret he learned however, was that the Old Ones had left the long-forgotten door to the Hunting Grounds wide open.

Between 1861 and 1863, Raven visited all the other tribes he could find and spoke solemnly of the massacre of his people at the hands of whites. He said that he was the last of his tribe, the "Last Son," and he was searching for other braves who shared his blind anger.





Other shamans often sensed Raven's long quest for vengeance had twisted him, consumed him with evil. Most banished him from their villages quickly. But sometimes a vengeful youth, an adopted survivor of a wiped out tribe would turn his back on his new family and follow Raven on his dark quest.

These young men understood the shaman's sorrow and his rage. They were the last of their tribes, families, or villages as well. Like Raven, they were the Last Sons.

Raven told his followers their troubles were caused by the coming of the whites. In some cases, it just happened to be the truth. In others, it was yet another gross misunderstanding between two different peoples.

In either case, Raven told the Last Sons he knew how to defeat their common enemy. He would release the manitous from their old bond.

And there would come a Reckoning.

Raven told the braves who chose to follow him that the manitous were the People's protection against the white man's growing invasion. He said the Old Ones were fools for their actions. By forbidding the manitous from leaving the Hunting Grounds, they had limited their own powers and condemned the tribes to a long and painful road that could only end in their extermination.

Raven told the Last Sons it was their sacred duty to travel to the Hunting Grounds and return the spirit world to its natural order.

But there was only one way to accomplish their task. The Last Sons would have to enter the Hunting Grounds and murder their ancestors—the Old Ones.

The Hunt

The Last Sons began their long trek from the southwestern deserts and plains to the wooded mountains of New England early in 1863. The group reached the old Micmac burial ground in which the Old Ones' gate was hidden on the first of July of that year. Then and there, the Last Sons stepped through the open gate and into the Hunting Grounds.

The battle with the Old Ones took many weeks as time is reckoned in the Hunting Grounds. In that strange place, the Last Sons committed one atrocity after another, hunting and slaying the Old Ones in the name of vengeance.

The Last Sons emerged from their war for retribution on July 3, 1863, at the end of America's greatest and bloodiest battle of the Civil War—Gettysburg—and just scant hours before America's Day of Independence. Many of the Last Sons had not returned from their battle, but they had been successful in their quest.

The Old Ones were dead, their blackened spirit blood forever staining the hands of their slayers.

The manitous were free.

The Reckoning had begun.

THE RECKONERS AWAKE

The Reckoners sat slumbering when the manitous ceased bringing them delectable morsels of fear. As the last Old One died, a flood of energy washed over them, feeding the mysterious beings and waking them from their centuries-old malaise. The Reckoners reveled in the feast and realized the mistakes of their past.

They would no longer horde their power. They had always sown seeds of fear in the world, but now they would increase their efforts. There would be a harvest of malevolent energy such as the world had never known.

The mortals below would bleed pure terror. When there was enough fear on the earth to sustain them, when the Earth was finally refashioned after their own Deadlands, the Reckoners would walk upon it.

The Reckoners know they cannot flood the world with abominations. An army of monstrous creatures would expend all the Reckoners' precious energy, and in the end, the jaded mortals would only stop fearing them and start fighting back. Far more energy could be generated by keeping the abominations at the edge of the unknown.

Abominations don't know they are serving darker masters. They know only that their power grows as they cause more terror and mischief. A rare few abominations, such as Stone and Reverend Ezekiah Grimme, have learned that something greater lurks in the spirit world, but the vast majority of the world's monsters go about their own business never realizing they serve a darker purpose.

THE WORLD TODAY

Now it's 1877, and the Reckoners' plans seem to be going nicely. The War Between the States still pits brother against brother, feeding more and more death and misery into the Hunting Grounds. The Indians fight against the white man and each other, abandoning the Old Ways and forsaking the nature spirits. The American West is riddled with fear. The dead rise from their graves, and strange beasts are abroad in the land.

Somewhere out there, Raven waits and watches. And smiles.

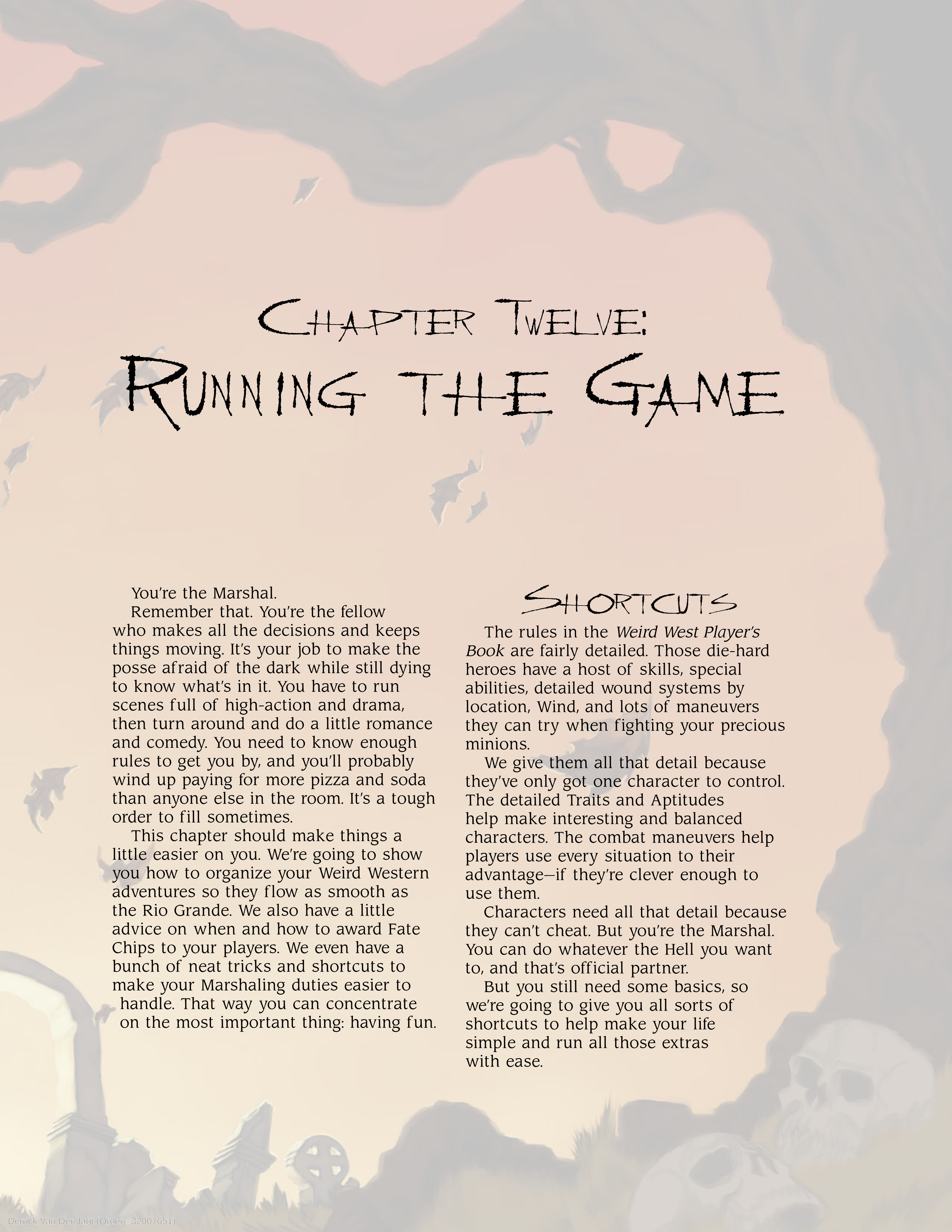
AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE

It doesn't look good for humanity, does it? With a set of incredibly powerful evil beings and their minions arrayed against them, what chance does an unsuspecting human race have?

As it happens, they have every chance. Heroes can fight the evil powers of the Reckoning both by fighting evil creatures and people and spreading their tales of heroism and hope. Humanity's fate is very much in its own hands.

Should the heroes' lose, the consequences are pretty grim. *Deadlands'* sister game, *Hell on Earth,* tells the tale of one possible future for the Weird West, and it's not pleasant—the bad guys win. The Reckoners ravage the Earth and leave the survivors to muck about in the ruins of civilization. But again, that's just one *possible* future. The other is all sweetness and light. Your saga decides what happens in your little corner of the universe. With a little heart and a whole lot of luck, the Reckoner's plans can be stopped.

Will there come a Reckoning? It's up to you, Marshal.



Chapter Twelve:
Running the Game

You're the Marshal.

Remember that. You're the fellow who makes all the decisions and keeps things moving. It's your job to make the posse afraid of the dark while still dying to know what's in it. You have to run scenes full of high-action and drama, then turn around and do a little romance and comedy. You need to know enough rules to get you by, and you'll probably wind up paying for more pizza and soda than anyone else in the room. It's a tough order to fill sometimes.

This chapter should make things a little easier on you. We're going to show you how to organize your Weird Western adventures so they flow as smooth as the Rio Grande. We also have a little advice on when and how to award Fate Chips to your players. We even have a bunch of neat tricks and shortcuts to make your Marshaling duties easier to handle. That way you can concentrate on the most important thing: having fun.

Shortcuts

The rules in the *Weird West Player's Book* are fairly detailed. Those die-hard heroes have a host of skills, special abilities, detailed wound systems by location, Wind, and lots of maneuvers they can try when fighting your precious minions.

We give them all that detail because they've only got one character to control. The detailed Traits and Aptitudes help make interesting and balanced characters. The combat maneuvers help players use every situation to their advantage—if they're clever enough to use them.

Characters need all that detail because they can't cheat. But you're the Marshal. You can do whatever the Hell you want to, and that's official partner.

But you still need some basics, so we're going to give you all sorts of shortcuts to help make your life simple and run all those extras with ease.

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Player characters have 10 Traits and tons of Aptitudes. They want and need lots of detail because they're the heroes. You, on the other hand, don't need to be so picky with the vast number of characters you have to handle. Instead, you can base the Traits and Aptitudes of common extras on averages or the Action Deck.

Average folks have 2d6 in their Traits, 3 levels in Aptitudes relating to their main profession, 2 levels in common Aptitudes like *horse ridin'* and probably one *shootin'* skill, and 1s or nothing in everything else. When you need to know what a bartender's *scrutinize* Aptitude level is, you can figure it's 3d6.

If you want a character to have a few higher Traits or Aptitudes, then that's what they are. Don't make extras with the card deck like players make characters. You've got better things to do, like coming up with incredible adventures and horrific monsters.

CAUGHT WITH YOUR PANTS DOWN

They don't make outhouse doors like they used to, do they Marshal?

Okay, if you're caught off-guard and need an extra's Trait or Aptitude and you have no idea what it might be, draw a card from your Action Deck. The value of the card tells you a die type to use, and the suit tells you the Trait or Aptitude level, just like in the character creation section in the *Weird West Player's Guide*. You only have to draw for the Trait or Aptitude you need at that moment, not the entire range you'd need for a major character.

RECURRING EXTRAS

Sometimes you might want to prepare ahead of time, especially for extras who are going to appear frequently. For these characters, it pays to do a slightly more detailed profile for consistency's sake. Don't worry about writing down every single skill the extra has, just jot down those that are likely to come into play.

Here's an example character written up in a quick and dirty shorthand way that really cuts down on paperwork:

FATHER JUAN NAVARRO

Corporeal: Quickness 1d8
Shootin;: shotgun, pistol 3d10
Mental: *Mien* 3d8
Faith 5d10, scrutinize 3d10
Gear: Colt Peacemaker
Miracles: *Consecrate weapon, protection, smite.*
Personality: Juan is a good man, though he is surrounded by outlaws, including his brother Victor.

DETAILED PROFILES

If you need a more detailed profile, such as for a character's *sidekick* or a character who's around all the time (or just because you're one of those thorough types from Back East), there are some blank Profile sheets in the back of this book and in our separate book, the *Marshal's Log*, but there's nothing wrong with plain old notebook paper either.

You get complete statistics for major extras in published *Deadlands* sourcebooks and adventures, but again, you don't normally need all that detail for extras whose only purpose is to convey information or suck up the party's bullets.

CREATURE PROFILES

You might also want a little more detail when it comes to the slimy creatures you've designed. In particular, you want to write up the monsters' various powers so that you'll know exactly how to handle them when the posse stumbles into your fiendish trap. Chapter Three is chock full of powers you can pick and choose to fill in the basics of most critters. Then you can concentrate on the mechanics of any unusual attacks or abilities the thing possesses.

Running Combats

Sometimes there are a lot of bad guys. You don't want to keep track of 15 banditos' *Quickness* totals, wounds, Wind, and wound modifiers when you're trying to describe the scene and help the heroes resolve their actions. You've got better things to do.

We've got something for you here, too.

Quickness & Action Cards

Of all the tricks we give you, the Action Deck is the niftiest. You don't have to roll an "initiative" number for each bad guy and then try to remember it as in most roleplaying games. You just lay down a few cards behind your screen and wait until they come up in the round. Then the bad guy takes his action, and you move on.

Roll *Quickness* totals for major bad guys and critters. For numerous extras, deal one card for the whole lot. The downside (for them) is they only get one card. The upside is they all get to go together like one big, nasty family. It all balances out in the end.

If you feel a bunch of lesser goons or creatures are faster than that, give them 2 or more. It's your call, Marshal. That's why you get to wear the tin star.

Wounds

Here's an easy way to keep track of wounds for lots of bad guys with *no* bookkeeping whatsoever. You have to use miniature figures, however, or something else to represent the heroes and the bad guys.

When a player character makes a successful attack, go ahead and let her roll hit location to see if she gets any extra damage dice for hits to the gizzards or noggin, but don't actually keep track of all those separate locations. Just use the damage total to determine how many wounds the opponent takes, then place a chip under the miniature's base to mark its wound levels (assume all the hits go to the thug's guts area). The chip also tells you what kind of penalty to assess the bad guy when he makes an attack as well (see the table on the next page).

The best part? You can even tell the players their opponent's Size and let them "chip" your bad guys for you. That way you can keep even a really huge

Wound Shortcut

Wound	Chip	Penalty
Light	White	-1
Heavy	Red	-2
Serious	Blue	-3
Critical	2 Blue	-4

We use blues because most folks have extra blue chips left over when they buy chips for the Fate Pot. You don't have to use blue chips, or poker chips at tall for that matter. Use any kind of marker you have handy.

combat moving faster than a three-legged toad.

Now here's a disclaimer. Don't use this shortcut for major bad guys or unique monsters. Use the more-detailed wound system for anything that spectacular. You should also use the regular system if there are only a few thugs involved in a fight.

Miniatures

Help yourself run a better game—use miniatures. Besides helping you use the wound "cheat," minis help your players understand the scene better—which is especially important in a big fight.

We'd love for you to buy ours—Pinnacle makes a bunch of minis for just this purpose. But if you're gun-shy about minis, you can use dice, coins, plastic cowboys and Indians, or even counters with the heroes' and bad guys' names written on them.

Place the minis on a map or a piece of paper with the battle sketched in. Big sketch pads work great, and good hobby shops have erasable "battle mats" as well. Make sure to include any major furniture, geographic features, or other obstacles. You'll be amazed at how differently your posse acts when they can visualize the scene better. Suddenly characters are knocking tables over and slugging bad guys with beer glasses instead of just shooting every action.

Wind

So you're thinking, "Okay, but brawling and some weapons only do Wind damage. How does that work with this simplified wound system?"

We have your back, amigo.

With big bad guys, use Wind damage normally. With goons who you're not tracking detailed wounds, treat Wind just like damage. Every increment of the bad guy's Size in Wind raises the wound level a notch just like regular damage. We know that isn't exactly right, but it all balances out if you consider you're not tracking the Wind the goon would take with any "real" wounds he's sustained.

Stun

You might not want to keep track of stun for all the bad guys. Don't worry—the rules are as complete as possible so you can dig into the details when it matters. When it does, this cheat can help you keep track of stunned bad guys as well.

Place a stunned opponent's figure on its back on top of its wound chip. That reminds you to have the sodbuster make a stun check on its next action. If it makes the roll, stand the sucker back up on top of its wound chip. How do you tell stunned figures from dead ones? Take them off the table, silly.

Use the Posse

The last bit of advice we can offer to help run your fights is to use the posse. You have to show everyone how to play the first few times, of course, but afterward you need to let them figure out whether or not they hit the bad guys, how many actions they get, and make sure they subtract their wound modifiers from their rolls. This leaves you free to better describe the action and keep the game moving right along.

We've tried to make it easy for you to run *Deadlands*. The first game or two might be a little rough, but we think you're sharp enough to get into the swing of things quick. And when you do, you can really cut loose and spin yarns your posse will talk about for years to come.

Fear

Soiled pants. Shaky nerves. Stark, raving madness. These are the end results of sheer terror.

Fear permeates the Weird West. No matter where your posse goes or what they decide to do. Whether the terror is caused by a horrific, savage beast or a heartless, calculating human killer, the cold hand of fear will touch your heroes eventually.

The Reckoners thrive on fear. When some poor soul gets so scared he wets himself they gobble his terror down like candy.

Fear Levels

The unknowing minions of the Reckoners—the abominations—create an "atmosphere of fear" in the areas where they do their dirty work. Their deeds cause those in the area to generate fear and terror. The amount of "fear energy" in an area is called its "Fear Level."

All that fear has a real effect on the world. The Reckoner's servants can draw upon the ambient terror in an area for protection, and those who work against it might find themselves paralyzed with fear.

On a scale of 0-6, the normal state of the world is Fear Level 0. In these areas, the worst thing most folks have to worry about is the local bully or a bad rash. They might shy away from rumored "haunted" places, but they rarely admit their fears to their neighbors. Fear Level 0 places are pretty rare in the Weird West.

In areas with higher Fear Levels, folks begin to get more superstitious and wary about just about everything around them. Haunted locales are avoided, and people try not to wander out after dark if they can help it. In some drastic cases, people start to distrust their neighbors and even their friends and family.

In these areas, the abominations begin to garner the attention of their faceless masters, the Reckoners.

Heaven forbid fear should actually totally permeate an area. These are the dreaded "Deadlands," Fear Level 6. In these places the Reckoner's servants are truly in their element, and even usually weak abominations can be truly terrifying.

The location affected by a varmint's Fear Level is usually a town, a hollow, a haunted mansion, a gulch, or the like, but it isn't necessarily restricted to a definite geographic area. Sometimes an

THAIRES PARA

abomination inhabits arcane artifacts or haunts a group of people, such as a family suffering an ancient curse. In essence, the Fear Level encompasses everyone who lives in its shadow on a day-to-day basis.

Abominations can raise a Fear Level one step once every month or so, assuming they cause considerable mischief and don't suffer any setbacks. There are exceptions, of course. Certain powerful creatures sometimes find ways to raise the Fear Level several levels in a single dark ritual. These incidents are rare, but pose the greatest threat to humanity and should be stopped by the posse at all costs.

When a great evil is inactive or defeated, the Fear Level drops by one about every two months or so.

As the Fear Level rises, local abominations are awarded with more power from the Reckoners. The highest level of fear possible (6) makes the area into a "Deadland." If the Reckoners have their way, the entire earth is destined to one day become such a place (a possibility explored in our sister game, *Deadlands: Hell on Earth*).

THE LAND

Even the hills and trees are affected by fear. A canyon with a Fear Level of 1, for example, seems a little darker than normal, even in the middle of the day.

At level 2, its rocks look more jagged and sharp.

At level 3, its cliff walls are more foreboding and the shadows may sometimes appear to flicker or move.

At level 4, there seems to be something even blacker than shadows lurking in the corners and overhangs. Cacti take on the appearance of grasping hands.

Level 5 is oppressive, as if a heavy dew were about to settle and seep into one's skin—and burn it right off. Some flora and fauna begin to die, wither, or take on strange and horrific forms. In its place grows a mix of tangled weeds and stunted scrub that looks like it would swallow anyone who walked into it alive—but it doesn't—yet.

A Deadland (level 6) is a twisted and macabre landscape. No sane person can deny the supernatural in such an area. Trees look like splintered skeletons or haunted souls, rocks resemble groaning faces, weeds grow impossibly tall and cut flesh, and water turns dark and stagnant. Nothing is as it seems. The very landscape may devour an unwary traveler.

A CAREFUL BALANCE

The Reckoners know they cannot simply create thousands of abominations out of the blue to ravage the Earth. Such an act would quickly drain their power. The safe path is the slow and calculated "seeding" or "terrorforming" of the earth in fear. A tiny spark used to create a single night haunt can terrify an entire town for months. More energy could be used to fill a town with walking dead, but they would quickly be defeated and have little effect on the population afterward.

The Reckoners sometimes gamble great amounts of power, but only when the payoff well outweighs the risk. Reverend Grimme and Professor Darius Hellstromme are occasionally entrusted with such tasks, but by and large, the Reckoners know humanity is very resilient and would quickly fight back against an overt attack. Fear and dread of the unknown are far more effective weapons in their mysterious quest for power than any kind of "blitzkrieg."

Abominations that get too blatant in their attacks can even stagnate or lower the Fear Level. The rumor of some unknown creature on the prowl for young maidens strikes fear into the hearts of everyone. A werewolf that wades into Dodge and starts eating people wets a few chaps, but then becomes just another varmint and a boon to the local silversmith.

Remember that the unknown is the greatest horror of all. That's why the horrors created by the Reckoners, or the traitorous humans who have given themselves to darkness almost never know where their power truly comes from. In fact, only Reverend Grimme, Stone, and a *very* few other individuals even know of their masters' existence.

The Reckoners actually feed off any sort of negative energy, such as hate, jealousy, and misery. But fear is the easiest for them to generate, and often feeds them the other emotions as well. That's why they created ghost rock. The wars it has sparked—the Civil War, the Great Rail Wars, and random acts of murder and raiding all along the frontier—has already paid them back a hundred-fold on the energy it took to create it in the first place.

FEAR AS A WEAPON

Fighting evil on its home turf is always harder. The very air itself lends a feeling of dread to those mortals within it. Grotesque or terrifying sights affect heroes more in the dark thickets of some haunted hollow than in the bright, open fields of the High Plains.

In areas with a Fear Level higher than 0, the posse suffers penalties to its *guts* checks (see the Fear Effects table below, pard).

But that's not all. To make matters worse, those creatures and beings who perform the Reckoners' will are a little tougher in these dark domains. The Marshal gets to draw Fate Chips for the bad guys at the beginning of any combat encounter. If the heroes are fighting their way through a big area with lots of fights, you should only draw once per chapter.

"Combat encounter" is a loose term, by the way. If the posse comes into direct conflict with the bad guys, maybe hurling insults like bullets from a Gatling, feel free to reward the bad guys whether anyone actually takes a shot at anyone else or not. It's your call whether or not the Reckoners are feeling generous.

FEAR EFFECTS TABLE

Level	Effects
0	None.
1	-1 to *guts* checks.
2	-2 to *guts* checks.
3	-3 to *guts* checks.
4	-4 to *guts* checks. The Marshal draws one chip from the Fate Pot at the beginning of each combat encounter.
5	-5 to *guts* checks. The Marshal draws two chips from the Fate Pot at the beginning of each combat encounter.
6	-6 to *guts* checks. The Marshal draws three chips from the Fate Pot at the beginning of each combat encounter.

GUTS CHECKS

We hope you have a group of players who lets you scare them from time-to-time. We'll give you some advice on how to do that later on this chapter.

One thing we know you can do is scare the dickens out of their characters. We know this because we're giving you a mechanic to do it with. We call this the *guts* check. You should have characters make *guts* checks (with the *guts* Aptitude) every time they come upon a disturbing scene.

Guts checks are made just like any other skill roll. You set the TN and watch the fireworks. Never tell the posse what the TN is until after they've all given you their totals, however.

Failing a *guts* check is a "bad thing." Usually it means that something a character can't defeat anyway just got some extra time to beat on him. The table below shows you the TN for *guts* checks as well as how many dice to roll should the check be failed. Count Aces when rolling these dice.

When you have your total, roll again on the **Scart Table** on the next page.

TERROR

TN	Dice	Description
3	1d6	A description of a strange event or creature; a nasty wound on a living being.
5	2d6	Something slightly strange, like a vampire that's not "vamped out," or a fresh walking dead with no obvious wounds, such as a Harrowed; a dead body with "normal" wounds.
7	3d6	A bizarre creature (a mad grizzly, a jackalope, or a prairie tick); a gruesome corpse.
9	4d6	An undeniably supernatural creature; a sickening scene, such as a dismembered or mutilated corpse.
11	5d6	A unique and overwhelming horror (such as a wendigo); a nauseating scene of mass carnage.
13	6d6	A creature that defies the imagination; grisly carnage that serves some arcane and evil purpose that "man was not meant to know."

Use a little common sense when calling for *guts* checks. A party should only make one the first time they see a particular creature in an encounter. Say they're fighting through a train full of ghosts. The first one they meet causes a check, but once it's made, leave 'em alone. Should they run into similar creatures later on, hit 'em again. Only if a posse meets a certain type of creature fairly often should they become jaded to its terror, and then you should probably just lower the TN a step.

A hero might fight walkin' dead several times, but that doesn't make it any more comforting when one busts through the earth and grabs his boot.

"Grit" is the bonus veteran heroes get for their experience (see the next page).

Scart Table

Roll	Effect
1-3	**Uneasy:** The character stares for a moment at the scene and loses his next Action Card.
4-6	**Queasy:** The victim stares in horror at the scene, loses his next Action Card, and subtracts -2 from any rolls made the rest of the round.
7-9	**The Willies:** The character staggers back and stares in horror, missing his turn for the round. He takes 1d6 Wind and his actions are at -2 until he makes a *guts* check, which he may attempt as an action.
10-12	**The Heebie-Jeebies:** The character turns white as a sheet and loses his entire turn and 1d6 Wind. All actions are at -2 for the remainder of the encounter.
13-15	**Weak in the Knees:** The victim loses 1d6 Wind. At grotesque scenes, he loses his lunch and staggers away. At terrible scenes, he puts his tail between his legs and gets the Hell out of Dodge. In either case, he is completely ineffectual until he makes the *guts* check that caused this result. He remains at -2 for the remainder of the encounter.
16-18	**Dead Faint:** The character takes 3d6 Wind. If she's reduced to 0 or less, she faints dead away until she recovers. If the character has *faith*, she must make an Onerous (7) *faith* check immediately. If she fails, her lack of faith causes her to lose 1 level of *faith* permanently.
19-21	**Minor Phobia:** The character goes **Weak in the Knees** and gains a minor phobia (as the *loco* Hindrance) somehow associated with the current event or environment. She suffers a -2 penalty to any actions when the stimulus of her fear is present.
22-24	**Major Phobia:** The character goes **Weak in the Knees** and gains a major phobia (as the *loco* Hindrance). This is the same as a **Minor Phobia** except the penalty when the feared item, environment, or thing is present, the penalty is -4.
25-27	**Corporeal Alteration:** The character gains a **Minor Phobia** and suffers a physical defect of some kind, such as a streak of white hair, his voice box contracts and he can only speak in whispers, etc.
28-30	**The "Shakes":** The cowpoke gets a **Major Phobia** and must make a Hard (9) *Spirit* roll or reduce *Deftness* by one step permanently. If the roll is made, *Deftness* is reduced only for the next 1d6 days.
31-35	**Heart Attack:** The poor sap's heart skips a beat. He must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If made, he suffers 3d6 Wind and gains a **Major Phobia**. If failed, he suffers 3d6 Wind, his *Vigor* is permanently reduced by one step, and he must make a second Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If failed, he has a heart attack and dies unless someone else makes an Incredible (11) *medicine* roll within 2d6 rounds (a supernatural healing roll must cure a serious wound though no actual "wound" is inflicted). If the victim's *Vigor* falls below 4, he kicks the bucket.
36+	**Corporeal Aging:** The character has a **Heart Attack** and ages 1 year.

Grit

After a fellow's battled werewolves and walkin' dead, he gains a little resistance to fear and terror. Get beat by something like that and a hombre's likely to lose his confidence.

"Grit" is a measure of a hero's willpower and exposure to the terrible things he's encountered in the Weird West. Grit counters the negative modifiers of high Fear Levels, but to get it, a hero has to earn it the hard way.

At the conclusion of an adventure in which the posse defeats a major foe, the characters gain the inner strength to keep fighting the next time they encounter some gibbering horror or desperate band of outlaws.

Every hero who took part in the adventure gains 1 point of Grit. Grit adds +1 to the character's *guts* checks, steeling him against all kinds of horrors and anything else the Reckoners have to offer.

Giveth and Taketh Away

Just as a victory can steel a hombre's nerves, a stinging defeat can rob him of his confidence. Characters can lose Grit as well.

It happens whenever a hero goes bust on a *guts* check against a TN of Hard (9) or higher. When that happens, roll on the **Scart Table** normally, but also subtract one from the hero's Grit permanently. Don't take away Grit for busts on lesser TNs—only the nasty stuff really eats at a character's soul enough to give him shaky knees.

That's a Lot o' Grit!

A hero can never have more than 5 points of Grit, and he can't store up "extra" Grit to counter what he might lose later on.

Those managing to survive that many adventures in the Weird West are truly formidable enemies of fear, and sometime attract the direct attention of the Reckoners. We'll tell you all about what happens to characters like this under **The Black Hats** later in this chapter. You can also check the entry on the "los diablos" critters in Chapter Three.

Kiss My Undead Grits!

Heroes with a lot of Grit are more likely to become Harrowed when they die (see Chapter Two). The manitous like their hosts tough and grizzled.

When drawing cards to see if a hero comes back from the grave, draw one extra card for every point of Grit a hero has.

Tale-Tellin'

The heroes of *Deadlands* fight the Reckoners and their minions by their very deeds. Banishing the ghost of a haunted shack deep in the backwoods of Missouri might not seem like an earth-shattering event, but every time the heroes defeat evil and spread the tales of their deeds, they chip away at the local's fear—and thus the Reckoners' power. The world is an average of all the lesser areas beneath it, so one day the actions of the world's heroes might just thwart the Reckoners' plans to turn the entire Earth into a Deadland.

But their victories won't affect the local Fear Level if no one realizes the dark forces around them have been defeated. This makes the *tale-tellin'* Aptitude the greatest weapon the heroes have against the Reckoning.

This also means every adventure that takes place in *Deadlands* matters, no matter how insignificant it might seem at first. Every morsel of fear they keep the Reckoners from devouring weakens these fiends. This also means your posse isn't forced into saving the world. It just happens naturally as long as your group continues to defeat evil.

Tellin' the Tale

Soon after victory against the forces of darkness, usually at the climax of an adventure, someone in the posse should tell the tale. Muckrakers and blessed with good speaking or writing skills are good candidates, though anyone can tell the tale if they wish.

The tale-teller needs to speak to an influential portion of the community or group that was most affected by the horrors. The largest church congregation in town or the local newspaper are likely targets.

At the conclusion of the tale, the speaker makes a *tale-tellin'* roll against the TN of the Fear Level in the locale in which the evil was defeated, as shown on the **Tale-Tellin' Table.**

If the speaker is successful, the Fear Level drops by one level immediately. Further tales have no effect on the area until another horror moves in and begins a campaign of terror.

Tales o' Terror

The down side of telling incredible stories is that if some big-mouth goes bust on his *tale-tellin'* roll, the audience hears only that horrors beyond their wildest imagining exist in their own backyard. They may not publicly acknowledge their fears, but they're not likely to grab their pitchforks and shovels to help the hero out either.

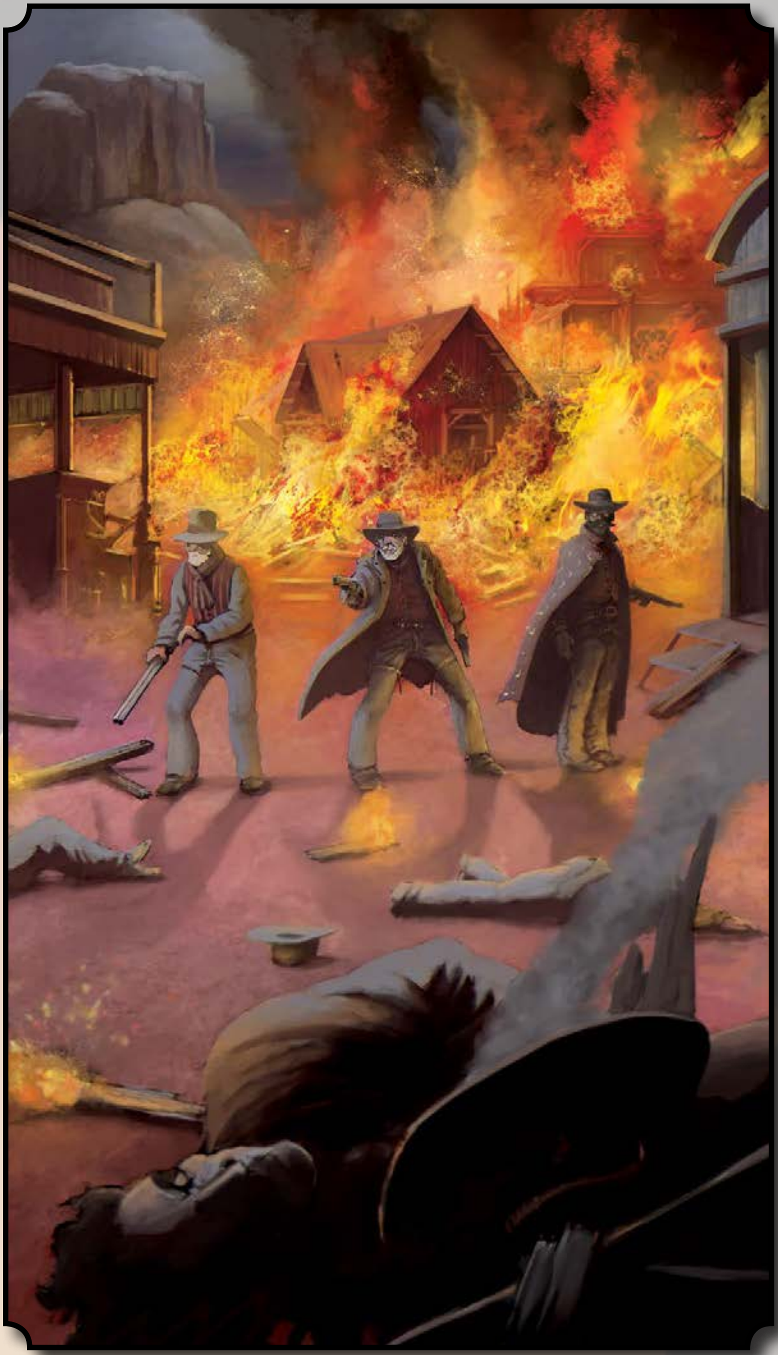
Going bust on a *tale-tellin'* roll raises the local Fear Level by 1 point. This is why Texas Rangers and the Agency's "men in black" don't like troublemaking adventurers to talk about what they've seen. A few bad speakers can sow enough chaos and confusion to turn the whole Weird West into a Deadland.

Tale-Tellin'

Fear Level	TN
1	3
2	5
3	7
4	9
5	11
6	15

Legend Chips

When a tale-teller successfully lowers a Fear Level, he gets a one-time, one-use Legend Chip all his own—don't put it in the pot. The tale-teller can trade the Legend Chip away in the usual fashion if he wants, however.



This special award represents the forces of Good (they are out there, really!) smiling down on the hero for trying to save the world from the Reckoners. (This is something like the divine powers the *blessed* get for performing great deeds as detailed in *Fire & Brimstone*.)

Once used—for *any* purpose—even if traded in for Bounty Points (what a waste!)—the chip disappears. You can tell the tale-teller how this all works the first time he gets one so he can best decide how to make use of his reward.

Awarding Fate Chips

All right, Marshal. We've told you how to maim, mutilate, and kill your posse with the power of fear. Now it's time to be nice to them.

The best way to be nice to your players is to award them Fate Chips at the end of each game session for accomplishing notable milestones in and roleplaying their Hindrances.

White Fate Chips

White chips are awarded whenever a character does something amusing or clever, or whenever her Hindrances make life inconvenient.

Red Fate Chips

Red chips are given out when the character does something particularly clever, finds important clues, or defeats or outwits some minor opponent.

You should also hand out a Red chip whenever a character's Hindrances make life miserable but aren't particularly life-threatening.

Blue Fate Chips

Blue Chips are the reward for playing in character even when it might cost the character his life. You should also award a blue chip whenever a hero defeats a major menace or discovers a critical clue.

Legend Chips

At the conclusion of each adventure, you should reward the heroes with a Legend Chip. By "adventure," we mean once every 3-4 sessions. This goes for any of the adventures we've published too, even if some of the older ones don't say it. When the last scene of an adventure is over, drop a Legend chip into the posse's cup.

The Marshal shouldn't normally award players with Legend chips (other than tale-tellers as we told you about in the last section). Fate decides who she smiles on when the players draw their chips before each session.

If *you* draw a Legend chip, put it back and draw again until you get a red, white, or blue one. Legend chips are for the heroes, Marshal. We gotta give 'em some breaks.

Some Tips

Players often spend more chips than they get in a night. This usually happens if there's lots of fighting and little roleplaying. If there's more roleplaying than combat, the chip stacks are likely to get tall.

It's up to you to judge how freely to distribute Fate Chips, but don't feel bad holding back if there hasn't been much to "bleed them off" in a while. By the same token, don't be too stingy when you're hitting them with waves of monsters or your posse may never advance and the players may feel cheated.

Try to strike a balance where everyone ends the game with enough chips to convert to 2-4 Bounty Points.

Adventures

Deadlands adventures read like dime novels, helping you keep your twisted tales of the Weird West running smoothly. The tale starts with "The Story So Far," the introduction to the adventure. The next section is "The Setup," which tells you how to get the posse involved in the adventure. After "The Setup," the adventure breaks down into individual "Chapters."

A section entitled "The Bounty" comes at the end of each chapter. This part tells you how many Fate Chips you should award the posse for completing certain goals. These awards can be made as the adventure is played—they're simply listed at the end of the chapter for convenience sake.

Here's a little more information on each of these sections.

The Story So Far

The introduction describes the backstory that sets everything in motion. You're likely the only one who's going to read it, but establishing a solid background is vital.

Posses being made up of clever and unpredictable heroes, things will happen that you hadn't counted on during the course of your adventure. If you've got a detailed background, it will help you answer questions you hadn't thought of beforehand and determine how the extras react to the posse's schemes.

The Setup

The point at which the posse gets involved is called "The Setup." This is where you figure out how to rope the heroes into the shenanigans that are about to occur.

There are lots of ways to pull the player characters into your adventures. The most common is to have someone hire them to do a job or solve some problem. The difficulty with this is you have to keep the party poor. Wealthy characters aren't likely to go chasing dangerous outlaws, after all.

Another good way to get the group together is to let the players tell *you* why their characters are involved. Even if the heroes have been hired by someone, the players should still have a good reason why they are each interested in the offer.

Chapters

Now you're ready for the meat of the adventure. Each chapter usually describes a location and the events that occur there. Sometimes, though, you might want each chapter to represent certain events if the story takes place in one location (like a haunted mansion). Break things up however it works best for your particular tale.

Within each chapter, describe extras' personalities, critters' statistics, the locations of clues, and the events that must occur before moving on to the next chapter.

Here's an example of the most typical way of breaking the game up into chapters—by location.

Say your adventure starts in town where Union Blue hires the group to investigate the disappearance of one of their rail crews. The first scene might take place in Dodge where the team is hired. The next scene might take place along the last railhead, a ruined camp where they find tracks leading into the hills. The next chapter occurs after the group has followed the tracks into the woods—where they discover a camp of raiders in the employ of Bayou Vermillion and. This is where you list statistics for the raiders, their houngan leaders, and the walkin' dead they keep chained up to kill nosy heroes.

The Bounty

Each chapter ends with "The Bounty." This tells you how many Fate Chips you should hand out as clues are uncovered or bad guys are defeated. Keep these in mind as you're running the game so you can reward your players as they overcome these obstacles.

Traveling the Weird West

The Weird West is a big place. Getting from one place to another is often as exciting and deadly as what happens when you get there.

Here are a few rules you and the Marshal can use to help figure out what happens on your posse's journeys across the frontier.

Hot & Cold

Extreme heat and cold can be as deadly as a gunslinger's bullet.

If your character is exposed to temperatures over 80° F or above, he needs to make a *survival* roll around noon each day. The TN is a base Fair (5) for 80°, and it goes up by +2 for every increase of 5°. If your hombre fails, he loses 1d4 Wind that can't be regained until he can rest in a cool, comfortable place for at least 4 hours.

Going bust means he's doing the kickin' chicken or, as they call it Back East, having a seizure due to sunstroke. After that, he must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If he makes it, he suffers 3d6 Wind. If he fails it, he loses the Wind, has his *Vigor* die type permanently reduced by one step, and must make a second roll. If this is failed, he dies unless someone else makes an Incredible (11) *medicine* roll within 2d6 rounds. If his *Vigor* falls below a d4, there's no saving him.

Cold works the same way. Temperatures below freezing mean your hero has to make a *survival* roll for whatever environment he's in or lose 1d4 Wind. Add +2 to the TN for every 5° F below freezing.

Going bust means the hero is freezing to death. If he doesn't get heat and a *medicine: general* roll of Incredible (11) or better within 4 hours, he's likely going to be frozen solid until the spring thaw.

In either case, a hero whose Wind hits 0 through exposure is headed for the Great Beyond unless some good Samaritan lends a hand by rescuing the character from his predicament.

Chow

A fellow's got to eat. If he can't get enough vittles, he starts looking like the walking dead. Then he just might become one.

A person needs at least one decent meal and two quarts of water a day. If either is unavailable, he loses 1d4 Wind (or 2d4 if both are scarce) that can't be restored until he eats or drinks. Don't reroll Aces on these rolls.

Should a character fall to 0 Wind through starvation or dehydration, he'll keels over and continue to lose Wind until he does or gets aid.

The survival Aptitude can provide food and water in a pinch. See The Weird West Player's Guide for more info.

Hell for Leather

We listed the normal traveling rates in the player's book, but sometimes a person needs to travel a little farther and faster than normal. In these life or death situations, use the rules below.

RIDE LIKE THE WIND!

Experienced riders change their mounts frequently, but sometimes a traveler has only a single horse or team and needs to get somewhere in a hurry. He can push his animals to make better time, but he risks exhausting or even killing them in the process.

The horse must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll every 10 miles over the normal limit of 40 miles, up to a maximum of 50 extra miles (average horses have a *Vigor* of 2d10). Every check after the first is made at an additional -2, up to a maximum of -6.

At 40 miles over the normal limit, for example, the horse or each horse in a team makes its fourth check for the day at -6.

If an animal goes bust on this roll, it dies. If it fails, it walks for another 1d4 miles and then drops from exhaustion for 2d4 hours.

THE HEEL-TOE EXPRESS

Cowpokes in a pinch (and without a horse) can push themselves along in a similar way. A regular person can walk 10 miles a day with no problems. Make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll for every 5 miles over that limit the character hikes, up to a maximum of 25 extra miles. Every check after the first is made at an additional -2, up to a maximum of -6.

If the walker fails the roll, she loses 1d4 Wind. Wind lost in this way can only be regained by resting for 1 hour for each lost point. At 0 Wind, the walker cannot go further until rested.

TELEGRAPHS

Rail raiders, bandits, and storms often cause disruptions in the Weird West's telegraph service. Whenever your posse sends a telegram and you want to mess with them, First do a quick estimate of the mileage between the sender and receiver. Use the **Message Distance Table** to determine a modifier, then roll on the **Telegram Results Table**. If that roll is an 18+, the message has been intercepted by gremlins. Roll on the **Gremlins! Table** when that happens.

MESSAGE DISTANCE

Distance	Modifier
Less than 100 miles	0
100-200 miles	+2
201-500 miles	+4
501+ miles	+6

TELEGRAM RESULTS

1d20	Result
1-9	The message goes through fine.
10-13	There's a break in the line. The message won't be received for 2d6 hours.
14-17	The line's broken somewhere far from civilization. The message won't go through for 2d6 days.
18+	The message gets intercepted by gremlins. Roll on the Gremlins Table.

GREMLINS!

1d6	Result
1	The message goes through, but the letters are received in reverse order.
2	Rearrange the words of the telegram to cause as much trouble as possible.
3	Make up a whole new message—something that causes trouble.
4	Make up a new message, but the gremlins echo the right confirmation.
5	The message goes to the wrong city.
6	The gremlins pretend to be a deranged operator at the other end. They block the message but send back crude taunts and cryptic responses. Feel free to do just about anything you want to cause the heroes as much trouble as possible. Think like a gremlin, pard.

The Law

Posses being made up of trigger-happy player characters, you can bet you're going to find your campaign centering around a court trial from time to time. Here are a few pointers on how to run them.

The case usually starts with the prosecution. A lawyer hired by the county introduces all his witnesses, usually moving from the least to the most damaging. When the prosecutor is done with a witness, the defense lawyer gets a chance to cross-examine.

Despite that little piece of paper called the Constitution, folks accused of a crime in the West are often guilty until proven innocent. Or more accurately, until some fast-talking lawyer gets them off the hook.

Unless it's a simple case of self-defense, the lawyer usually must prove what his client *didn't* do. This gives him two options. The first is to find some other skunk to blame things on. The other is to discredit the prosecution's witnesses by showing what low-down, ornery liars they are.

Both sides play fast and loose with the facts. In a big trial, drama is the key. If a lawyer can win over the jury, regardless of the truth, his side wins.

Most cases are decided in a few hours, but since juries are selected a day or two ahead of time, it's usually easy to threaten or bribe them. Jack McCall got away with murdering Wild Bill Hickok when the rats who put him up to it successfully threatened the jury.

Judges out West don't put up with much tomfoolery. Forget about loopholes or technicalities. At the end of a big trial, a defendant swings or he walks scot-free.

Common Jail Times & Fines

Offense	**Sentence**
Horse Thieving	Hanging
Rustling	Hanging
Murder	Hanging
Rape	Hanging
Attempted Murder	20 years or more
Bank Robbing	20 years or more
Train Robbing	20 years or more
Stealing money from a widow	20 years or more
Robbing someone of authority	5 years or more
Grand Larceny (stealing $300 or more in goods or currency, besides horses or beeves)	5 years or more
Stealing less than $300	1 week to 1 year
Drunk in public	Overnight, $10 fine
Disorderly	$10 fine
Carrying a weapon in a no-weapons zone	Confiscation, $10 fine

Get a Rope!

So called "hangin' judges" (not the legendary abominations but their all-too-human namesakes) are rare. Maybe one out of every 20 judges in the Weird West would qualify for this not-so-honorable title. They're mostly found in isolated counties of the USA and CSA territories.

Having jurisdiction in an isolated area is the only way these madmen can get away with an extended "reign of terror." If a hangin' judge ever somehow manages to come to power in a more populated region, he never lasts long. Some vengeful family member eventually puts a bullet in his back.

Throwing a hangin' judge into an adventure is serious business, so use them sparingly. You're essentially throwing the entire weight of the law against your posse.

If the heroes can't prove their innocence or escape, they swing and you get to try out those nifty hanging rules we gave in the *Weird West Player's Guide*. If the heroes do escape, word is likely to get out and turn the posse into wanted criminals. That can be fun, but make sure it's what you want first.

Common Crimes & Times

The table to the left lists some common crimes and sentences, as presented in the *Player's Guide*. Remember that this is the frontier, though. Strange events, a military presence, or even the whim of the local law dogs can change any sentence. It might not be constitutional, but by the time the appeal comes through, the defendant is usually cold in the ground.

The Black Hats

By now you probably have a passel of ideas for incredible adventures, diabolical villains, and terrible monsters. We'll tell you how to come up with their statistics in Chapter Three, but first, let's make it clear just what the Reckoners can and can't do.

These guys are bad news in a box. They can warp the landscape, grant power to mortals who ask for it, and even create monsters out of thin air.

The ability to create any type of horror is very important to you, Marshal. It means you can create *any* type of creature, monster, or villain you want. Their "ecology" doesn't have to make sense, nor do they have to conform to the normal laws of the world. Most times, locals believe in some imagined creature and the Reckoners give it life. Occasionally, a single person fears something so badly she gives life to a monster.

Some of these created creatures are intelligent and self-serving, like Reverend Grimme. Others are merely savage horrors such as wallcrawlers with no real free will. It doesn't really matter—make up whatever type of bad guy you want and it will fit into the world of *Deadlands.*

Deal with the Devil

For all their power, the Reckoners aren't omnipotent. They can't kill anyone or even make someone do their bidding. One of the big secrets the Reckoners like to keep close to their slimy chests is that those mortals who serve them must do so of their own free will, literally selling their souls to these devils in exchange for power.

That's the human element of *Deadlands,* a Faustian tale of misguided humans who have betrayed their own race. Raven, Hellstromme, Stone, and most of our major villains illustrate this point. Even Reverend Grimme illustrates this, though his is a special case. "He" was created by the Reckoners, but only after his deranged flock cannibalized him—thus it is the "group" who sold their souls and gave rise to this devil in a preacher's flock.

All this means villains in the game are true villains. They know what they've done and they're responsible for their own actions. They may be tempted or mislead, but they always know what they're doing is wrong.

FIRST NATIONAL

Enforcers

Of course, not being able to kill a hero with a thought doesn't mean the Reckoners can't take steps to plant 'em six-feet under. Heroes who really get under the Reckoners' skin can't just be pulled down into Hell when they get too efficient, but they might find themselves being hunted by others who have given themselves over to evil.

Los Diablos

Truly pesky heroes get a visit by los diablos, the "Devil's own herd." You'll find their statistics and a little more information on how to use them in the full-color section of Chapter Three.

The text for *los diablos* says they come after a hero when he "gains the attention of the Reckoners." But what exactly does that mean?

Deciding when to send these things after your heroes is a tough call. The target is likely to die, as are those around him, so don't be too quick on the draw.

At a minimum, a character should have five Grit. He should also have done something that truly angers the Reckoners, such as foil a major plot by Grimme, Hellstromme, or some insidious horror with long-term goals. Only then should the hero get the idea that these mysterious beings have taken a personal interest in his demise.

When the sound of the rumbling herd draws near, make sure your hero is ready for it. Throw him a few clues on the nights before the creatures' approach and give him a way to learn what's about to happen before the demons actually arrive. Maybe the character meets a legendary hero who has also been visited by the herd. Or perhaps he discovers some clue in an ancient tome. Most importantly, give the group some warning that the hero's compadres are little more than sitting ducks until he either defeats his hunters or joins their Hellish stampede.

Stone

Think the diablos are bad? They're a cakewalk with ice cream and clowns compared to Stone.

This cold-hearted bastard is a Harrowed who's so mean his manitou is afraid of *him*. He's in total control of the thing and forced it to give up its many powers to him very early on.

Stone is one of only a handful of beings in the world who works directly for the Reckoners (Reverend Grimme is another). His job is to hunt down those who truly disrupt his masters' plans and put bullets in their heads. He specializes in Harrowed heroes.

Stone is an over-confident bastard, but not out of stupidity—he's just really that tough. When his prey has any real chance of defeating him, Stone is likely to shoot him in the back or take whatever other actions are necessary to make sure he wins. If he's confident of victory—real victory—he likes to do the old "shootout at High Noon" business. Stone has been looking for someone good enough to beat him for a long time, but he has thus far been disappointed. Stone *likes* competition—but only if he *knows* he's going to win. He's weird like that, and evil through and through.

As for statistics, we don't like to list them for two reasons. First is the old rule in game design that "if you stat it, they will kill it." How many of you used to go hunting the Gods of Asgard in your high-school fantasy rpgs?

Second, some beings are just more than a collection of their statistics. Play any villain or monster in this or any other game as just a set of stats and your party will have little trouble with it. Play it smart and you'll make 'em retreat every once in a while.

Still we know you need a few stats to use this stone-cold killer. By 1877, assume Stone has any Harrowed power you need him to at level 4. His *shootin'* with any firearm is 10d12+10. He's also *two-fisted*, and prefers to fight with the weapons he had in his hands when his own men shot him in the back at Gettysburg—two single-action Colt Dragoons. These cap & ball pistols have become relics—they are reloaded by holstering them for one action.

Running the Game

So you've read the *Weird West Player's Guide* and you've browsed through here enough to know where everything is. What do you do next?

If you're like most folks when they play this type of game for the first time, you're probably thinking you don't quite have a grasp of the rules. Fair enough. Roleplaying games are more complicated than games like chess because they cover so many different situations. If you're new to this type of game, all the options we give folks in *Deadlands* might be a little overwhelming.

We understand. So try this. Try it anyway. Run a game and screw it up. Get all the rules wrong. And don't worry about it. Just concentrate on making an exciting adventure. You'll figure out the rules as you go, especially once some of your players read the *Weird West's Player's Guide*. And if you can't figure out the rules while you're playing, don't slow down the game too much trying.

Once you've played a whole session, go back and read any sections you didn't quite understand. You'll get it eventually. Just make sure you're having a good time while your players—and you, Marshal—get the hang of the rules.

Spaghetti-Western

Let's talk a little about tone. What's this game supposed to "feel like?" *Deadlands* is equal parts Western and horror. Specifically, the Weird West is a "spaghetti-Western," so-called because of the famous Italian Westerns of the 1960s. Check out your local video store for a wide assortment—you can find them most anywhere. Watch a few of these, especially those starring Clint Eastwood, and you'll understand the feel of the Western part of this game.

Sure there's a little John Ford—John Wayne action at times, and maybe even a little *Brisco County Jr.* and *Wild, Wild, West,* but when one of your heroes is staring down a bad guy at High Noon, everyone ought to hear the theme from *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* in their heads.

Horror

So you get spaghetti-Western. But what about horror? How do you put a chill down the spine of your over-educated friends who have watched every scary movie and maybe lived through worse in the real world?

We have a few words of advice. First, start with contrast. Start the night with bright lights, laughter, some high-adventure, and action. Play up the spaghetti-western aspects of the game. Keep the pace slow, let everyone roleplay their characters, and throw in a few bad Western accents for some yuks.

As the night rolls on, slowly add some tension into your scenes. Hint that there's a storm coming. Maybe you first introduce the bad guys or let the posse find some of your monster's handiwork.

Build upon this tension with a growing sense of dread. This is a good time to dim the lights a little. Some good background music doesn't hurt either. Try the *Deadlands: Weird Wailin's* CD or the soundtrack to your favorite horror movie.

When you're finally ready for the big climax, hit the players with everything you've got. Keep the lights dim or maybe even try some candles (but don't burn the house down!). Then cue up dramatic, urgent music—you'd be surprised how much this gets a posse's heart racing. Make sure to speak rapidly too. Fill the players with a sense of urgency so they don't have time to think everything through. A zombie bursts through the door? Count quickly to five. Those who respond get an action—the rest are hosed. Roll some dice and assign the damage quickly, rapidly moving on to the next person. Don't let the detailed combat rules drag you down when you're going for the finale. Think of the game like a game show where everyone is in "speed rounds." Call out an Action Card and count to five, a player who misses her turn or hesitates trying to figure out what to do loses her Action. You're the Marshal—no one said you had to play by the rules all the time. Show no mercy and your posse will rush about as frantically as their characters should be.

Cultivating Fear

That middle part we told you above, where you start building a growing sense of dread, is the hardest for new Marshals to handle. Here are some tips on how to make those creepy scenes leading up to the climax truly terrifying.

One word of warning first, Marshal. Don't be put out if you're going for the heroes' jugulars and they're laughing so hard at something they've got sarsaparilla coming out their noses. That's a *good* thing. Remember you're all here to have a good time, and if a player tosses out a one-liner that has everyone rolling on the floor—it's well worth breaking the mood for a few minutes. As a matter of fact, the humor may actually *enhance* the horror of the scene because it provides such high contrast.

Blood and Gore

A lot of new Marshals are tempted to use a lot of blood and gore to emphasize the horror. That has its place, and we're not above it ourselves on occasion. By and large, however, you'll find graphic descriptions of steaming entrails are nowhere near as frightening as letting the players fill in the details themselves.

Try this. Zeke opens the door to a trapper's cabin and finds the fellow inside flayed alive. You could describe the mess in a lot of detail. Or you could simply say Zeke shuts his eyes and closes the door. The latter approach lets the group picture the scene in their own minds. They know what bothers them and are likely to picture this horrific sight in the way that disturbs them most.

When you do have to describe the details (such as when they start investigating the body for clues), that's when you want to go for a little more gore. Describe the loose pile of skin lying beside the corpse, the dark hairs matted to the shaved scalp, and the green bile leaking down through the feather bed along with the thick red blood. This way you've built up to the grisly details and slowly built a scene of tension and horror.

Devil in the Details

Never "label" monsters. Describe them.

Which sounds more scary: "A Maze dragon is sneaking up on you." Or, "A dark green shape rises up out of the water. It looks something like a huge serpent but with a lizard-like head. It has a mouthful of razor-sharp teeth and the parts you can see looks to be well over 20 yards long!"

Isolation

A posse stuck in an isolated cabin high in Donner Pass is more apprehensive than the same posse in the middle of Dodge City. Isolation is a tried-and-true method of making your party feel they are the prey of your nefarious evil (and they probably are).

But what do you do if the adventure takes place in a heavily populated area? Isolation comes in many forms, Marshal. Remember that most folks have never heard of the Reckoning and they don't believe in monsters. If the heroes go to the local law and tell him the dead are rising from Boot Hill, he's likely to just throw them in the hoosegow for public drunkenness.

You can also isolate the heroes from their closest companions—the posse itself. Anytime a character wanders off by himself, take the player into a separate room for a bit. Besides keeping his Fate a mystery to the rest of the group, the player will actually feel isolated as well. There's nothing creepier to a player than having the Marshal say "Come with me...."

Besides being a tool of terror, isolation also means the heroes have to confront your villains and creatures on their own—and that's how you want it.

But what happens when the authorities see it with their own eyes? That's when the law should ask the *posse* for help. They probably stirred up the evil anyway. If the law puts the heroes on the front line, they might realize just how bad things are.

Too, if the heroes are always running for help, the posse may actually contribute to the Fear Level and help the bad guys win. Find a way to let them know this, then hit them with a higher Fear Level when they eventually go back to finish the job.

Paranoia

One last tip, Marshal. It never hurts to instill a sense of paranoia in the group. Pass notes, take players out of the room for private discussions, and make them tell you things only their characters know in private. Don't let a player say he's stealing the treasure map from another hero in front of the victim's player. Make him pass you a note or take you aside for a private conference instead. Remember that the fear of the unknown is the greatest fear of all, and even if the party suspects there's a thief in their midst, it creates mistrust and apprehension that contributes to the overall fear and paranoia of the group.

Having a Harrowed in the group should cause constant paranoia. If the heroes find someone dead, they can't be sure if it was the monster they're tracking down or the one they bed down with every night. Make 'em wonder. And take the Harrowed's player aside constantly to keep everyone on edge. "Your breakfast was real good this morning, Zeke. Just wanted to let you know." Let the player try and tell the posse that was his "private" message, and watch the suspicion grow when one of the party later turns up dead.

Music, Maestro!

We've said it twice, but it's worth saying again. The right background music can add a lot to your game—that's why we make a soundtrack for all of our horror games. We hope you use ours, but you'll need a good assortment of music to really reinforce the various moods you try to create during the night. Try Western soundtracks for the early phases of a game where everyone's trying to be Clint Eastwood. Move on to creepy horror-movie soundtracks when the posse first stumbles across the handiwork of your villains. If they get in a fight with bandits or other relatively normal bad guys, play something exciting and heroic, like the theme from *Indiana Jones*. In the final scene, go for something really dramatic and urgent, such as *Night on Bald Mountain* or *Flight of the Valkyries*.

Movies and television use music to manipulate our emotions constantly. Try it in your game as well. You won't believe the difference it can make.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: ARCANA

The world of *Deadlands* is filled with the arcane. Mad scientists fly above the deserts in ornithopters powered by ghost rock. Hucksters blast souls with mystical energies. The undead crawl out of their graves to fight for dominance with evil spirits.

We've told the players everything they need to know about the weirdness that suffuses the American West. Now it's your turn, Marshal. It's time to show you how to whack player characters upside their noggins when they deal with the arcane and mess up.

This chapter deals with mysterious pasts, huckster backlash, mad scientist dementias and device malfunctions, and the perils of being Harrowed.

We'll also give you the lowdown on some 100% bonafide magic items (we call 'em "relics" out here, amigo). You'll find out the incredible powers of everything from Wyatt Earp's badge to Hickock's missing revolvers—and the price that must be paid for a hero to use them.

MYSTERIOUS PAST

Many folks have been affected by arcane weirdness in their lives. Some don't even know it—yet.

When a player draws a Joker during character creation, draw a card from your own Action Deck. This card determines the character's "mysterious past." If a character draws two Jokers, he has two mysterious pasts.

Compare the card you drew to the following entries to get an idea for the character's mysterious past.

You should always feel free to substitute your own ideas if you have something more specific to the character in mind. The better it fits in with the hero's background, the more fun it could turn out to be in the end. Make sure you talk it over a little with the player first, though. You don't want to ruin a player's fun by sticking him with a mysterious past he's going to hate.

Deuce: Curse

The character is cursed in some way. Figure out when and why it happened by sorting through the hero's past, looking for someone he may have wronged.

The character has the *bad luck* Hindrance until he resolves whatever issue caused the curse. If the character winds up also having *bad luck* in some other way (like by purchasing it during character creation), the curse proves doubly catastrophic.

Three: Sworn Enemy

The character has an enemy in her past that she doesn't know about. Look over the character's background and pick an enemy or a group of enemies that are looking for the hero. The nature of the enemy and the frequency of its occurrence is entirely up to you.

Consider carefully how powerful you want the enemy to be. He could be a major threat or just a minor nuisance.

Four: Dopplegänger

The hero looks eerily like some other well-known person. A red card means the other person is someone who is generally considered "good," at least in the USA or the CSA, if not both. A black card means the character looks like a wanted bandit, gunman, or someone else with a "bad" reputation.

Five: Kin

A family member or close companion gets involved in the adventure every now and then. The relative tries to help but can't really take care of himself, and so he generally ends up getting in the way more often than not. He also tends to make a great hostage should one of the character's enemies ever get wind of the fact that he exists.

The hero occasionally benefits from the relative's actions, but usually just winds up rescuing him. Kid brothers and sisters, a previously unknown father, or a trouble-making cousin with the same last name make great personal interests.

Six: Sixth Sense

The character has an uncanny sixth sense that sometimes warns her of danger. Whenever a hidden danger or ambush is about to occur, make a secret Onerous (7) *Cognition* check.

Fate has nothing to do with it, so don't worry about the fact that the hero can't use Fate Chips to affect the roll. If she is successful, she knows something's up and can react accordingly.

Seven: Blackouts

The character has "holes" in his past. He can't quite remember certain periods of his life. He probably doesn't even know he can't remember them.

What happened to him during these "blackouts" is entirely up to you and the needs of your game. The character might occasionally experience glimpses into his mysterious past. These visions eventually make sense, but they just confuse and confound him until the past finally catches up to him.

Eight: Ancient Pact

The character's ancestors made a pact with a manitou some time in the distant past, before the Great Spirit War. The power of that pact still traces through the family's bloodlines.

The character gains a power of the Harrowed at level 1. The level cannot be raised unless the hero someday becomes Harrowed.

You should decide which power to grant the character. You can base the ability on her personality if you choose, or you can choose an ability at random, since the power was chosen by a distant ancestor that may not have been a whole lot like the hero at all.

Nine: Favor

Someone owes the character a favor of some sort. Perhaps a town Sheriff was saved by the hero's father long ago. Or maybe an infamous outlaw turns out to be the character's father. Whatever the circumstance, the indebted extra can occasionally bail the hero out of dire situations.

Ten: Animal Hatred/Ken

Animals react strangely in the hero's presence. He may have been this way from birth, or perhaps she somehow gained the attention of the nature spirits through some act of kindness or a thoughtless misdeed.

Red: Animals just flat-out love the hero. They never attack her unless they're somehow provoked, and she adds +2 to any *animal wranglin', teamster,* or *horse ridin'* rolls. If the hero rides a horse, the animal should be especially intelligent and well-trained after spending any time at all in the hero's care. She might also have a special pet, such as a bear or a dog. This part's up to you, Marshal. The stats for a few standard critters can be found in Chapter Three.

Black: Animals hate the character. Dogs growl and sometimes bite. Horses complain and buck whenever the character goes bust on a *horse ridin'* roll. The character always suffers -2 to any *animal wranglin', teamster,* or *horse ridin'* rolls.

Jack: Inheritance

The hero has inherited something, such as an old mansion, a thousand dollars, or even a debt. This makes a perfect adventure hook, of course.

For fun, let the messengers hunt the hero for a while and make him nervous. He won't know why they want him or if the news is good or bad until they catch up with him.

Red: The inheritance is by and large a good thing. Whether it's money, a relic passed down from a long-lost uncle, or a son the hero didn't know he had is up to the Marshal.

Black: The inheritance comes with trouble. A ranch sits in the way of a the Rail Wars, or a trunk full of Grandpa's belongings contains a cursed or haunted relic.

Queen: Haunted

A ghost of some sort haunts the character. No one else can see or hear the being, but it is always lurking nearby. Put some thought and personality into the ghost's identity. Perhaps a beneficial spook is the ghost of a dead relative. A malevolent specter could be the ghost of someone who died because of the character, or the shade or revenant of a major villain the hero put down.

Red: The ghost is beneficial. Once per session, it warns the character of danger or provides him with useful information relevant to the adventure or overall campaign. The phantom shouldn't be too powerful or all-knowing, but it should prove useful.

Black: The character is haunted by an evil spirit. It appears at the most inconvenient times to frighten and confuse the hero. At least once per adventure (and when the character draws a black Joker from the Action Deck during combat), the ghost appears and tries to trick, confuse, or distract him with some illusion or phantasm.

HORSE THIEF

KING: CURSED RELIC/RELIC

The character has in his possession an artifact once owned by someone else. He might have inherited it, or acquired it through some unusual means. It is, at the very least, very valuable or perhaps even magical in nature.

Red: One of the character's possessions is a valuable or arcane relic of some sort. Perhaps he has the pistol of a famous outlaw or a blueprint designed by a great mad scientist.

Black: The artifact is cursed or comes with trouble. Perhaps the hero's pistol was once used in a heinous murder. Or the pocket watch he carries was "altered" by a mad scientist. The effects of the curse depends on the item (and how badly you want to sock it to the hero). At the very least, a cursed weapon should secretly fire at a –2 penalty, while a mundane item quietly causes the hero *bad luck* until he figures it out and rids himself of it.

ACE: KNACK

The character was born under strange circumstances or on a powerful holiday. Since that day, she has developed strange powers. Let the player read the **Knack** section that follows and choose the one she feels is most appropriate for her.

JOKER: HARROWED

This one's lots of fun, Marshal. The character is dead and doesn't know it. Maybe he was gutshot a few weeks ago and left for dead. He thought the local sawbones patched him up real good (and the sawbones likely thought so too), but in truth, he just slipped on into the Great Beyond.

Make up some event that took place in the character's past in which he was left for dead but somehow survived. The event should have occurred within the last few months if possible (which is why the deader hasn't figured it out yet).

Red: The hero has total Dominion.

Black: The hero starts with only a 1 point advantage in Dominion. Maybe he's already lost control to his manitou a few times and committed unspeakable acts. Very likely, there's a posse of Agents or Rangers on his tail already. They don't usually ask questions first.

Knacks

Howdy, friend. If you're reading this, the Marshal has told you your character's mysterious past is a "knack," a supernatural ability he was born with. Since you're already here peekin' in what's normally the Marshal's book, we're going to let you read all the knacks in this section and choose the one that fits your character best.

Knacks cost Fate Chips to use. If a hombre can't pony up a chip, he can't use his knack. The knacks below explain what each type of chip does for the hero. You can use chips of different colors at the same time if you want.

Many of the knacks we've included have to do with certain holidays. It might not make sense for an Apache to have a knack from a Roman Catholic holiday, so you have to do one of two things: don't take it, or assume your character's mythos has some other event or situation that grants him the knack.

Marshal, if you're feeling particularly generous, you *might* let a hero buy one of these knacks during character creation. Should you choose to do so, we recommend charging 5 character points, and only letting a hero buy one knack.

Bastard

The character's a bastard. Not just the mean and ornery kind, but the kind born out of wedlock.

It is said that a child born out of wedlock can see the unseen. Seems there's some truth to that, at least in this character's case.

White: The hero can find an inanimate object he's looking for within 10 yards.

Red: A red chip lets your hero spot someone or something that is actively hiding from him or others through natural means (such as *sneakin'*). This benefit lasts 5 minutes.

Blue: This lets your hero see "invisible" critters, or those that supernaturally blend in with their surroundings. This effect lasts 10 minutes.

Legend: A Legend chip works the same as a blue but the effect lasts an entire day.

Blue Veil

Your character was born with a "blue veil"—a purplish bit of his momma's insides—wrapped tight around his noggin. The old-timers say this gives a child the gift of foresight.

White: Your character cannot be surprised as long as he has at least one white chip in his possession. If you ever happen to fail a surprise check, just chuck the chip into the pot and grin like a possum. You automatically make the check, even if you went bust.

Red, Blue, Legend: Only one of each color chip may be spent per game session. When it is, the Marshal must describe a vision or dream of some sort to you. Hidden within the vision is an enigmatic clue that might help your hero survive the upcoming struggle. The clarity and insight of the vision increases with the type of chip spent.

Born on All Hallow's Eve

They say Mr. Unlucky, the King of Halloween, favors those born on his day of mischief. His gift to these rascals is a greater understanding of the arcane world.

Your character has an innate "sense" about matters of the arcane or supernatural.

Note: You can only use the blue and Legend chip function of this knack if your character has the *arcane background* Edge and is a mad scientist or a huckster.

White: Your character can sense magic or arcane energy within 50 yards.

Red: Your character can sense magic as above, and also has some idea as to its purpose or inclination.

Blue: Whenever your huckster or mad scientist draws a hand to cast a hex or design a gizmo, you may discard any one card of your choice and draw another. You can spend multiple chips on the draw, but you can't discard a black Joker.

Legend: Your character gets the highest possible raise on his draw, a royal flush. Relax and watch the fireworks, partner. You've earned this one.

Born on Christmas

A babe born on Christmas is particularly resistant to arcane effects powered by evil spirits.

If your character takes this knack and has the *arcane background* Edge, she may only be a blessed or a shaman. The knack has no effect on shamanic or blessed powers. It works on the tainted magic of hexes, weird gizmos, and black magic.

Your character can use this knack even if she isn't aware she's a target of some foul magic She cannot, however, use the knack against a magic-using character who isn't using an arcane effect directly on the heroine. If your buffalo gal sees a huckster cast a hex on himself or someone else, for instance, there's nothing she can do about it.

White: Against any type of damage-causing magic, a white chip provides 1 point of Armor. Against a resisted spell effect, the character gets to add +4 to his roll.

Red: As above, but it gives 2 points of Armor and adds +4 to your heroine's resistance roll (if there is one). A red chip is not cumulative with a white.

Blue: A blue chip forces a backfire of some sort. Hucksters roll on the **Backlash Table**, mad scientists suffer a malfunction, and cultists get spanked by their dark masters for their incompetence. If the effect is caused by a creature's special ability with no "backfire" results, the spell simply doesn't affect your heroine.

Legend: When a tainted supernatural spell or power affects your character, spend a Legend chip to make him immune to all the powers of the creature who cast it for the rest of the scene. A vampire could not charm the hero, for instance, but it could still bite her on the neck since that isn't a supernatural power.

Born Under a Blood-Red Moon

The blood-red moon leered down upon your birth. The wolves howled. The bobcats wailed. Nature went blood simple the night you were born.

Your heroine has a wild and feral side. She can't work anything more complicated than a pistol and must take the *all thumbs* Hindrance, but animals think she's Mother Nature herself.

All the effects below work on a single large animal (such as a wolf or a bear), a half dozen or less small animals (beavers), or a pack of about a dozen smaller varmints (rats). It does not work on creatures created by the Reckoning (including jackalopes, Maze dragons, and the like), so don't get any foolish notions.

White: You can get some idea what a critter within 10 feet is thinking or feeling.

Red: Spending a red chip calms nature's little beasties. The critters won't attack unless provoked or they have some more important concern (such as being worried the rest of the posse will harm their young). Move carefully, because upsetting the animal in some way negates the chip. And remember, happy wolves eat people too.

Blue: The critter becomes a temporary companion. It stays by your character's side and fights for her until a scene or violent encounter has ended.

Legend: An animal native to the environment comes to the heroine's side and becomes her constant companion until its death. It is fiercely loyal to her, and won't attack her friends if they do not threaten it. The beast is still an animal, but it understands and obeys her commands as if it had been trained to do so from birth.

Breech Birth

A baby born butt-first is said to have the uncanny ability to heal sprains, lumbagos, and other discomforts.

Your character has a knack for healing. He can attempt to heal serious and critical wounds even if he has only the *medicine: general* Aptitude. No chip is necessary; the kid's just a natural.

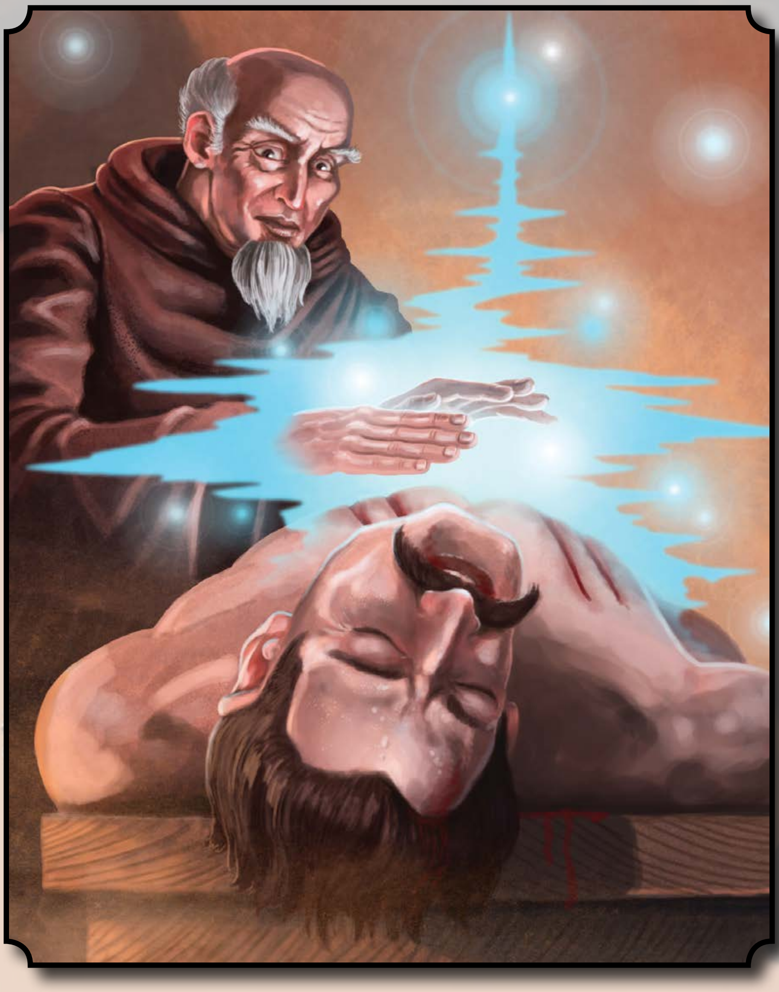
Using these powers requires touching the patient.

White: Given a full minute and a few minimal supplies, the healer can completely remove a single light wound per chip. Note that this only works on light wounds—it has no effect on greater wounds.

Red: Healing wounds less than an hour after they were received usually lets a sawbones remove one level of wounds per area. If your hero makes his *medicine* roll, he heals two levels of wounds.

Blue: Your healer is a wonder with others, but he's downright miraculous when mending his own body. Given ten minutes and some home-brewed poultices or other herbs, the healer can spend a blue chip to completely remove a single wound from his body.

Legend: If the healer can place his hands upon the body of someone slain in the last minute, she can return them to life. The body must be reasonably intact to accomplish this.



Cat Child

You've heard the old wives' tale that cats sneak into children's beds and steal their breath? Truth is, some do. But if the child's lucky, the cat leaves something in its place.

A cat stole your character's breath soon after he was born. Of course, this was no ordinary cat, and it left a little part of itself in you. Reduce your hero's Wind by 4 if you take this Edge (to a minimum of 4), and gain the powers listed below.

White: Your character automatically lands on his feet after a fall, ready to go. He can safely fall up to 10 yards without taking any damage.

Red: You can see in darkness as long as there's any light at all (even starlight). This lasts for 10 minutes and extends to the natural limit of your hombre's vision.

Blue: Your character's *Nimbleness* increases by two steps for one entire scene, increasing his die rolls and Pace accordingly.

Legend: They say cats have nine lives. Whenever your character is about to die, a Legend chip saves his life. The Marshal must come up with some bizarre circumstance to explain how Fate intervenes to save his life (maybe a fatal fall is broken by a pond, haystack, or snowdrift, for example). Place a tick mark at the top of your character sheet each time this happens. When you reach nine marks, you lose this ability forever. Use your lives wisely, cat-boy.

Child of the Raven

A raven perched on the windowsill when you were born. It didn't say "nevermore," but it did give you the ability to look into the past.

Your character has the gift of psychometry. Whenever he touches a nonliving thing (including corpses and the Harrowed) and concentrates, he receives a vision about the thing's past.

The vision is often couched in symbolism or puzzles, so don't expect it to solve a mystery for you. It might help you turn up an unfound lead, however.

The vision is always of the most dramatic event in the thing's past, up to the time limit imposed by the chip (see below). The most dramatic event in the history of a rock, for example, might be a drop of rain. A blood-soaked rag has a better story to tell.

It isn't pleasant sensing someone else buying the farm. If a *child of the raven* uses his ability on a corpse, the blood of a corpse, a murder weapon, or other items associated with death, he gets a taste of what it's like to die. When he does, the character runs the risk of busting his ticker.

The investigator must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* test. If he passes, everything's peachy. If he fails, he suffers 3d6 Wind, his *Vigor* is permanently reduced by one step, and he has a heart attack. Make a second Hard (9) *Vigor* test. If this one is failed, his last double-eagle buys him a plot in Boot Hill, unless someone makes an Incredible (11) *medicine* roll within 2d6 rounds.

The type of chip spent determines how far back in the target's past you can go.

White: One day.

Red: One year.

Blue: Centuries.

Legend: Anytime, and the vision is particularly clear.

EARTH BOND

The Sioux say a person with an *earth bond* is chosen by the nature spirits to protect the physical world. They offer precious gifts, but they are ruthless if these gifts are abused.

Your character has some mystical bond with Mother Nature. She understands the ways of the wilds and can sometimes use its secrets as well.

None of these bonuses apply in towns or cities, while on trains, or in other places where nature has been overshadowed by technology.

White: Your heroine may add +4 to her *climbin', sneak, survival,* and *trackin'* rolls. The chip can be spent after the roll is made, even if it was already modified by other Fate Chips.

Red: Given a few hours and a few acres of wilderness, your character can find enough herbs and roots to make healing poultices. This allows your hero to make an immediate natural healing roll for each wounded area. Only one such attempt may be made per day.

Blue: Your heroine can completely disappear in the wilderness. If silent and stock still, she is effectively invisible to all but magical means. Also, for one hour after spending the chip, the character leaves no tracks upon natural surfaces, even in muddy fields. Unnatural surfaces, such as a street covered in paint, show tracks normally.

Legend: The character can call upon the spirits of nature to return to an area flooded with fear, temporarily riding it of its vile influence. Plants return to life, birds return, and the sun (or moon) shines a little brighter. Make a *Spirit* roll. The Fear Level is 0 for one hour for every success and raise the hero achieves. (Don't worry if you don't know what a "Fear Level" is, the Marshal does!) This negates the *guts* penalties as well as certain special powers the forces of darkness get for the ambient fear.

SEVENTH SON/DAUGHTER

Your character is fated for greatness. Her legend will loom large in the Weird West.

Your hombre has the unique ability to control Fate. Anytime someone spends a Fate chip in his presence (usually within sight), you can discard a like-colored chip to stop its effects. A pricey but valuable power, amigo.

Legend: If your character dies and there's enough left of him, he automatically comes back Harrowed.

VETERANS O' THE WEIRD WEST

Here are all those horrible things that can happen to character who took the *veteran o' the Weird West* Edge we warned the posse about in the *Weird West Player's Guide*. Feel free to make up your own results, or draw a card and consult the table below.

Deuce: Jinxed

This hombre ran into something that jinxed him bad. His luck's fine, but his companions suffer minor mishaps constantly. The rest of the posse has the *bad luck* Hindrance.

Three: Hunted

The veteran didn't finish the job. Something is looking for him, and it wants him dead. Or worse.

Four: Debt

The Agency (red card) or Texas Rangers (black card) has something on the hero that could make him swing if revealed. They frequently recruit him for the roughest assignments. Refusing is bad. Neither type usually asks nicely, or takes no for an answer.

Five: Addicted

The character would like to forget the things he's seen. He has a severe *hankerin'* for alcohol or a drug like opium or peyote.

Six: Haunted Dreams

The cowpoke can never forget the things he's seen. They even haunt him in his dreams, giving him *night terrors*.

Seven : Maimed

One of the character's limbs is maimed or entirely missing. Roll a d6. On a 1–2, he's *lame* (limp); 3–4, he's *lame* (crippled); 5–6, he's lost his non-weapon hand and is a *one-armed bandit*.

Eight: Beat With an Ugly Stick

One of the abominations this unfortunate hero encountered rearranged his face or some other highly visible body part. He's *ugly as sin* when the wound is visible.

Nine: Insane

This dude's mind's not what it once was. Give him a mental illness from the mad scientist's **Madness Table** (page 249, Marshal).

Ten: Paranoid

This tinhorn's seen things he shouldn't have. He's afraid of the dark, , afraid to wander out of camp to relieve himself, and so on.

Jack: Infected

The last creature he tussled with left a mark that won't go away. The dude has some sort of strange wound that gives him the *ailin'* (chronic) Hindrance.

Queen: Bollixed

You've got a bad case of gremlins. These buggers infect every device the hero touches, including guns. Every mechanical item he uses has a Reliability of 19. Devices which were previously prone to malfunction lower their Reliability by -1. If he can go without touching a mechanical device for one year, the gremlins get bored and go away.

King: Marked For Death

Some intelligent and phenomenally evil abomination from the hero's past uttered a dying curse. He may not spend Fate Chips of any kind to negate damage, or even regain Wind.

Ace: Forsaken

Long ago, this lone rider did something awful to survive an encounter with the supernatural. Ever since, the spirit world won't aid him on a bet. No beneficial spiritual magic, miracles, or favors work on him. Hexes, weird science, and black magic work normally.

Black Joker: Cursed

The hero's very soul was damned by one of the insidious creatures of his terror-filled past. The player draws only one chip at the beginning of each play session.

Red Joker: Eternal Hero

Fate chose this fellow to combat the forces of darkness across the centuries. He is her champion, and she does not want him to die—at least until he has fulfilled his destiny.

Give the hero 1 point of Grit. Also, whenever he is about to die, an Incredible (11) *Spirit* roll allows him to somehow survive the situation. This is often not without tragic consequences, however. Perhaps a dear friend or loved one takes the bullet meant for him instead. Fate is a cruel mistress.

ARCANE MISFIRES

Many characters in *Deadlands* have learned to tap into the awesome power of the Hunting Grounds. We told your posse how to play magic-wielding heroes in the No Man's Land section of the *Weird West Player's Guide.* Now it's time to show you the price these sometimes reckless individuals pay for their powers.

Let's go through them in the same order we presented them to the players..

HUCKSTERS

Hucksters open themselves to manitous every time they perform a hex. Most of the time they control the spirit safely. Other times, these demons are able to cause their hosts pain and suffering or even madness.

Roll 1d20 on the **Backlash Table** whenever a huckster draws a black Joker while trying to cast a hex. Unless an entry says otherwise, the hex takes effect normally unless the huckster passes out or dies from the Backlash.

THE BLESSED

Whenever a blessed character commits a sin of some sort, she must make a *Spirit* roll. If she fails, she loses a point of her *faith* Aptitude. She does not lose her miracles, but she might lose her ability to use them for a while.

The Target Number of the *Spirit* roll depends on just how bad the sin is, as shown on the **Sinnin' Table**.

SINNIN'

Sin	TN	Example
Minor	5	Taking the Lord's name in vain, refusing to aid those in need.
Major	9	Theft, turning away others in need.
Mortal	11	Adultery, theft of something of great importance, killing in other than self-defense.

YOU GOTTA HAVE FAITH

Lost *faith* doesn't just return on its own. A lamb that has lost its way doesn't just wander home to be accepted back into the flock. It takes genuine sincerity, a little work, and a whole lot of praying.

If a blessed character loses all her *faith,* it costs her 5 Bounty Points to purchase the first level again. Restoring other lost levels can be done at normal cost. If *faith* was lost due to a mortal act of sin, you might also make the blessed character go on a special quest for atonement.

In special circumstances where a blessed has to choose between sinning and allowing a greater evil. In these cases, use your own judgment to determine if a sin was truly committed.

BACKLASH

Roll	Effect
1–4	**Brain Drain:** The manitou fries part of the huckster's mind with energy from the Hunting Grounds. The huckster's hex fails, and he must make an Onerous (7) *Spirit* roll or his *hexslingin'* Aptitude drops 1 level.
5–8	**Backlash:** The manitou rebels and overloads the huckster's system with magic from the Hunting Grounds. The huckster takes 3d6 damage to the guts.
9–12	**Spirit Drain:** The manitou tries to take over. The huckster manages to retain control but loses 3d6 Wind in the spiritual struggle. The hex fails only if the huckster goes unconscious.
13–16	**Madness:** The manitou ruins the spell and, worse, drives the huckster insane. Roll on the mad scientist's **Madness Table** on page 249 to determine the nature of the insanity.
17–20	**Corruption:** The manitou twists the spell's effects. Damage-causing hexes hit friendly characters, protection hexes protect the enemy or make the huckster more vulnerable, etc.

MAD SCIENTISTS

Mad scientists flooded into the Weird West soon after the discovery of ghost rock and what it could be used for. The things they can build are incredible, but sometimes the deranged inventors can take out half a town with their weird gizmos.

MALFUNCTIONS

Weird gizmos are prone to malfunction at nearly any time. Mad scientists are known for creating noxious fumes and spectacular explosions, often at the hazard of their own lives as well as those of the people around them. In any case, science must press on, sometimes with tragically unpredictable results.

Every time a character makes an Aptitude roll to use a weird gizmo of any sort, she must also roll 1d20. If the number on that die is greater than the Reliability of the gizmo, a malfunction of some sort has occurred.

Roll 2d6 on the table below to determine how bad the malfunction is.

MALFUNCTIONS

2d6 Roll	Malfunction
2–5	Major Malfunction
6–10	Minor Malfunction
11–12	Catastrophic Malfunction

MALFUNCTION DESCRIPTIONS

The descriptions below should help you figure out what to do whenever a gizmo malfunctions. You need to figure out which of the charts below best fits the device in question.

If none of them fits the gizmo, come up with an appropriate malfunction on your own, but you should still roll 2d6 to check the severity of the disaster.

MECHANICAL GIZMOS (NO MOVING PARTS)

Armored vests, diving suits

Minor Malfunction: The device fails, falls out of position, or otherwise has no effect until it is repaired with a Hard (9) *tinkerin'* roll.

Major Malfunction: The device falls to pieces and must be reassembled from scratch. This takes a considerable amount of time and certainly can't be repaired in the middle of a combat unless it's an incredibly simple device. Hopefully the mad scientist can find all the pieces. If not, he'll have to build the device from scratch.

Catastrophic Malfunction: The device proves dangerous somehow. Perhaps some toxic substance leaks from it or it gives off noxious fumes. Maybe the shellac on a bullet-proof vest is so overpowering anyone who wears it gets ill. Or if the gadget is worn, it could collapse with the wearer trapped inside, potentially injuring her. In any event, the device is ruined and likely causes some sort of ill effect as it passes to the great Junkyard in the Sky.

MUSCLE OR MECHANICALLY POWERED DEVICES

Clocks, Epitaph cameras, Gatling guns and pistols, gliders

Minor Malfunction: The gadget's mechanism jams and won't operate again until the user makes a Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll.

Major Malfunction: The gizmo jams, but much more severely. Locomotion devices won't steer or brake, and guns misfire, or worse, can't stop firing. A Hard (9) *tinkerin'* roll stops the madness.

Catastrophic Malfunction: Gatling weapons backfire and injure the firer, cameras burst into flames, or gears munch on tender fingers. If a gadget is a locomotion device, it goes completely out of control and crashes into the nearest obstacle (the ground counts as an obstacle partner). Somebody's going to be hurting for sure.

Steam or Ghost-Rock Powered Devices

Flamethrower, rocket pack, steam wagon, train

Minor Malfunction: The engine, stove, or boiler conks out. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll gets it moving again with no other problems.

Major Malfunction: The power source grinds to a halt, goes out, or falls apart. If the gadget is a locomotion device, it continues on its path uncontrolled or comes to a grinding stop. Fixing the situation requires an Incredible (11) *tinkerin'* roll. The amount of time needed depends on the device's complexity. If the device hits a solid obstacle, the damage is 1d6 for every 5 points of Pace the vehicle was moving during the round that it smacked into the immovable object.

Catastrophe: The device's engine explodes! The damage depends on the size of the engine, and has a burst radius of 10 unless otherwise specified.

Catastrophic Damage

Gizmo Size	Damage
Small (steam gun)	3d10
Medium (steam car)	4d20
Large (train boiler)	8d20

Basic Devices

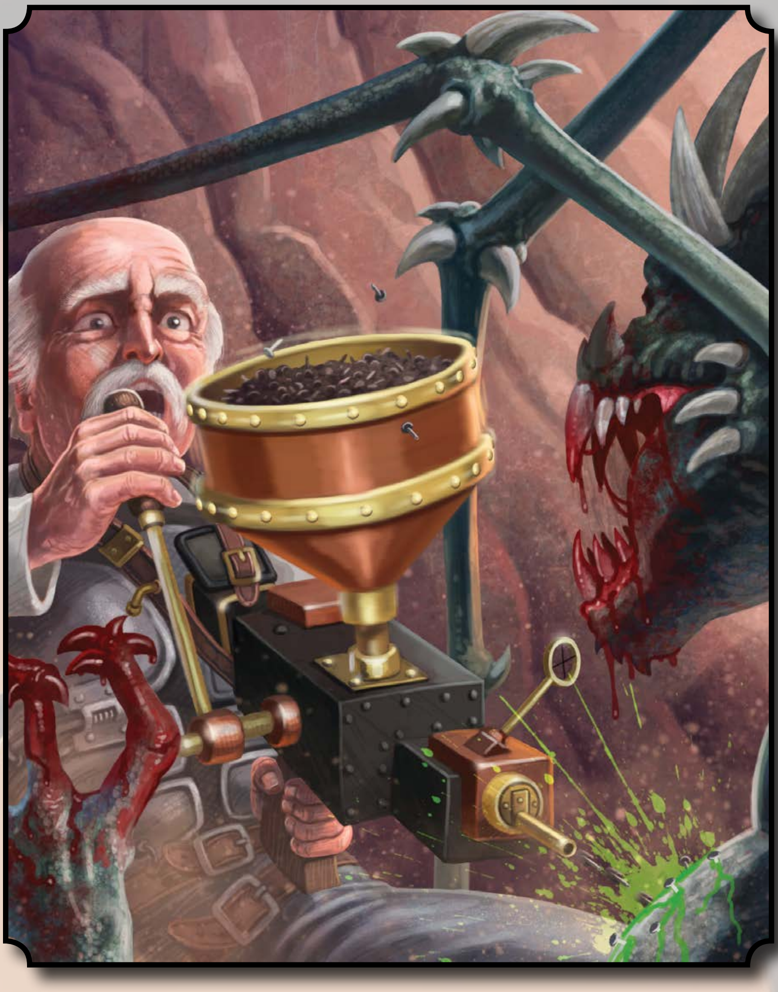
Here are the specific malfunctions for the devices found in Chapter Seven of the *Weird West Player's Guide*.

Bullet-Proof Vest

Minor: The shot hits a weak spot. The armor protects as one level less against this hit.

Major: The vest is weakened. The Armor level is reduced by one until it can be repaired (a Hard (9) *tinkerin'* roll and the necessary parts).

Catastrophe: Buckles snap, straps break, and metal plates pop out of their compartments. The vest acts as Armor level one and then falls to pieces after this hit is resolved.



The Epitaph Camera

Minor: The camera takes a blurry picture. This shot is lost.

Major: The shot is lost and the plate is jammed in the device. It takes a Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll and 1d6 actions to get it out.

Catastrophe: The ghost rock flash explodes, causing 2d4 damage to the weilder.

Flamethrower

Minor: The selector dial malfunctions. Roll 1d6 each time the weapon is fired to determine the number of shots in a burst. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll and 1d6 actions corrects the problem.

Major: The trigger jams. Roll 1d6. Odd, the weapon won't fire. Even, the flamethrower won't stop firing. An Onerous (7) *tinkerin'* and 1d4 actions roll remedies the situation.

Catastrophe: All that's left are smoking boots. The flamethrower's wearer takes 1d12 times the number of shots remaining in the tank as damage. The shape of the tank tends to channel the blast upwards, so the burst radius is only 2 yards.

Gatling Pistol

Minor: The weapon jams. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll fixes the problem.

Major: The gears in the chambers strip. The weapon may not be fired until the chamber is replaced.

Catastrophe: A round cooks off while the chamber is in the wrong position. The round backfires and hits the user, causing him the weapon's normal damage. Add +4 to the Hit Location roll.

Rocket Pack

Minor: The rocket pack stutters. The pack and its wearer lose 1d10 x 5 yards of altitude . If this brings the character in contact with the ground, he takes normal falling damage.

Major: The rocket nozzles fire unpredictably, moving the wearer in completely random directions. Roll 1d20 and 1d12 each action. If the result of the d20 roll is odd, the rocket pack gains altitude equal to 5 yards times the roll. If the result is even, it dives a like amount. Read the d12 roll as a clock facing. The hapless rocketeer moves a number of yards equal to 3 times the d20 roll in this direction. If this causes the rocket rider to collide with something, figure damage from the distance as if he fell from that height.

Catastrophe: The vapor collector overheats, causing the ghost rock vapor tank to detonate. The pack and its helpless victim rocket 1d20 x 5 yards into the air and then make a spectacular airburst for 3d20 damage. Resolve the fall and the funeral immediately afterwards.

Steam Wagon

These results apply only to the boiler. If the wagon has other mad science devices attached to it (such as those detailed in *Smith & Robards*), you should check those parts separately.

Minor: The boiler loses pressure. The steam wagon moves at only half its Pace. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll and 1d6 actions fixes the problem.

Major: The boiler blows a gasket and spews steam. The wagon moves at one quarter its Pace and one passenger (chosen at random) takes 3d6 damage.

Catastrophe: The boiler explodes, causing 6d20 damage with a burst radius of 5 yards.

Madness

Genius is the next closest thing to insanity, as those who follow the mad scientist's calling often discover the hard way. They don't call them "mad" scientists for nothing.

Whenever a mad scientist draws a black Joker while devising a gizmo's blueprint, he develops a mental illness of some sort.

Roll or select the dementia immediately, but it may be that the inventor's madness doesn't take hold until some later event. A phobia, for instance, might develop as a result of some incident that occurs the first time the mad scientist uses the device. The creation of a flamethrower may have triggered a phobia of spiders because the first thing the inventor used it on was a giant tarantula.

You can create a condition on your own or roll 1d20 on the **Madness Table**. Feel free to change or alter the result you get to fit the character and the situation. The goal here is to provide a Hindrance of some sort that reflects the mad scientist's precarious walk along sanity's edge.

As usual, a player who roleplays her character's insanity is rewarded with Fate Chips. She should have fun with her loco inventor. That goes for you, too, Marshal. Prod her a bit by occasionally making her fears real.

Madness!

1-2	**Absent Minded:** The scientist tends to forget everything but his work. He might forget to wear his pants one day or eat raw coffee the next. Whenever he needs to remember an important detail, he should make a Fair (5) *Smarts* roll. If he fails, he can't remember it.
3-4	**Delusion:** The inventor's mind snaps and he comes to believe something that is patently untrue. Maybe he thinks he's a werewolf, or the sky is blue because the "Moon People" paint it that way every morning. Or perhaps he believes he's not a living person, but a character in some strange game.
5-6	**Eccentricity:** The inventor becomes eccentric. Maybe he smothers his food in vinegar or eats lots of bran to keep his digestive system clear (ugh). The condition is basically harmless and amusing, though occasionally annoying.
7-8	**Evil Deeds:** An insidious manitou convinces the inventor that someone or something is evil and must be stopped. Each time the inventor gets this result, his madness is more pronounced. At first he may only talk badly about his "enemies." Later on he might attempt to ruin or even kill them.
9-10	**Depression:** The inventor becomes incredibly depressed about himself, the futility of humanity, or his chances of surviving another adventure. He often speaks of humanity's impending doom. His lack of faith causes him to lose 1 point of Grit every time he gets this result.
11-12	**Minor Phobia:** The scientist develops a strange fear of something. He suffers a -2 penalty to his actions whenever the source of the phobia is present.
13-14	**Major Phobia:** As above, except the inventor is at -4 to his actions when in the presence of the feared object or environment.
15-16	**Mumbler:** The inventor talks to himself constantly, and his sentences often taper off into meaningless drivel. While working, he might occasionally hear "voices" talking back. The frightening truth is, the voices are real.
17-18	**Paranoia:** Everyone's out to get the mad scientist or steal his ideas, or so he believes. Or maybe sinister creatures from "Dimension X" are lurking just outside his lab, waiting to steal his amazing breakthrough so they can conquer the Earth.
19-20	**Schizophrenia:** The mad scientist adopts drastically different attitudes from time to time. At one moment he might be passive and restrained. Later on he's a raving madman. If he gets this result multiple times, he develops entirely new personalities who might have different names, mannerisms or Hindrances. In fact, they might not even be of the same race or gender.

The Harrowed

At some point, you're going to end up having to kill some of your player characters. It's okay. *Deadlands* has a high character turnover rate compared to most games. But don't let your players start ripping up their character sheets too fast—their heroes just might come back from the dead.

We told you how to find out who comes back in the *Weird West Player's Guide*. Now you need to know what to do afterwards.

Manitous

Manitous are the souls of the damned. There are a few ancient spirits that weren't originally alive, but most manitous are humans who were sent to Hell for their sins. These spirit are unable to affect the material world without some sort or corporeal shell. There are a couple of different ways the manitous can enter the corporeal world.

The first method is the actual possession of a living being. A few manitous do have the power to do this, but it's pretty rare. If a manitous possessing a living being is "exorcised from the host body, it is simply ejected back into the spirit world. Most tales of demonic possession actually are attributable to manitous.

The second method that manitous use to enter the world is by simply entering a corpse and animating whatever flesh and bone is left. The manitous, referred to as "soulless dead", have to pick a spot in the body as a focus point for its energies, usually the brain. If the focus point is destroyed, the manitou is booted out of the body back into the Hunting Grounds.

The final way that manitous can enter the corporeal world is by reanimating a freshly dead corpse with the human soul still intact—creating a Harrowed. This offers the manitou the most power, since it permanently binds with the host, and when in control the spirit has full use of any of the host's skills and arcane abilities. The downside is that if the Harrowed is ever put down for good, the manitou is permanently destroyed. In fact, this is just about the only way to destroy them.

Manitou Limitations

Manitous are bound by a few limitations while inhabiting physical forms. First, they can only use the powers and abilities of their host. If the host hasn't developed any powers, the manitou can't use them either or develop any on their own.

Although the reverse isn't true, manitous can see and hear while the Harrowed character is in charge. This makes it nearly impossible to fool a manitou into revealing its true identity unless it wants to.

Second, if a manitou is trapped and somehow forced to speak, it proves a clever but ignorant spirit. They know they serve greater masters, but they do not know what their true name or purpose is, nor do they particularly care.

They also know that while they are in spirit form they gather fear from mortals and take it back to the Hunting Grounds, but again they don't know what their masters do with it. They aren't usually privy to secret information about abominations or their motives either.

Time to Play

So, when does the manitou stick its nasty little nose out and cause trouble? Well, pretty much whenever you want, Marshal. Remember that manitous who have taken the trouble to animate a Harrowed are crafty and subtle bastards. They want to spread as much fear as possible, but know how important it is to keep their existence and their actions secret from mortals. They don't try to take control every time their host picks up a gun or is alone with a companion. Manitous are very conscious of the fact that if they get caught, they can be killed—permanently.

So, use the manitou as a plot device and hindrance to the Harrowed *and* his companions. Torment them, annoy them, make them remember that there is a price for getting up from a dirt nap and starting to walk around again.

What exactly do manitous do when they're in charge? Whatever they can. Their goal is chaos and mischief, not necessarily death. They never make an outright attack—unless they've got one of the Harrowed's companions in an inescapable and precarious position.

Say, for example, a mad scientist friend of the Harrowed stands looking over the edge of a deep pit full of hungry prairie ticks. No manitou could resist giving him a little shove.

Strength

For the Nightmare and Dominion test coming up next, we need to know the Spirit of a Harrowed's manitou. Draw a card, and consult the table below.

Manitou's Spirit

Card	Spirit
2	Legion
3-8	Spirit is equal to the hero's
9-Jack	Spirit is same die type but +1 Trait Level
Queen-Ace	Spirit is +1 die type and +2 Trait Levels
Joker	Greater Manitou

Legion & Greater Manitous

"Legion" is a collective horde of lesser manitous, Whenever you need to know Legion's *Spirit*, draw a card as if you were making a character. Legions are far more destructive and obvious than normal manitous. All those notes on subtly we just mentioned? Well, Legions tend to ignore most of them.

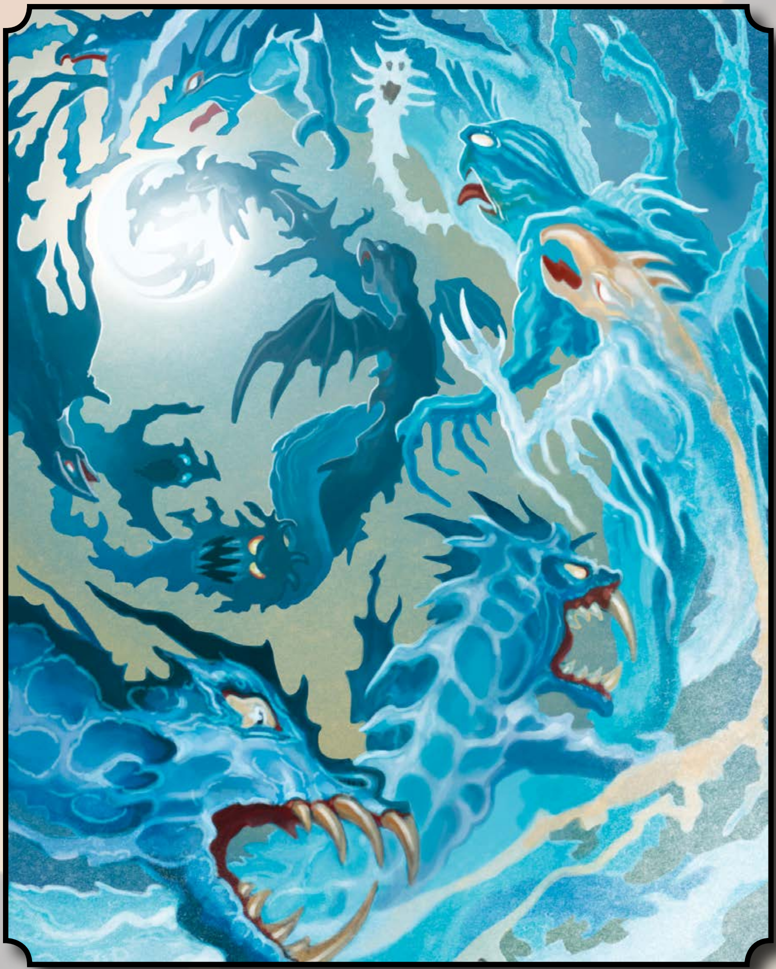
Greater manitous are some of the strongest spirits in the Hunting Grounds. More than just causing trouble, these ancient horrors usually have some sort of very evil and very specific purpose. That and their *Spirit* of 3d12+4 means one thing: trouble.

Harrowed Shamans & Blessed

Nature spirits abhor manitous, so a manitou that inhabits the body of a shaman can't perform rituals when it has Dominion. If a shaman is in charge, the risk that the manitou might take over requires him to gather 1 extra Appeasement point more than normal for each favor.

The blessed are treated in much the same way by their holy patrons. As long as they are in charge, they can perform rituals. When the manitou rules, it cannot use the blessed's miracles or *faith* Aptitude.

In fact, *faith* is the one Aptitude that the host possesses that the manitou can never use. Should the spirit ever need to



make a *faith* roll, the Marshal draws a card from her Action Deck to determine the number and type of dice the manitou rolls. These matters are very chaotic and unpredictable to these unstable demons.

NIGHTMARES

When a character dies and attracts the attention of the manitous, she wages a spiritual battle for control of her body. The winner comes back in charge. The loser sits in limbo waiting for another chance to strike back.

There are two ways to resolve the results of this spiritual battle. The first way is faster. If you are playing for only a single night or can't think of a good nightmare scenario for a particular player, save time by using the first method.

The second method requires substantially more work but really lets you get under a hero's skin. This is a full-fledged nightmare adventure drawn straight from the character's worst fears.

If several characters die and come back at roughly the same time (perhaps they were hanged together), the manitous might absorb several of them into a collective nightmare. If this is the case, you should definitely use the second method to construct a nightmare scenario that encompasses all of the characters' fears into one horrific tale.

THE FAST WAY

After it's determined that a character is on the long, narrow road back from the land of the recently dead, she has to make an opposed *Spirit* plus Grit roll (add the hero's Grit to a *Spirit* roll) versus her manitou for each Dominion point. Harrowed characters have a number of Dominion points equal to their *Spirit* die type. Whichever entity controls a majority of a character's Dominion points is in charge of his form. The mortal always wins ties. Each of these are going to be fought over, tooth and nail.

The winner of each check gets that Dominion point. When the fight is over, the side with the most Dominion points returns to the physical world in charge of the hero's body (at least to start with). The Harrowed player character wins ties.

THE NIGHTMARE SCENARIO

The second way to determine the result of the nightmare is to actually play it out like you would any other adventure. This is a lot more fun and creepy, but it takes some work on the part of the Marshal. Still, it can be a rewarding way to play the game and get under your friends' skins!

This takes quite a bit of work, so we're going to refer you to the *Book o' the Dead* if you decide to make a nightmare into a truly Harrowing experience (sorry, we couldn't resist).

DOMINION

After a character's return from the grave, she and the manitou inside struggle for control constantly, each trying to gain some advantage and wrest control. Most of the time '(we hope) the hero remains in control, but on occasion the demon gets in the drivers seat. When the manitou takes control, the mortal "blacks out." She has no idea what's going on while the manitou is running the show.

We represent this constant struggle with Dominion points. As we just talked about above, the Harrowed has a number of Dominion points equal to his *Spirit* die type.

The most common time the manitou tries to steal Dominion is while the Harrowed is "sleeping" The evil spirit tortures its host's soul with horrific visions, trying to erode his will and weaken his resolve.

To represent this nightly battle, the Harrowed and the manitou make an opposed *Spirit* test at the beginning of each game session, each adding their current Dominion to their rolls. The winner gets 1 point of Dominion for each success and raise over the other.

Taking Over

We mentioned earlier that the manitou can come out to play pretty much whenever you want. Well Marshal, that's *almost* true. You can try to take over a character whenever you want, but it will cost you.

When you want the manitou to take control of a Harrowed, you have to pay a Fate Chip first. To offset this little cost, you should draw 1 extra Fate Chip from the pot at the beginning of each game session for every Harrowed in your party. You don't have to spend this chip on the Harrowed. It's your option.

Once you've spent the chip, make a *Spirit* check for the manitou. The TN is Fair (5) plus +1 for every point of Dominion the hero currently has. While you can use additional Fate Chips as normal on the roll (if you really really want to take control), but the first chip does not affect the roll in any way. It's just the price of taking control. It also determines how long the manitou gets to be the boss.

Possession

Chip	Duration
White	1 minute
Red	10 minutes
Blue	1 hour

If you need the manitou to have a little more play time, you can simply pay additional chips. You don't have to initiate another test of wills—just pay the chip cost to "add coins to the meter."

Should a manitou ever let its control lapse early (perhaps to let the host explain why he just murdered the nosy muckraker who'd been following the posse for days), it can resume control without a roll or a chip. It's already paid its dues and can regain control at any time until it expires.

Total Dominion

If a manitou ever controls all a hero's Dominion points, it takes over for a good, long while—sometimes for years.

Exactly how long is up to you Marshal. Use this as a plot device or as a way to turn really powerful characters into NPCs for a while

The only time the mortal soul gets to fight back is when the manitou is affected by certain magic spells, relics, or arcane procedures. The Marshal might also give the hero a chance to fight back in particularly unusual circumstances, such as if the demon was about to kill someone *very* close to the host. Then it might be time to give the poor sodbuster another attempt to fight back against the evil that dwells inside his rotten carcass.

Coup Powers

Harrowed can tap into the thing inside them for arcane powers. This is the bait the demons dangle in front of their hosts to keep them from finding an exorcist or getting themselves killed.

There are two types of powers. The first are Harrowed powers, which are detailed in Chapter Ten of the *Weird West Player's Guide.*

The second kind are "coup powers." When a powerful creature of the Reckoning dies, Harrowed can absorb its essence and draw upon it forever after.

Coup powers are always "in theme." the coup for killing a wendigo, for example, grants a Harrowed the ability to ignore cold and cold-based attacks. This reflects the winter horror that gave the Harrowed his power. See the monsters in Chapter Three for some examples when you need to create coups for your own monsters.

To gain a coup power, the Harrowed must first kill some powerful creature of the Reckoning. Then he simply stands over the thing and absorbs its essence. The only tough part is if two or more Harrowed are present—only one of them can "count coup." To find out who wins, have all present make *Spirit* total. The highest roll wins!

RELICS

Excalibur. The Golden Fleece. The Holy Grail. Even the stone David used to fell Goliath. These are collectively called "relics." Some may have been magical before falling into mankind's grasp. Others, like David's stone, became enchanted only after being part of some legendary event.

A relic's power stems from the story around it. When a great event occurs, an object at the center of it might hold on to some of the magical energy that surrounds a great legend.

Sometimes, a relic also conveys a heavy responsibility or even a curse. Finding Excalibur, it is said, obligates the wielder to come to England's rescue in her time of need. And Jim Bowie's knife "lives" to taste the blood of Mexicans. What might happen to someone who resists depends on the situation, but it's never pleasant.

PRE-RECKONING

Relics existed long before the Reckoning. Since that time, the supernatural energy of the world has increased a thousandfold, allowing more relics to come into being. The few who know about the Reckoning don't know why this is. The Reckoners likely wouldn't encourage their creation, since most relics are used by heroes fighting for good. It's more likely that the Reckoning simply created more supernatural energy in the world and that imbued these devices with magical power. On the other hand, maybe the Reckoners encourage the creation of relics just to give folks something else to fight over.

Either way, the Reckoners are sometimes able to taint a relic's power. Those created since their awakening are much more likely to come with a curse of some sort. Keep this in mind if and when you decide to come up with some relics of your own.

LEGENDARY RELICS

Here are a few relics found in the Weird West. Most are based around legendary heroes or events of the frontier, but you can use these ideas to create other relics based around events in your own campaign.

After a little background on the relic, you'll find its *Power.* This is the game effect the relic has on whoever uses it.

If the relic has a *Taint,* there's some drawback to using the item as well.

BOWIE'S LAST KNIFE

Jim Bowie had this knife in his hand when he was killed by Santa Anna's troops at the Alamo. His blood infused it with the power to slay his foes.

Power: The knife causes STR+2d6 damage, or STR+4d6 against anyone of Mexican persuasion.

Taint: The owner gains a violent *intolerance* of Mexicans, and he must try to kill any Mexican soldier he sees, regardless of the circumstances or odds.

CORTEZ'S SWORD

Hernando Cortez conquered the Aztecs in 1521. The sword this famous conquistador carried throughout the campaign was basically responsible for wiping out an entire civilization, and it still bears the taint of this evil deed.

Power: The sword grants its wielder STR+3d8 damage. This is magical and can hurt creatures such as ghosts and the like.

Taint: Every time the sword draws blood from a living being (causes at least a light wound), the user's hands ooze a tiny bit of blood. Each time thereafter, the stain grows slightly larger until the user's entire arm (just up past the elbows) oozes blood constantly. The bleeding doesn't hurt the character, but neither can he ever truly stop it. The slimy blood ruins clothes and generally makes it hard to walk about in polite society. Even bandages will soon soak through.

Indians, Mexicans, and other native North Americans see the taint as a mark of evil, and they won't associate with the character unless they're evil as well.

Crazy Horse's Coup Stick

The Battle of the Little Big Horn was a pivotal moment in the Reckoning. Several relics were forged in the blood of that day. One of the most significant is Crazy Horse's coup stick. As Custer fired his six-guns from amid the groaning bodies of his troopers, Crazy Horse crept right up behind him and whacked him with his coup stick. Custer lived, but Crazy Horse's action enchanted his coup stick forever.

Power: Anyone with Indian blood in his veins can use Crazy Horses' coup stick. A character officially inducted into a legitimate tribe might also be able to use the stick (that's the Marshal's call, partner).

The first time the wielder touches a dangerous opponent with the stick in combat, he may draw a chip from the Fate Pot.

The stick only works if the opponent is armed and dangerous, and it never works on the same person twice. Touching a sleeping warrior produces no effect unless the stick wielder wakes him first. Counting coup in hand-to-hand combat takes a successful *fightin'* roll.

Taint: None.

Dead Man's Bullets

When a gunman dies at High Noon in a duel, the bullets in his gun are sometimes enchanted by the powers of the Weird West.

The defeated gunman can't be a pushover, so a character who figures out how this relic comes to be shouldn't be able to toss a schoolmarm a six-shooter and gun her down for a quick reload. The Marshal must decide if a dead duelist was a legitimate threat or not. It doesn't always happen anyway. Again, it's the Marshal's call as to whose bullets get the extra bite—posthumously, of course.

Power: Whenever the firer rolls damage, he may reroll any 1s once. If the second roll is a 1, do not reroll again. In a duel, the bullet does an extra die of damage.

Taint: None.

Dreamcatchers

Pacific Indians make these devices to keep away bad dreams and nightmares. Truth is, they work. These are minor relics, but they can be quite handy to a fellow who suffers from *night terrors.*

Power: Anyone who sleeps in a room with a dreamcatcher sleeps peacefully. Wounded characters may add +1 to any natural healing rolls they make after a night's rest beneath a dream catcher.

If a character with *night terrors* gets her hands on a dream catcher, she may add +2 to her nightly *Spirit* roll. The Marshal should make the heroine buy off 1 point of her Hindrance if the dreamcatcher will be a frequent friend.

Taint: None.

Earp's Badge

Though Wyatt Earp has been fired at many times, he has never been hit. Any time Earp wears a badge for any length of time, some of his incredible luck rubs off on it.

Power: Anyone attacking the wearer of Earp's badge, whether in hand-to-hand or ranged combat, must subtract a -4 penalty from his roll.

Taint: The hero gains an aura of power and respectability. This adds +2 to his *persuasion* attempts. This is bad because the common folk are always asking the wearer for help. Every time the request for aid is turned down, the wearer must discard his highest Fate Chip.

Hellstromme's Blueprints

Professor Darius Hellstromme always looks to the future. His past designs are usually discarded and later burned to hide his often sinister experiments. A few, however, have been salvaged from the incinerators and sold on the black market of the City of Gloom.

Power: Any mad scientist who constructs a gizmo using one of Hellstromme's blueprints may add +6 to his *tinkerin'* roll. All these blueprints have a base Reliability of 16. (Note that using a previously designed blueprint allows a mad scientist to skip the first two steps and go straight to finding the components; see the *Weird West Player's Guide* for details.)

Taint: There is no actual *taint* to Hellstromme's blueprints, but the ruthless Dr. Hellstromme cares little for social mores when devising his gizmos. The components are often illegal if not downright disgusting. People parts figure into several of his devices, as well as human blood, a person's willpower, live jackalopes, and the like.

He's also been known to kill those who wind up with his plans.

Hoyle's Cards

Hoyle used many sets of cards in his travels. On his death—or more precisely, his mysterious disappearance—these cards became enchanted They have since been scattered, so few hucksters have more than one or two cards.

Power: Each one of these cards gives the huckster an additional card when drawing for his spell effect assuming he gets at least one success on his *hexslingin'*.

Taint: Manitous swarm around these arcane relics. Whenever a huckster using Hoyle's cards draws a Joker, add +1 to his roll on the **Backlash Table** for each card in his possession**.**

Hoyle's Book of Games, 1769 Edition

Edmund Hoyle's original manuscript included a number of the hexes he discovered during his travels. Most have been erased from later editions by clueless editors and their inane changes, but the 1769 edition is still pure, and contains hundreds of still-undiscovered hexes

Power: A huckster who owns this book can learn any hex available in the campaign (such as those in the *Huckster & Hexes* book). He still has to purchase these hexes normally.

Taint: None, but every huckster in the world would kill to get his hands on this baby. Isn't that bad enough?

Martyr's Cross

The blessed are called on to fight the horrors of the Reckoning more than any other sort of folks. Sometimes, when a pious man or woman dies in the course of his crusade against evil, his chosen holy symbol is imbued with the power of his righteous sacrifice.

In the Weird West, most of these relics take the form of crosses or rosaries, but a shaman's fetish or a Mormon's Bible might also take on the power of the "martyr's cross."

Power: The wielder may add +4 to his *faith* total when calling on the *protection* miracle.

Taint: None.

Sacred Tomahawk of the Sun

This sacred Sioux artifact is bestowed upon one brave warrior at the end of the Sioux's annual sun Dance. The magical energy of the ceremony is consumed by the relic, and from that point on it bestows its awesome powers to whomever it is awarded to by the Sioux's council of wicasas.

One tomahawk and one bow (see the next entry) have been created every year since the Reckoning, so there are currently 13 of each in existence. They are prized by their owners beyond all other possessions. They are never sold or given away willingly, although they may be loaned out for short times for worthy causes. The only other way a character should get hold of one is to find it on the dead body of a noble brave.

Power: Anyone wielding the tomahawk against a supernatural creature of evil, including a Harrowed (whether with or without Dominion), does STR+4d6 damage.

Taint: None, but the warrior is obligated to fight for the Sioux when he or she is called upon. Non-Sioux with the tomahawk are asked to return it. If that fails, Sioux braves put on their warpaint and go on the hunt to return this sacred relic to their tribe.

Sun Bow

Like the *sacred tomahawk of the sun,* the sun bow is awarded to the Sioux's bravest and brightest warriors. The wicasas typically grant the tomahawk to the stronger of their two champions, and the bow to the wilier.

Power: The user gains +4 to hit when using the weapon, and arrows fired by the bow cause STR+3d6 damage. The arrows become magical once fired and so can affect creatures such as ghosts and the like.

Taint: None, but the Sioux expect the recipient to protect their people with this sacred weapon. As with the *sacred tomahawk of the sun,* the Sioux hunt down non-Sioux who somehow wind up with this important relic and do not use it for the People's protection.

Unholy Symbol

When the leaders of the world's most nefarious cults are slain, their black essences are often drawn into their unholy icons.

Power: The most powerful unholy icons allow a wielder to cast a single black magic spell. The Marshal should choose the spell and its level based on the history of the icon itself.

Taint: Unholy symbols are always tainted, though the particular effects vary. Sometimes, just before death at the hands of some unwelcome do-gooder, the former owner of the symbol transfers her soul into the icon. When someone takes possession of the icon, the cultist attempts to take over the new user, just like a manitou struggling with a Harrowed for Dominion.

In this case, the user starts with complete Dominion, and he must check for Dominion every time he uses the relic.

Should a Harrowed gain possession of such an icon, he must keep track of his fight for Dominion with both his manitou and the icon's former owner.

Wild Bill's Six-Shooters

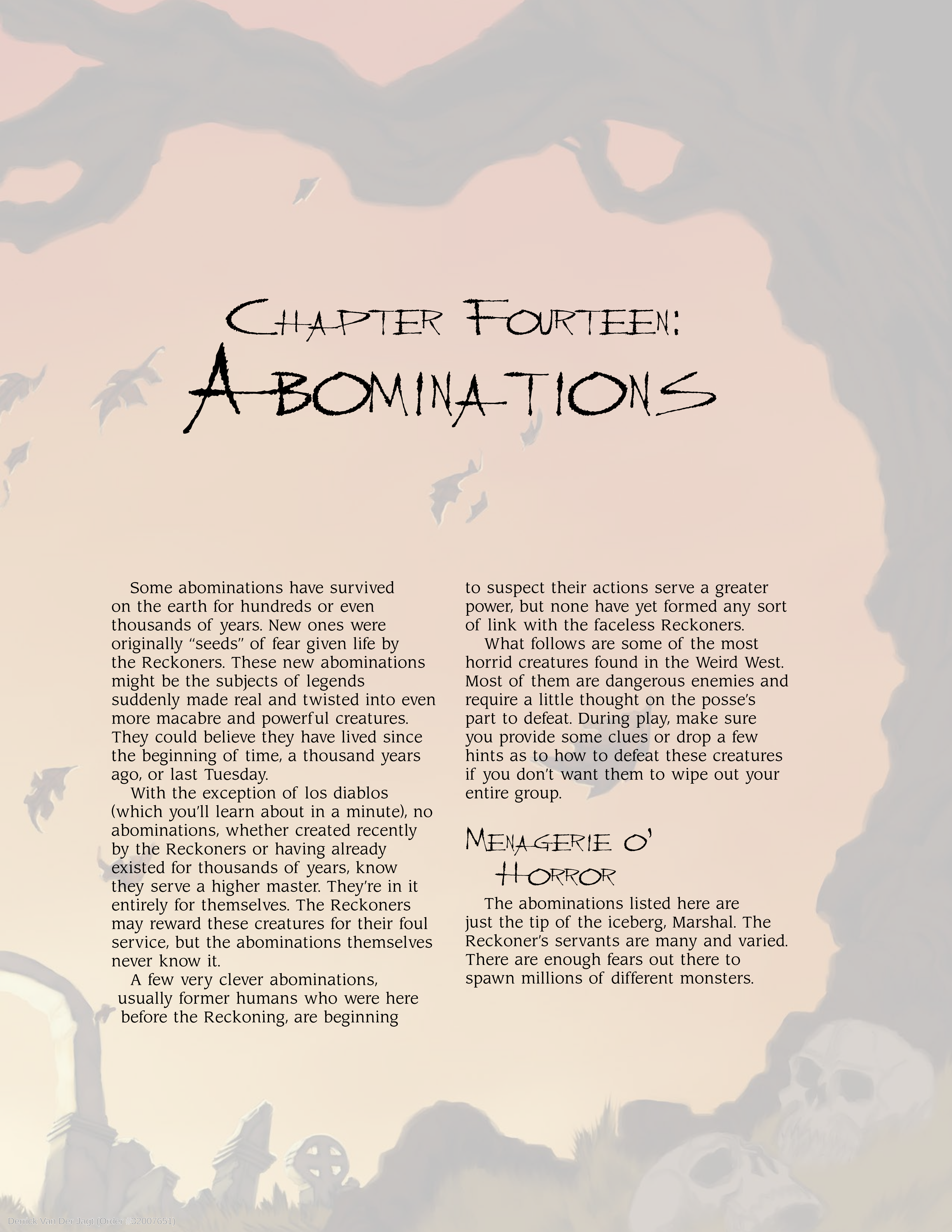
Everyone knows the story of how Wild Bill was shot in the back by jack McCall. What most folks don't know is that while he was (temporarily) pushing daisies, someone made off with his twin, single-action Colt Navy revolvers. Since then, his guns have become part of the very legend of the Weird West.

Oh yeah, Wild Bill is back from the grave, and he wants his shooters back.

Power: Unless the hombre goes bust, a shootist firing one (or both) of Wild Bill's revolvers can reroll any 1s.

Taint: Whenever anyone wearing either of Wild Bill's pistols is shot from behind, add +2d6 to the damage roll.

DALY



CHAPTER FOURTEEN:

ABOMINATIONS

Some abominations have survived on the earth for hundreds or even thousands of years. New ones were originally "seeds" of fear given life by the Reckoners. These new abominations might be the subjects of legends suddenly made real and twisted into even more macabre and powerful creatures. They could believe they have lived since the beginning of time, a thousand years ago, or last Tuesday.

With the exception of los diablos (which you'll learn about in a minute), no abominations, whether created recently by the Reckoners or having already existed for thousands of years, know they serve a higher master. They're in it entirely for themselves. The Reckoners may reward these creatures for their foul service, but the abominations themselves never know it.

A few very clever abominations, usually former humans who were here before the Reckoning, are beginning to suspect their actions serve a greater power, but none have yet formed any sort of link with the faceless Reckoners.

What follows are some of the most horrid creatures found in the Weird West. Most of them are dangerous enemies and require a little thought on the posse's part to defeat. During play, make sure you provide some clues or drop a few hints as to how to defeat these creatures if you don't want them to wipe out your entire group.

MENAGERIE O' HORROR

The abominations listed here are just the tip of the iceberg, Marshal. The Reckoner's servants are many and varied. There are enough fears out there to spawn millions of different monsters.

Many *Deadlands* sourcebooks contain new abominations for you to terrorize your heroes with. *Rascals Varmints & Critters* in particular has a whole host of terrifying monstrosities for you to throw your player's way. (There is also an entirely new abomination in the adventure included in this book, *Comin' 'Round the Mountain*.)

You're more than welcome to make your own using the tools in this chapter. In fact, we hope you will, Marshal. We're sure you can come up with stuff that will make even us a mite bit queasy.

Too Many Monsters?

Abominations make great villains, but be careful where, when and how often you use them. If your heroes are running into twisted demon-spawn every time they turn around, your carefully crafted horror atmosphere could dissolve into just a big-game hunt.

Also, as horrible as monsters are, they're sometimes hard-pressed to match the evil that human beings inflict on each other. Don't forget that.

Critters & Abominations

We'll get to the descriptions of the actual abominations in just a moment. Before we do, lets talk a bit about how to read the monster's statistics. We want you to understand them fully so you get full use of each beastie's potential for mayhem!

Traits & Aptitudes

Critter and abomination Traits and Aptitudes are presented exactly like those for heroes and human villains. Most abominations only have a few Aptitudes—just the ones they need to cause trouble!

Animal Intelligence

While some abominations may be possessed of a sinister intelligence, most critters, even supernatural ones, are things with near-animal intelligence. Their *Knowledge* and *Smarts* Traits are relative to the animal kingdom, not to the human cognitive levels. A gunslinger with a *Knowledge* of 1d4 is still smarter than a wall crawler with the same score.

Animals can be *overawed* normally. They can't be *ridiculed* by verbal attacks, but they can be poked with a stick and annoyed all to Hell. *Bluff* works the same way. An animal can't be told its shoelace is untied, but it might be distracted by a rock thrown behind it.

Pace

Unless a critter is given a special Pace under *Special Abilities*, its movement is equal to its *Nimbleness* die type, just like a hero's.

Size

The bigger a critter is, the harder it is to hurt it. That's a simple fact. A creature's Size is the number of points of damage it takes to cause it a wound. See Chapter Four in the *Weird West Player's Guide* for the details.

The **Critter Size** table lists the sizes and weights of some common critters and abominations

Wind

Creature Wind is figured just like human Wind—most of the time. Add the varmint's *Vigor* and *Spirit* die types together.

Some abominations are just so danged big, weird, or otherworldly they don't take Wind from any source. A creature has "—" under its Wind score when this is the case.

You shouldn't normally keep track of Wind for goons unless it's a very small fight. To remind you, we put lesser bad guys' Wind in *italics*.

Terror

Most abominations are pretty horrible looking. We don't call them abominations because they're nice to look at.

When a hero first sees a critter with a Terror score, he must make a *guts* check, with the critters Terror as his TN. A hero who fails this roll gets to play "How do I get screwed by the **Scart Table,"** which we gave you in Chapter One, amigo.

Special Abilities

To keep things as simple as possible for you, we've tried to classify most of the powers that your monsters might have into some simple categories. These won't work for every creature, but they should help you out when you're trying to create new abominations for your posse to face.

Armor

No self-respecting terror of the High Plains goes around without a thick hide or a hard carapace.

The Armor value is listed directly after the creature's *armor* ability. This works just like the armor we told you

Critter Size

Size	Typical Weight	Examples
0*	1 ounce	Bug
1	a pound or two	Rat, snake
2	0 or 12 pounds	House cat
3	2030 pounds	Eagle, fox
4	50 pounds	Average dog, pig
5	100 pounds	Mountain lion
6	150 pounds	Person, wolf
7	250 pounds	
8	400 pounds	
9	650 pounds	Gorilla
10	1000 pounds	Bear, saddle horse
11	1750 pounds	Clydesdale, moose, steer
12	2500 pounds	Buffalo
13	2 tons	
14	3 tons	
15	5 tons	Elephant
16	8 tons	
17	13 tons	
18	20 tons	Average Maze dragon
19	30 tons	
20	50 tons	Small Mojave rattler
21	80 tons	
22	130 tons	Blue whale, average Mojave rattler
23	200 tons	
24	300 tons	Large Mojave rattler

about in Chapter Five of the player's book. *Armor* 2 means it has heavier armor that reduces an attack by 2 full die types. *Armor* -2 means the thing has light protection that subtracts 2 points of damage from every attack.

Black Magic

Black Magic is usually only used by human servitors of the Reckoners, but a very few rare abominations might have access to it. It's a pretty flexible system, and can be used to model all sorts of powers if you don't want to come up with a unique Special Ability for a monster. See pages 283-291 to get the full lowdown on this fast and easy system of evil magic.

Damage

This is one of the most basic abilities in any critter's profile—the capacity to physically hurt others. Even mundane creatures usually have the damage special ability unless they're something totally harmless, like rabbits or squirrels (and in *Deadlands*, you sometimes even have to watch out for those critters!)

Damage can come in all sorts of forms—claws, teeth, tentacles, fists, hooves and so on.

Creatures with both biting and clawing attacks may usually use both in one action. If the thing has a third or special attack (say with a tail), it must normally use it in place of another attack.

Fearless

Some critters just can't be scared. Most soulless undead are like this (because the manitou inside has nothing to lose). Others are just too dumb to know when they're beat.

These kinds of monsters are *fearless.* They never make *guts* checks, even against a power or effect of supernatural origin.

Fearless creatures can be surprised for one round, but after that, they get over their shock and get to work. Deal *fearless* creatures in normally the round after they're surprised.

Immunity

Immunity simply means the character or creature can't be hurt by certain forms of attack. Anytime you see this, a description of the particular immunity follows.

One common *immunity* is to "normal weapons." You'll see a lot of the Reckoners' servants, ghosts, and "spiritual" creatures with this power. In this case, normal weapons refer to any blade, bullet, or even fist that's not enchanted. Magical abilities, supernatural effects, and legendary weapons work normally unless the creature's description says otherwise.

To be absolutely clear, the weapon itself must be enchanted, not its user. Thus a *soul blast* could hurt this kind of creature, but a blessed using the *smite* miracle could not (though if a blessed was using an enchanted weapon, she could, and it would grant the benefits of *smite* as well!)

Another kind of *immunity* you might see is "All." That means this is one ugly critter and there's probably only one way to kill it. Check out its *weakness* to find out how.

Infection

Infection is the ability to turn a victim into something like the monster. Werewolves, vampires, and other creatures that can make more of their ilk have this ability.

The details are up to you. A bug-like horror might inject eggs that hatch inside its victim. A vampire bites someone and then forces him to drink of its own dark blood.

If the *infection* is spread through the blood, any wound, including a single point of Wind does the trick.

After the *infection* entry is a TN. That's the *Vigor* roll a character must beat to avoid the infection. If he fails that, he can only seek supernatural aid in resisting the inevitable results.

Poison

Poison does just what you think it does, though the way this kind of thing works in the profiles of the creatures of the Wasted West also applies to diseases, nonlethal poisons (such as paralyzers), viruses, and other toxins designed to get into the blood.

If the *poison* is delivered by fangs, claws, needles, blades, or other devices that have to hit the victim, it takes effect if the target suffers even a single point of Wind damage.

Once contacted, the victim must make a *Vigor* roll versus a TN based on the *poison's* power level listed in the creature's description. If failed, he suffers the effect listed.

Regeneration

Some critters heal faster than you'd believe. The exact rate of its *regeneration* follows the entry.

Stun

Some critters like to eat their prey while it's still warm or maybe even still breathing. That's a really bad way to go, friends. This power lets the bad guys *stun* their prey instead of hurting them, very likely saving them for a much more horrible fate than death.

Most creatures must touch their prey to stun them. In these cases, if the monster hits (usually whether it actually causes damage or not), the victim makes a *Vigor* check against the TN listed after this power. The victim can make recovery checks each action against this same TN to snap out of it.

Surprise

Creatures with this power are keen on catching their victims unaware. Some burrow up from below. Others swoop down from the sky.

Assuming the critter isn't detected, it starts the fight with one Action Card "up its sleeve" and makes its first attack at +4.

Undead

There are many different types of undead, from simple zombies and walkin' dead to ancient liches and vampires. Those without any vestige of their mortal soul inside their rotting carcasses are "soulless" undead. They are animated by manitous. These are

much less risky for a manitou to occupy because the demon simply escapes back to the Hunting Grounds when the shell is destroyed.

More powerful creatures like vampires and liches become undead because of ancient curses, a lifetime of evil, or by casting dark rites. They make a deal with the forces of evil and destruction (the Reckoners, though most don't know that) in exchange for awesome power, but in so doing they become irrevocably evil.

Harrowed are a special case of course. Their manitous share the shell with the mortal soul. We've already told you all about that in Chapter Ten of the *Weird West Player's Guide*, as well as in Chapter Three of this book..

All these undead have many varied powers and abilities, but here are some common to all types:

Undead don't feel pain, but they still suffer from having their body parts blown off. They can ignore 2 levels of wound penalties and can never be stunned.

Undead ignore Wind caused by wounds or physical damage. Supernatural effects that cause Wind act as regular damage, since the spirit inside suffers the blow. Since undead don't suffer Wind, halve damage if you're using the Marshal's trick for handling lots of lesser bad guys we gave you in Chapter One.

Soulless undead don't regenerate damage without a secondary power. Those with souls (like Harrowed) make natural healing rolls once per day unless they have a faster way to heal damage and regenerate their flesh.

Undead can usually only be killed by destroying their "focus." This is some area of the body the spirit inside uses to control the corpse. The most common focus is the brain, though a vampire's focus is usually the heart, and some very powerful creatures even remove their focus and hide it elsewhere for safekeeping. Unless the description says otherwise, assume the focus is the brain.

All this means undead can only be destroyed by a maiming wound to their focus. Horrors like walkin' dead (with the brain as a focus) keep fighting even if they receive a maiming wound to the guts. They might be rendered ineffective (and might even desert the shell) if blown to pieces, but they *can* animate those hands and keep 'em coming if they want to).

WEAKNESS

Creatures with a *weakness* are particularly susceptible to certain kinds of damage. A dry, brittle tumblebleed probably doesn't enjoy fire. Similarly, a giant, mutated slug might dissolve if covered in salt.

Generally, attacking a creature with whatever it has a weakness for causes normal damage. If the weapon doesn't usually cause damage (such as salt, water, holy water, or so forth), the description tells you how much damage the *weakness* can cause the creature.

DESERT THING

What desert would be complete without a tentacled beastie lurking beneath the sands?

Desert things move very slowly beneath the dunes, setting up shop along popular trails or in or near a water hole. When a hapless traveler passes by, the thing grabs its legs or hooves with its long tentacles and drags it into its circular maw.

Desert things can sense approaching prey up to 50 yards distant on an opposed *Cognition* versus *sneak* roll. When the prey gets within reach of its 20′ long tentacles, the creature attacks.

Each of the thing's 8 tentacles can attempt to pull prey closer to its gaping maw. First a tentacle has to hit the character with a *fightin': brawlin'* roll. If it does, it can entangle the victim instead of causing direct damage. Then it starts to reel the character in.

This is an opposed *Strength* roll with every success and raise on the creature's part dragging the prey 1 yard closer to its gnashing teeth. Two raises on a character's *Strength* roll means she's managed to break free.

The only other way to escape the creature is to kill it or mangle a tentacle. The beast lies protected under several inches under the sand, and the tentacles themselves are tough and difficult to cut. They have an Armor value of 1 and can each take 20 points of damage before they are effectively destroyed.

PROFILE: DESERT THING

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:1d8, S:1d12+4, Q:3d10, V:2d12+2

Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Pace: 2

Size: 12 (8′ diameter core)

Wind: 18

Terror: 7

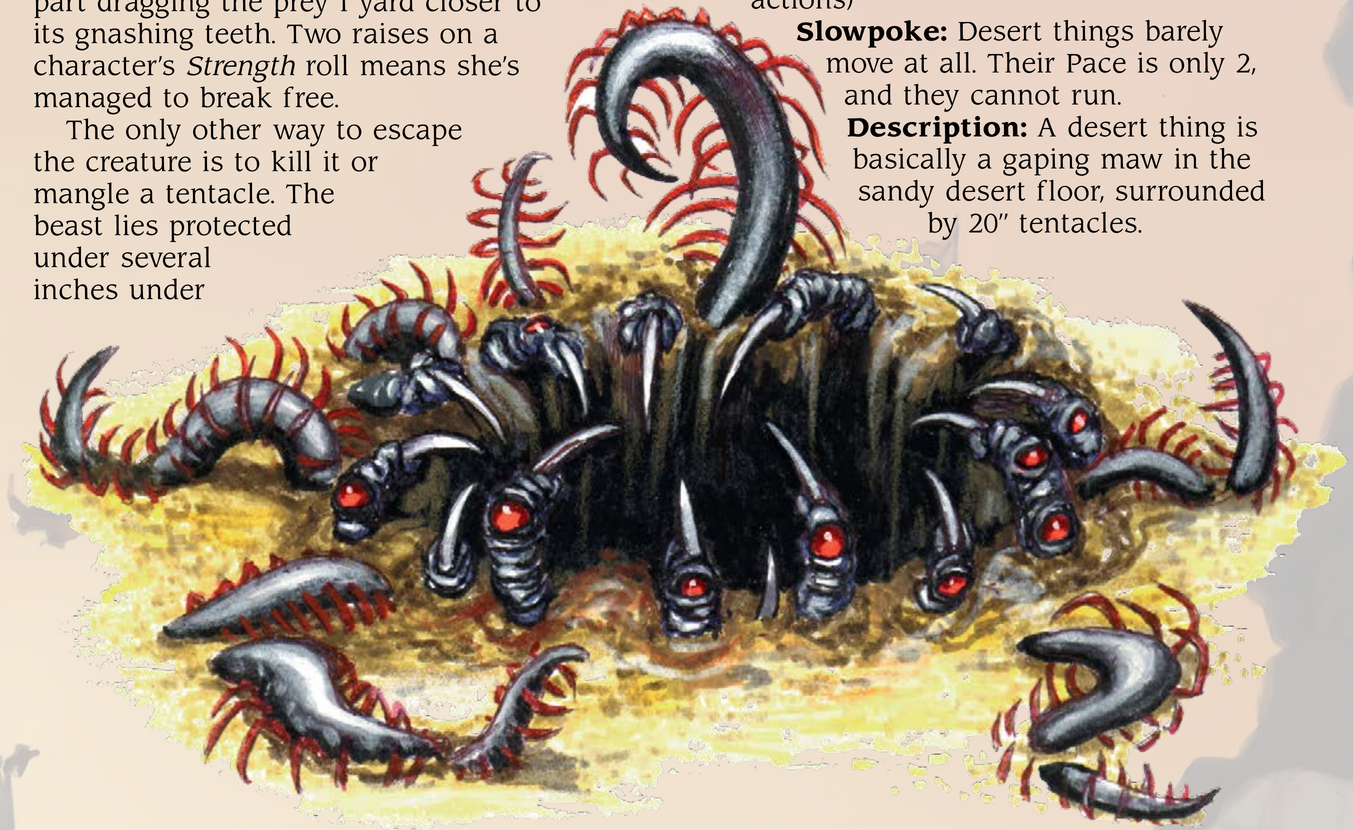
Special Abilities:

Armor: 2 for the body submerged in the sand, 1 on the creatures tentacles

Damage: Bite (STR+1d10), tentacles (STR. The desert thing may attack with each of its eight tentacles on each of it's actions)

Slowpoke: Desert things barely move at all. Their Pace is only 2, and they cannot run.

Description: A desert thing is basically a gaping maw in the sandy desert floor, surrounded by 20″ tentacles.

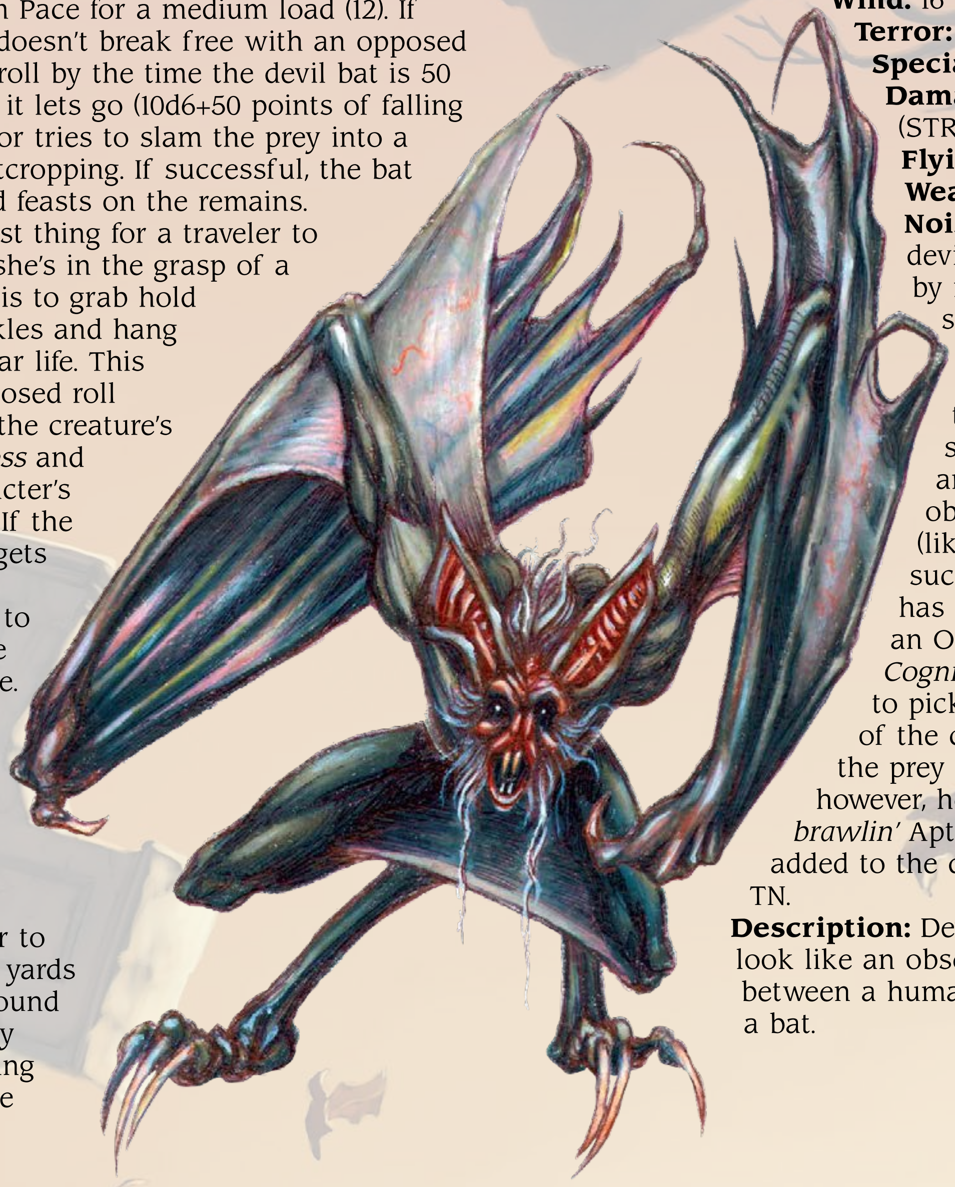


DEVIL BAT

These critters live in the Badlands of the Dakota Territory. The Sioux call them "kinyan tiwicakte," or "flying murderer."

Devil bats are nocturnal predators who hunt in groups of 1-6. They attack by racing from the night and grabbing prey with their taloned feet. This is an opposed *fightin': brawlin'* roll. If the bat thing gets a success, it causes damage normally. With a raise, it drags the prey into the air and rises at its maximum Pace for a medium load (12). If the prey doesn't break free with an opposed *Strength* roll by the time the devil bat is 50 yards up, it lets go (10d6+50 points of falling damage) or tries to slam the prey into a rocky outcropping. If successful, the bat lands and feasts on the remains.

The best thing for a traveler to do once she's in the grasp of a devil bat is to grab hold of its ankles and hang on for dear life. This is an opposed roll between the creature's *Nimbleness* and the character's *Strength*. If the creature gets a raise, it manages to shake the prey loose. If the prey gets a raise, she manages to force the critter to within 10 yards of the ground or a rocky outcropping where she can jump free.



PROFILE: DEVIL BAT

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d12, S:1d12+2, Q:3d10, V:2d8

Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d12, sneak 1d12 (5d12 from the air)

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d8

Overawe 2d10

Pace: 6 (ground)/24 (air)

Size: 7 (8' tall)

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4)

Flying: Pace 24

Weakness:–

Noise: The devil bat "sees" by means of sonar. If its prey has the guts to stand stock-still among other obstacles (like rocks and such), the thing has to make an Onerous (7) *Cognition* roll to pick her out of the clutter. If the prey does this, however, her *fightin': brawlin'* Aptitude is not added to the devil bat's TN.

Description: Devil bats look like an obscene cross between a human being and a bat.

DUST DEVIL

Dust devils are vicious killers that live in the deserts of the southwest. They lurk about like repulsive spiny serpents until they see prey. Then they use their supernatural power to create a whirlwind about themselves and move in for the kill.

More than one unwary traveler has gone down before the spikes of one of these creatures, thinking it was only a dust storm.

Dust devils attack by centering on their prey and whirling around it with their spiny, snakelike bodies. They live at the center of their dirt-filled whirlwinds, making them difficult to see or hit with normal weapons. A character has to take a -8 called shot to hit the creature itself.

Shots that miss are sucked into the whirlwind and shot out in a random direction. Roll a d12 to determine a clock facing and see if any innocent bystanders are hit by the errant attack (see the **Innocent Bystander** rules in Chapter Four of the *Weird West Player's Guide*).

Dynamite might affect the creature normally, though sticks thrown inside the whirlwind are usually flung out before they can detonate.

A hero making a *fightin'* attack on the creature must first beat it in an opposed *Strength* contest (ignore the -8 penalty for hand-to-hand attacks because of the creature's length). If he wins, he can attack normally. Otherwise he is blown backward by the whirlwind and can't take a swing this action.

PROFILE: DUST DEVIL

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:1d12+2, S:1d12+4, Q:1d10, V:1d8

Fightin': brawlin' 6d12+2

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Pace: 24

Size: 10 (10' tall)

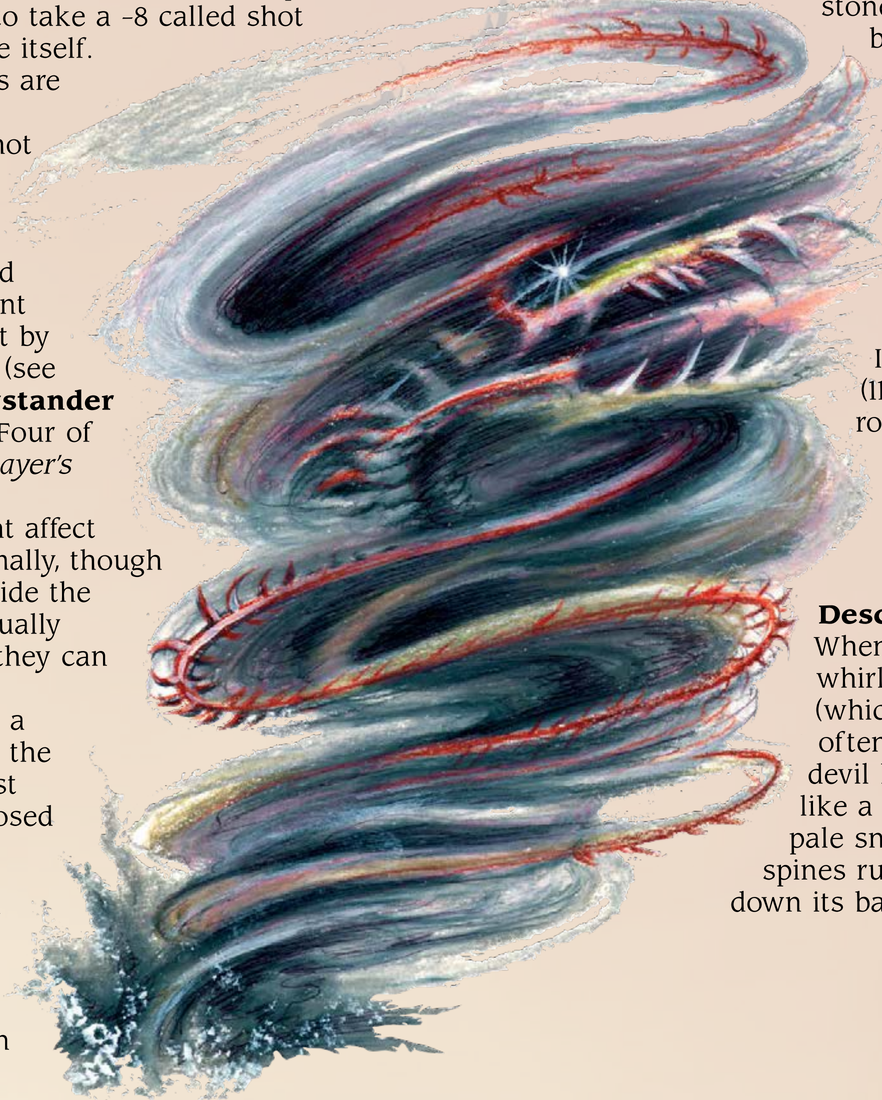
Wind: 12

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Spines (STR+1d4)

Blinding: The dust devil kicks up a swirling cloud of sand and stone that blinds everyone within 10 yards of its deadly center unless they make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll.



Description: When not whirling (which isn't often) a dust devil looks like a large pale snake with spines running all down its back.

GREMLINS

Gremlins exist solely to cause mischief and disaster via mechanical contraptions.

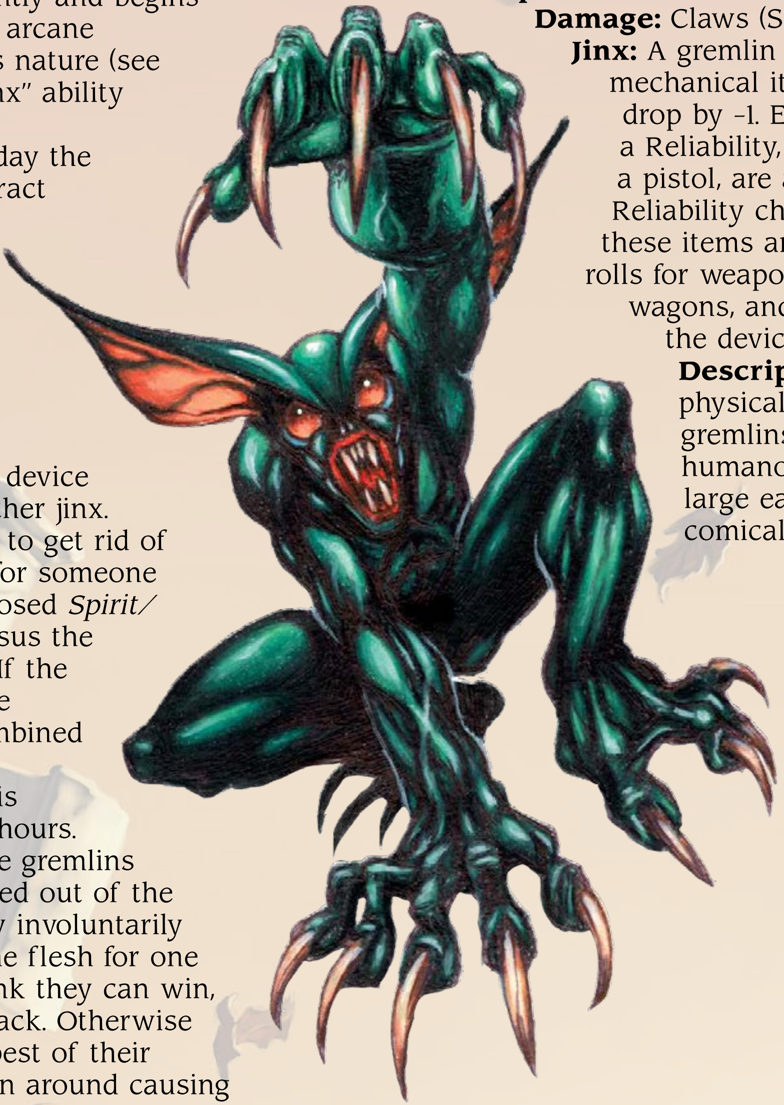
Most of the time, gremlins exist in spiritual form only. This allows them to inhabit gizmos and gadgets such as flamethrowers, steam engines, and the like.

While gremlins can live in any contraption, their location of choice these days is the gizmos of mad scientists. If a mad scientist botches when constructing or repairing a gizmo, he sometimes attracts a gremlin. The creature's spirit inhabits the device instantly and begins to make minute arcane alterations to its nature (see the gremlin's "jinx" ability below).

Worse, every day the gremlin may attract more of its mischievous brothers and sisters. Roll a d6 once per game session. On a roll of 1, another gremlin spirit enters the device and causes another jinx.

The only way to get rid of the gremlins is for someone to make an opposed *Spirit/tinkerin'* roll versus the gremlin's *Spirit*. If the tinkerer gets one success, the combined jinx of all the gremlins inside is canceled for 24 hours.

On a raise, the gremlins are actually forced out of the item, where they involuntarily materialize in the flesh for one hour. If they think they can win, the gremlins attack. Otherwise they make the best of their situation and run around causing as much havoc as possible.



PROFILE: GREMLINS

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:1d6, Q:4d10, V:1d6
Filchin' 4d10, lockpickin' 3d10, climbin' 5d10, dodge 6d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, sneak 6d10, swimmin' 3d10
Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4
Ridicule 4d8
Pace: 10
Size: 4
Wind: 10
Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4)

Jinx: A gremlin causes a mechanical item's Reliability to drop by –1. Even items without a Reliability, like a watch or a pistol, are affected. Make Reliability check whenever these items are used (*shootin'* rolls for weapons, *drivin'* rolls for wagons, and so on). On a 20, the device malfunctions.

Description: When physically manifested, gremlins are little green humanoid with comically large ears, and not so comically long claws.

Hangin' Judge

From 1863–69, five Confederate circuit judges formed a secret alliance to steal land, ruin their rivals, and eliminate anyone who stood in the way of their wealth and fame. Those who opposed them were framed for "hangin' offenses" and hauled to the nearest tree for a lynching.

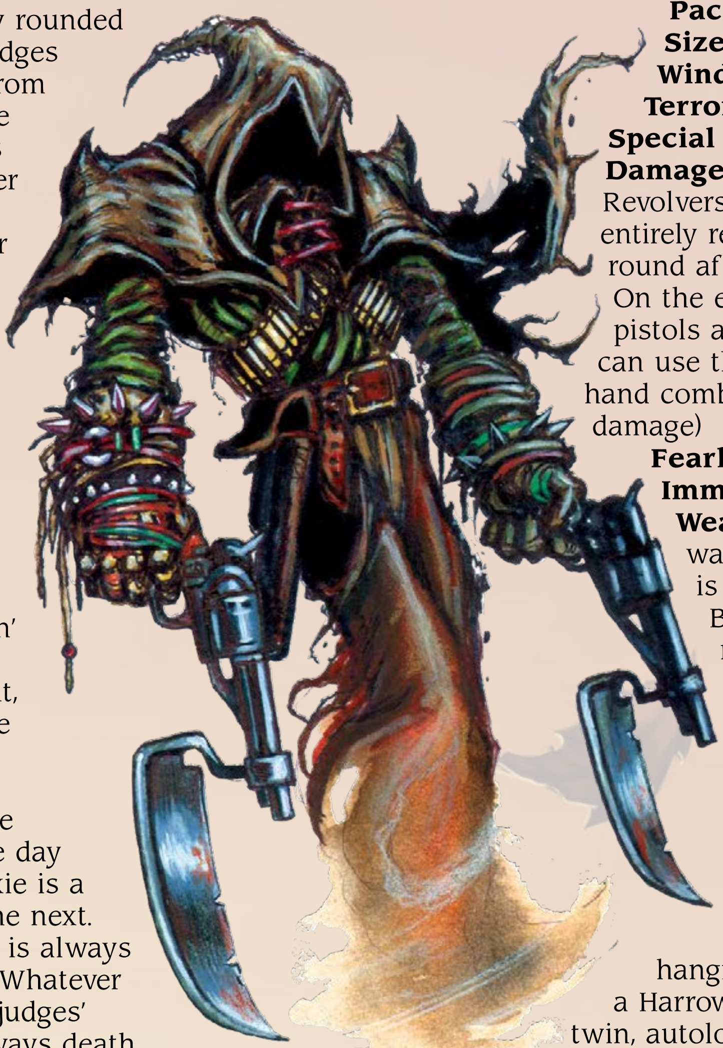
But after six years of tyranny, the locals, mostly hot-blooded Texans, fought back. They rounded up each of the judges and hung them from trees all along the Chisholm Trail as a warning to other authorities who would abuse their power.

The Reckoners seized the opportunity to infuse their spirits with unholy energy and send them back to earth as abominations.

Now the hangin' judges stalk the Chisholm by night, terrorizing anyone who happens to cross their path. They might decide blue is illegal one day and whistling Dixie is a hangin' offense the next. Being from Texas is always a heinous crime. Whatever the "charge," the judges' sentences are always death.

Hangin' judges are solitary and relentless hunters. Once they're on someone's trail, they stay with him until he's dead or morning comes. If their quarry is killed, they string him up along the Chisholm Trail and paint the victim's offense on his forehead in blood.

The judges never speak except to whisper their prey's offense over and over.



Profile: Hangin' Judge

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d8, S:3d12, Q:2d12, V:2d8
Shootin': pistol 5d10, fightin': scythe 5d8, horse ridin' 3d8, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8.
Scrutinize 2d10, search 6d10, trackin' 5d10, area knowledge: Chisolm Trail 3d6, overawe 5d12

Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: –
Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Damage: Single-Action Army Revolvers (these weapons entirely reload themselves 1 round after they're emptied. On the end of their two pistols are scythes. The judges can use these in hand-to-hand combat to cause STR+2d6 damage)

Fearless

Immunity-Normal Weapons: The only way to destroy a judge is to hang 'im high. Bullets fired from a real lawman's gun can "kill" them, but even after being shot and buried they come back the following night, hot for vengeance.

Coup: Hangin' judges are fearmongers of the highest order. If a hangin' judge is destroyed, a Harrowed gets the judge's twin, autoloading Army revolvers as coup. The guns are not for those on this side of the grave. They vanish in the hands of living folks in a matter of hours.

Description: Each hangin' judge looks bit different, but all wear cowls or hoods hiding their faces.

Jackalope

Some folks might think these critters are cute, but jackalopes are omens of bad tidings. They stalk a party and wait for bad luck to strike, then feed off the remains of those who don't survive it.

When a jackalope stalks a party, it curses them with the *bad luck* Hindrance and waits for disaster to strike. The canny creature never attacks anyone bigger than itself as long as the prey can fight back. A Winded character is in for a surprise, however, for the jackalope instantly rushes to the attack and rips into the victim's throat.

Jackalopes are darned hard to kill. They have a sixth sense that warns them whenever they are about to meet danger, and they're fast enough to get right out of the way after that.

As long as a jackalope makes a Foolproof (3) *Smarts* roll, it automatically moves out of the way of danger a fraction of a second before it would otherwise be a coat. Jackalopes are also smart enough to hide if someone decides to keep taking shots at them.

The best way to get rid of one of these tenacious critters is to get across running water. Jackalopes can't swim, so unless they find a bridge or some other way across, they get left behind and hop off to find easier prey.

On the plus side, jackalope feet are good luck charms. Anyone wearing one has the *luck o' the Irish* Edge until the charm is removed or it decays after about one month.

Profile: Jackalope

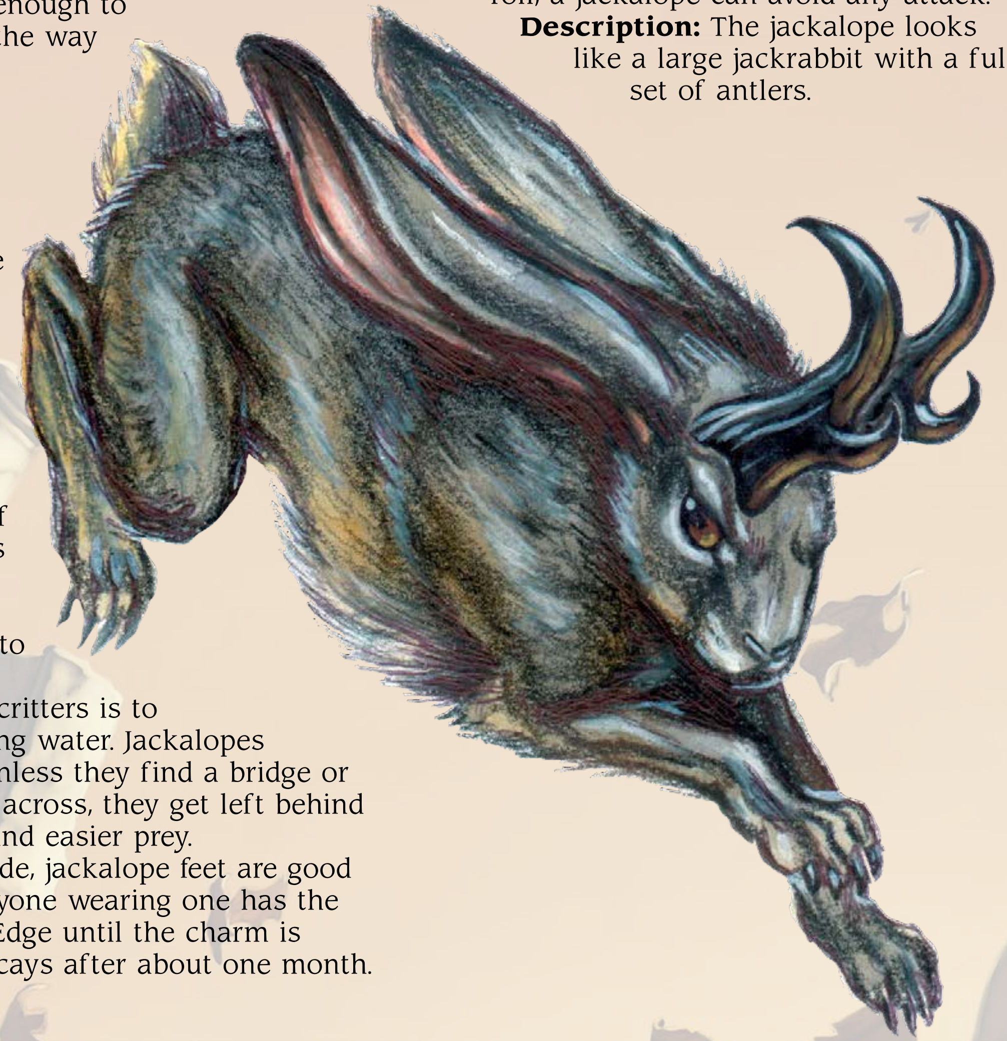
Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d8, S:2d4, Q:2d10, V:1d6
Fightin': brawlin' 1d8, sneak 5d8
Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4
Ridicule 4d6
Pace: 8
Size: 2
Wind: –
Terror: 7
Special Abilities:

Bad Luck: All members of a posse being stalked by a jackalope get the *bad luck* Hindrance.

Damage: Antlers (STR+1d6)

Sixth Sense: On a Foolproof (3) *Smarts* roll, a jackalope can avoid any attack.

Description: The jackalope looks like a large jackrabbit with a full set of antlers.

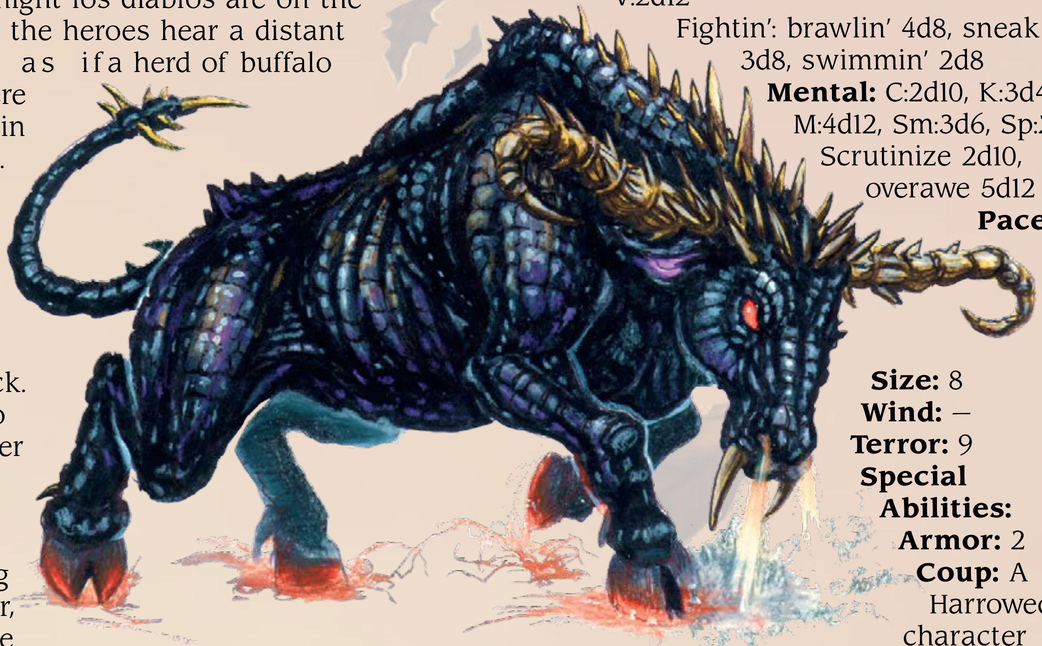


Los Diablos

Los diablos have haunted humanity for thousands of years. Other cultures knew them as minotaurs and gorgons. In the Weird West, they have taken on the forms of mutated Texas longhorns. They are harbingers of doom, for they are one of the only direct servants of the mysterious Reckoners.

Los diablos hunt down heroes who become thorns in the Reckoners' sides. Fate rules even these mighty beings, however, so los diablos are only allowed to walk the earth on certain occasions. Whenever a hero or group of heroes gets their 5th point of Grit *and* gains the attention of the Reckoners by foiling one of their better schemes, los diablos pays them a visit.

The first night los diablos are on the posse's trail, the heroes hear a distant rumbling, as if a herd of buffalo or steers were stampeding in the distance. At this point, everyone needs to make a Foolproof (3) *guts* check. Anyone who fails loses her highest Fate Chip. The next night, the rumbling grows louder, and everyone must make a Fair (5) *guts* check or lose a Fate Chip.



This continues until the TN reaches Incredible (11). The next night, los diablos appear at the head of a ghostly stampede called the "Devil's Own Herd." These creatures are actually the souls of all those the Herd has slain before.

Even if the posse is indoors, los diablos and the Devil's Own Herd smash through walls, doors, or windows to ride over them.

There is one diablo for every character who has a Grit of 5 or better. These heroes are the devil bulls' sworn enemies and the only individuals Fate allows to hunt.

The bulls can only harm or be harmed those with five Grit.

Other characters in the vicinity are "trampled" by the ghostly hooves of the Devil's Own Herd. and take 1d4 Wind per round until all los diablos are defeated. As usual, if Wind goes negative and starts causing wounds, the characters can die. Those who do become another soul in the Devil's Own Herd.

Those fighting with los diablos suffer a similar fate. Their souls are taken into the Hunting Grounds to become diablos.

Profile: Los Diablos

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d8, S:3d12+8, Q:2d10, V:2d12

Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d4, M:4d12, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Scrutinize 2d10, overawe 5d12

Pace: 8

Size: 8

Wind: –

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Coup: A Harrowed character who absorbs a diablo's essence gains 1 point of Armor and 1 point of Grit.

Damage: Horns (STR+3d10)

Fearless

Immunity—All: To anyone other than the particular diablo's target.

Description: Los Diablos look like Texas longhorns from Hell, with thick reptilian skins, and glowing red eyes.

Maze Dragon

All kinds of strange creatures emerged when California fell into the sea. One of the biggest is the California Maze dragon. These tremendous critters attack both ships hauling ore and prospectors mining the canyon walls of the Maze.

Unlike most abominations, Maze dragons are known and accepted as ordinary creatures. Most folks just figure they somehow came with the Great Quake. The Chinese warlords of the area started calling them dragons, and the name stuck.

Profile: California Maze Dragon

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d10, S:5d12+4, Q:1d10, V:2d12+4

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 5d10, swimmin' 5d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Pace: 20

Size: 24 (50 yards long)

Wind: –

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

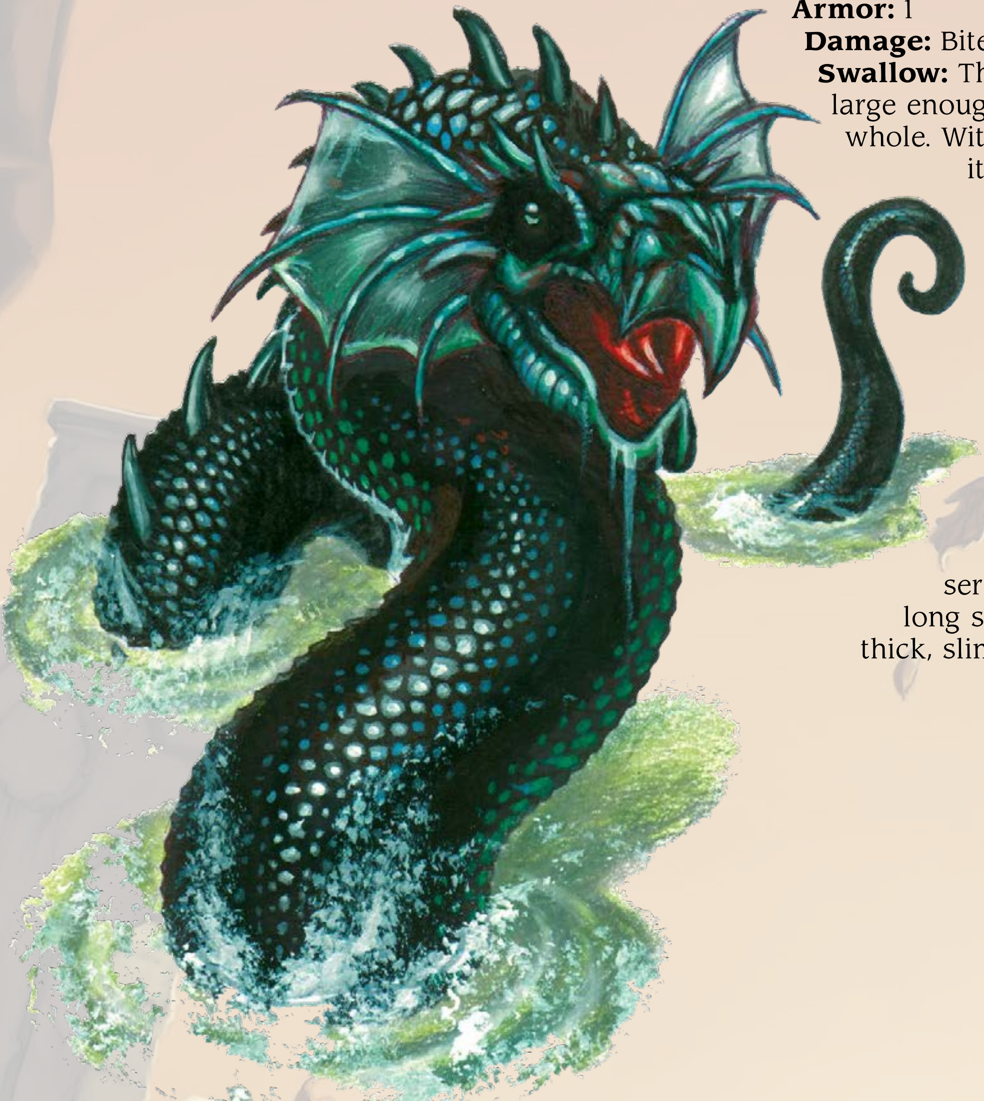
Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (STR+2d12)

Swallow: The dragon's mouth is large enough to swallow a person whole. With 2 raises on an attack, it does so. The victim takes 4d6 points of damage every round from the crushing gullet and acidic bile. The only way out is to cut open a slit with 20 points of damage from a shotgun or cutting weapon.

Swimming: Pace 20

Description: Maze dragons look like sea serpents of legend, with long sinuous bodies covered in thick, slimy scales.



MOJAVE RATTLER

They call these great worms "rattlers" because a person's teeth start chattering as the rattler rumbles through the earth beneath him. Though they are most common in the Mojave, rattlers are also found in isolated flatlands in Montana and Utah. The rattlers of each region tend to have their own colors and even personalities.

Mojave rattlers go straight for the kill, while the ones in Montana are skulkers. Utah rattlers are smaller but faster, and they absolutely love to chase steam wagons across the great Salt Flats. Like Maze dragons, rattlers are accepted near the regions they terrorize. Folks Back East think Weseterners exaggerate, but the locals know better.

Rattlers sense their prey by vibrations in the sand. They can detect the movement of a man up to 200 yards distant. This is an opposed *Cognition* versus *sneak* roll if the prey is trying to be stealthy. Horses are detected at double the distance, and wagons at triple. Note that if a creature runs, its *sneak* totals suffer the usual –4 penalty.

When a rattler moves in for the kill, it bursts up through the earth and tries to snag its prey with one of its tentacles. Though rattlers have many tentacles, they never attempt to capture multiple targets unless their intended victims are very close together, such as a horse and rider, preferring to focus on a single quarry.

The tentacles have a *Strength* of 3d12 and are about a quarter as long as the worm itself. Once they grapple a target with a raise on an opposed *Strength* roll, the worm starts dragging the victim into its crushing maw. Every success on an opposed *Strength* roll drags the rattler's prey 1 yard closer.

The rattler's tentacles (Size 5-10) can take 3 wounds before they're useless and the worm retreats, but bullets and impaling weapons do only a single point each, and shotgun blasts do 2. Cutting weapons do full damage.

PROFILE: MOJAVE RATTLER

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:6d12+20, Q:2d6, V:4d12+24

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 2d8 (when underground)

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d8

Overawe 2d10

Pace: 6 (18 underground)

Size: 10–20 (10–100 yards long)

Wind: —

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

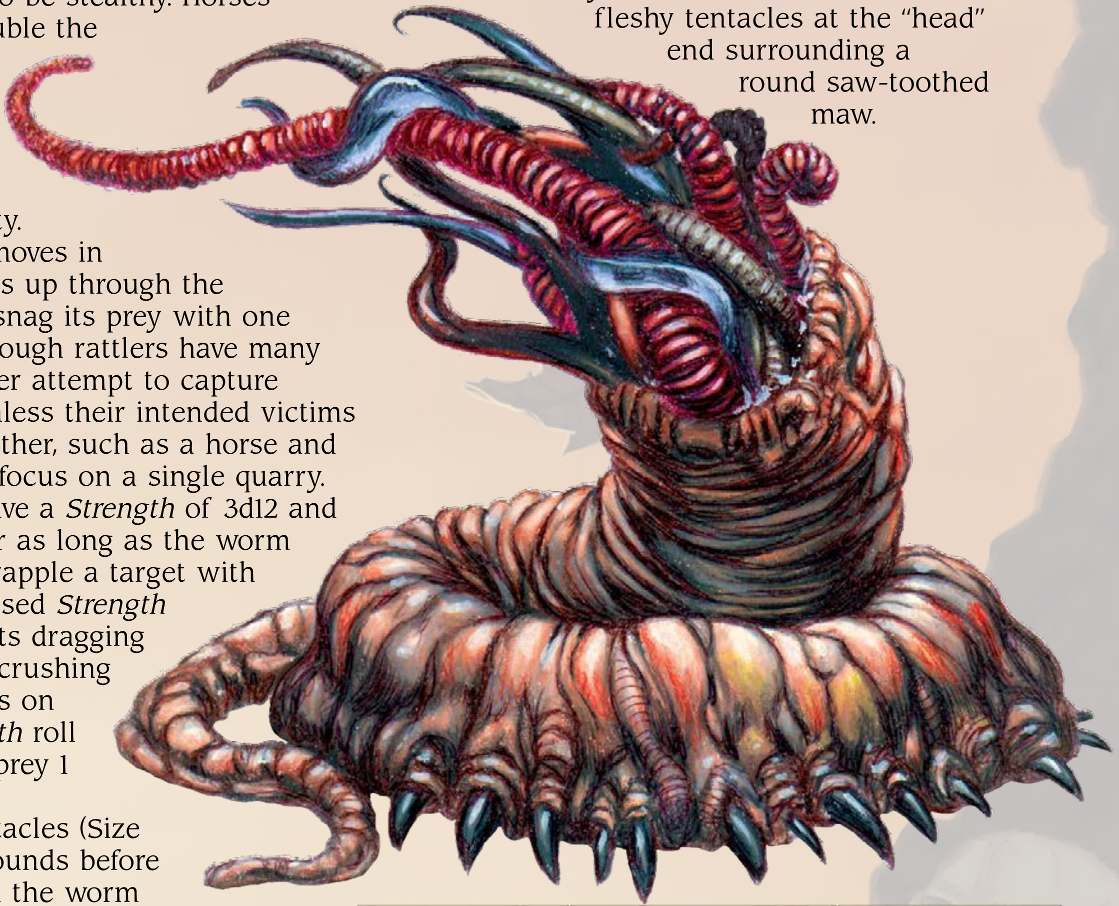
Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (2d20)

Burrowing: Underground Pace 18

Surprise: Travelers who don't recognize the rumblings of a rattler beneath them subtract –4 from their surprise checks.

Description: Rattlers look like huge fleshy worms, with a mass of fleshy tentacles at the "head" end surrounding a round saw-toothed maw.



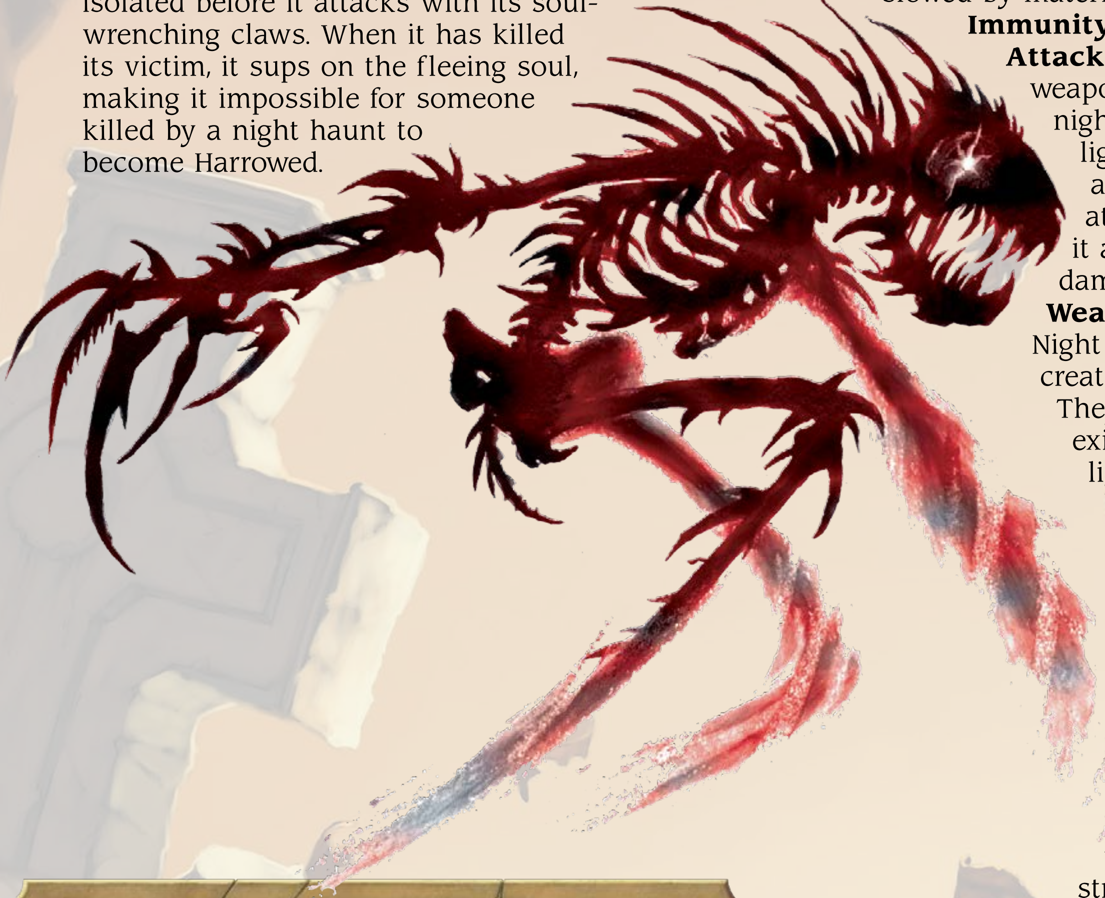
Night Haunt

Night haunts are evil creatures of corrupted shadow that subsist on human souls. They are lone hunters that appear only at dusk, following settlers and other travelers across the plains, waiting for them to camp for the night.

When a night haunt spots prey, it hides away in the enshrouding darkness and waits for most of the travelers in the posse to fall asleep before it begins its insidious attack. It then uses mimicry and illusion as a *bluff* test of wills.

The camp's guard, if any, likely sees strange "patches" of darkness or hears a distant baby's cry or some far-off screams—anything the night haunt can do to unnerve its prey. Its goal is to lure the guard out alone, preferably without waking his companions.

If the night haunt is successful, it draws the fool out until he's entirely isolated before it attacks with its soul-wrenching claws. When it has killed its victim, it sups on the fleeing soul, making it impossible for someone killed by a night haunt to become Harrowed.



Profile: Night Haunt

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:4d10, S:2d8, Q:2d12+2, V:1d4

Fightin': brawlin' 5d10, sneak 8d10

Mental: C:4d12, K:1d4, M:1d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d10

Bluff 6d8

Pace: 24

Size: 6

Wind: –

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Coup: A night haunt's essence gives a Harrowed character a dark, shadowy appearance. When he concentrates, the Harrowed may add +6 to his *sneak* rolls.

Damage: Bite (STR+1d4), claws (STR+1d6, ignores armor)

Fearless

Hovering: Pace 24. Night haunts float a few feet off the ground and aren't slowed by material objects.

Immunity—Normal Attacks: Normal weapons can't hurt a night haunt. Only light (see below) and magical attacks cause it any sort of damage.

Weakness—Light: Night haunts are creatures of shadow. They cannot exist in bright light. Torches, lanterns, and other weapons used against them inflict 2d6 points of damage (ignore the user's *Strength*).

Description: Night haunts resemble thorny shadows straight from a nightmare.

PRAIRIE TICK

Prairie ticks are the scourge of the High Plains. These horrid bloodsuckers live in underground burrows of 11–20 (1d10+10) creatures each, and they are rumored to be controlled by a single, giant queen that rules over each nest.

When they sense prey, the ticks crawl out of their burrow and bound through the tall prairie grass at top speed. They can sense the vibration of a man walking across the desert up to 100 yards away, double that for horses, and quadruple for wagons.

Prairie ticks attack by leaping for the mouth and pulling the victim's lips down with their two front hooks. This is an opposed *fightin': brawlin'* roll. If the tick gets a raise, it's in and slides down the victim's throat. Once inside, the thing's hooked legs sink into the innards, and it begins to drain blood at the rate of 1d4 Wind per hour.

As the host loses wounds to bleeding, the tick gets larger. When the host dies, the tick has grown so large it bursts the ribcage and comes crawling out of the stomach or throat. Anyone who sees this needs to make a Hard (9) *guts* check or very likely lose his lunch.

The only known way to remove a prairie tick inside a host is to pour a quart of castor oil down the victim's throat. The host needs to make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to get the castor oil down. If he does, the tick comes crawling out in 1d4 rounds, doing its *Strength* in damage each round as it does so.

PROFILE: PRAIRIE TICK

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:4d12, S:1d4, Q:3d10, V:2d8
Dodge 2d12, fightin': brawlin' 4d12, sneak 3d12

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Overawe 2d8

Pace: 12

Size: 2

Wind: –

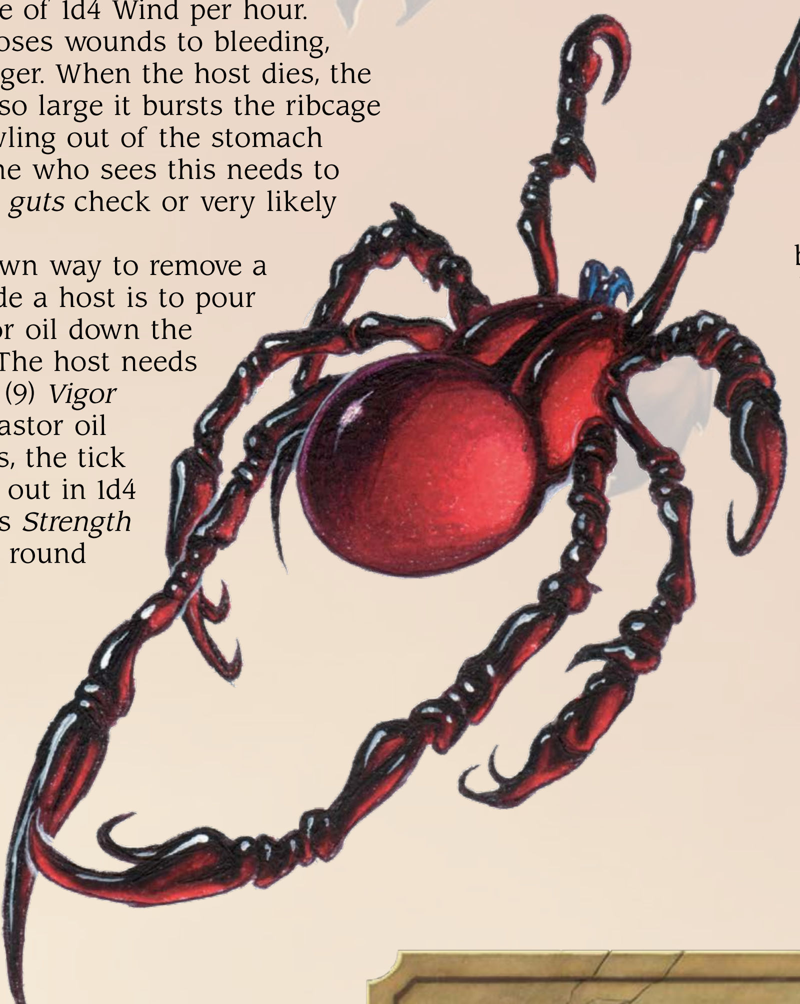
Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Hooks (STR; when prairie ticks can't get at someone's mouth due to a covering of some sort, they swarm over him and try to pick him into unconsciousness with their hooks, then try to crawl inside)

Description: Prairie ticks' bodies are about the size of a man's fist. They are blood-red red in color, with fat bloated bellies and long hooked legs .



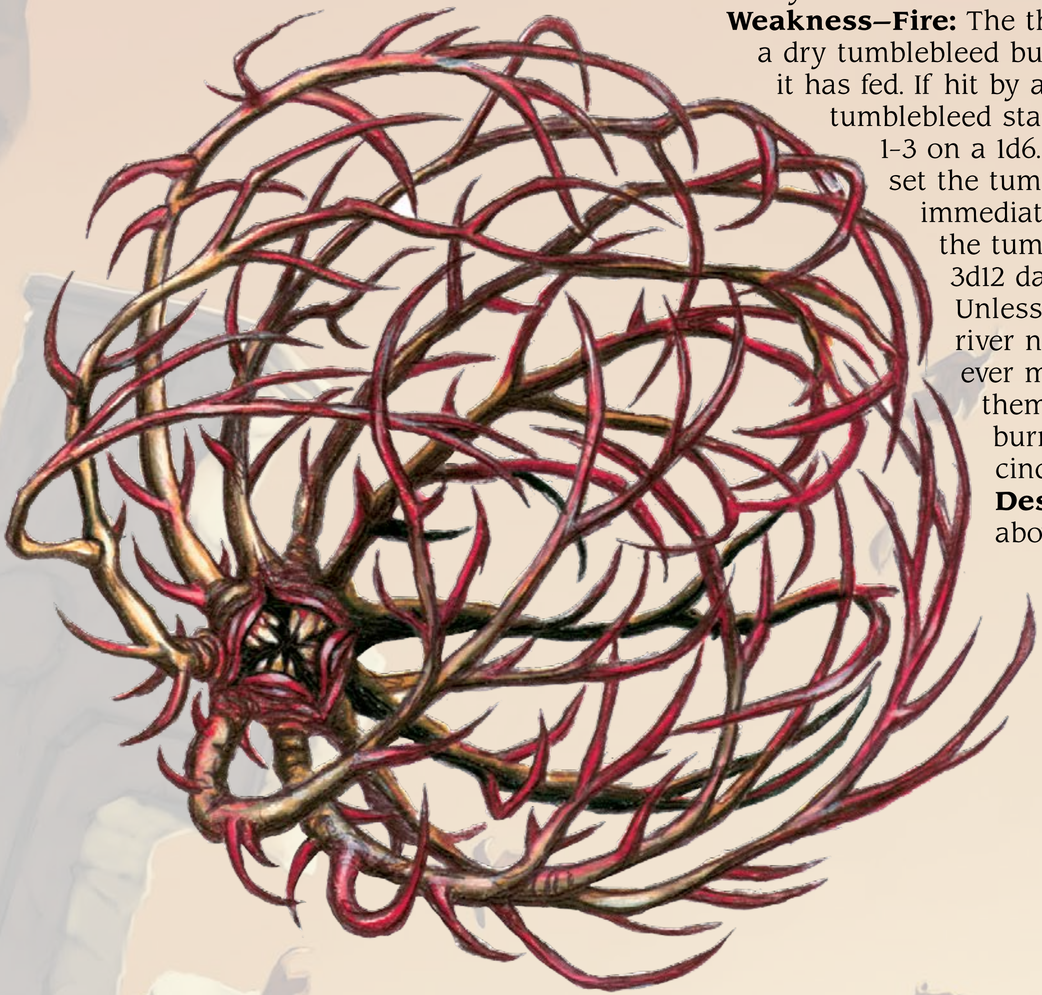
TUMBLEBLEED

In the Weird West, even the tumbleweeds are out to get you.

Tumblebleeds are vicious critters that look just like tumbleweeds, the dried plants you see blowing across the desolate desert plains. They attack by rolling into a victim and entangling him in their thorny branches. The things' mouths and spiny thorns then penetrate the skin and drain the prey's blood.

Tumblebleeds usually travel in packs of three to six for more efficient hunting. Hungry tumblebleeds stay well away from any prey carrying fire—they burn like dry tinder when they haven't fed recently.

A tumblebleed that has just feasted looks like a pile of wet, bloody seaweed.



PROFILE: TUMBLEBLEED

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d10, S:1d6, Q:2d8, V:1d4
Fightin': brawlin' 4d10
Mental: C:1d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Pace: 18
Size: 4 (2–3' diameter spheroid)
Wind: —
Terror: 7
Special Abilities:

Damage: Mouth (STR), thorns: (STR, brawlin' damage; Lost Wind is actually drained blood. Due to an anti-clotting agent in a tumblebleed's saliva, damage taken from a tumblebleed cannot be healed as easily as normal. Wind lost in this way returns at the rate of 1 per day)

Weakness—Fire: The thorny branches of a dry tumblebleed burn easily before it has fed. If hit by a lit torch, a dry tumblebleed starts burning on 1–3 on a 1d6. Flamethrowers set the tumblebleed alight immediately. Once on fire, the tumblebleed takes 3d12 damage per round. Unless there's a lake or river nearby, they rarely ever manage to put themselves out before burning to a fragile cinder.

Description: See above.

Walkin' Dead

Pulp novels describe zombies as slow and mindless. Obviously the writers have never truly encountered the walking dead. Creatures like these aren't the kind to shuffle about like they hadn't a thought in their rotting heads.

These suckers are mean and clever. They know people think they're supposed to be slow and stupid, so sometimes they act that way just to get close. And by the way, they *do* feed on brains.

Profile: Walkin' Dead

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:3d8, Q:2d10, V:2d8

Shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d6, climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 1d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

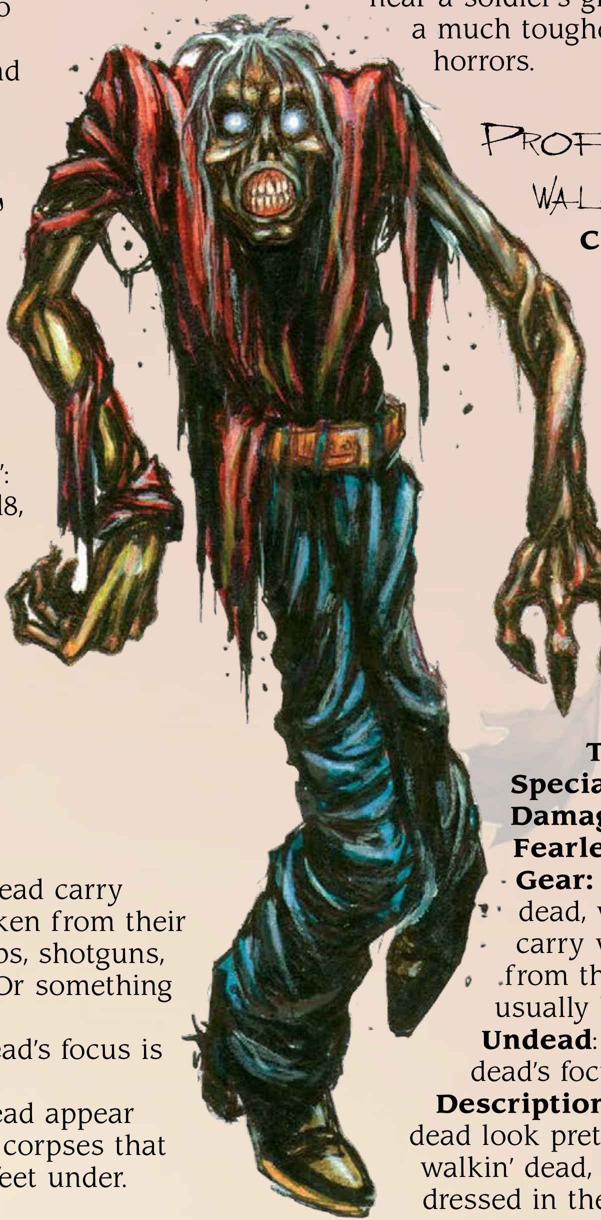
Damage: Bite (STR)

Fearless

Gear: Many walkin' dead carry weapons they've taken from their victims: pistols, clubs, shotguns, rifles and the like. Or something bigger if you like.

Undead: A walkin' dead's focus is its head.

Description: Walkin' dead appear just like you'd expect: corpses that should be buried six feet under.



Veteran Walkin' Dead

The walkin' dead are those raised straight out of a cemetery, the average folk who just happen to be strolling around when they ought to be napping in the dirt. Sometimes walkin' dead are made out of better stock. Spill a vat of Baron LaCroix's zombie juice near a soldier's graveyard and you'll get a much tougher variety of rotting horrors.

Profile: Veteran Walkin' Dead

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:2d10, Q:3d10, V:2d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6, ridicule 1d6, search 3d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR)

Fearless

Gear: Like normal walkin' dead, veteran walkin' dead carry weapons they've taken from their victims. They're just usually better at using them.

Undead: A veteran walkin' dead's focus is its head.

Description: Veteran walkin' dead look pretty much like standard walkin' dead, though they are often dressed in the tattered uniforms they died in.

Wall Crawler

When travelling through the dim canyons and narrow defiles of the Weird West, travelers with any sense at all should keep an eye on the rock walls above them. There are things lurking there, waiting for a nice soft pink meal to ride by below.

Wall crawlers are predators that hang on the shadowy sides of mesas, waiting for unsuspecting travelers to pass below. When they spot prey, they race down from their perch and strike with lightning speed. Their prey almost never sees them coming before it's too late. This is a good time for a surprise check.

Before they strike, wall crawlers are almost totally silent, their claws scrabbling on rock the only sound they make. Once they reach their prey, they emit an evil hissing.

Profile: Wall Crawler

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d10, S:3d10, Q:2d12+2, V:2d8

Climbin' 8d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d10, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d10, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d6

Scrutinize 2d10

Pace: 10 (20 when racing downhill)

Size: 14

Wind: 24

Terror: 7

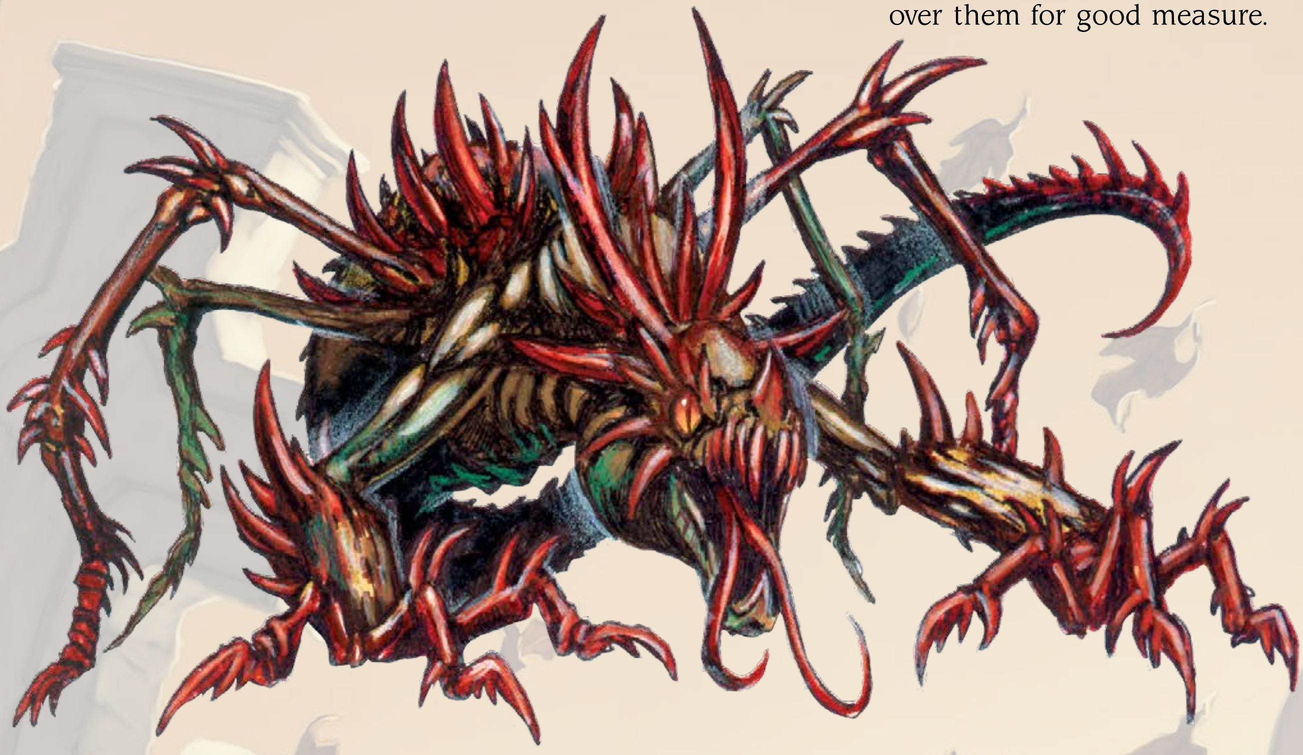
Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Damage: Bite (STR+2d8), tail strike (STR+3d10)

Wall Crawling: Wall crawlers can move over any moderately rough vertical surface at their normal Pace, and can even move along totally horizontal overhangs at half Pace. They don't call 'em wall crawlers for nothing!

Description: Wall crawler's forms combine the worst aspects of a spider and a monitor lizard, with nasty spiky bits all over them for good measure.



WENDIGO

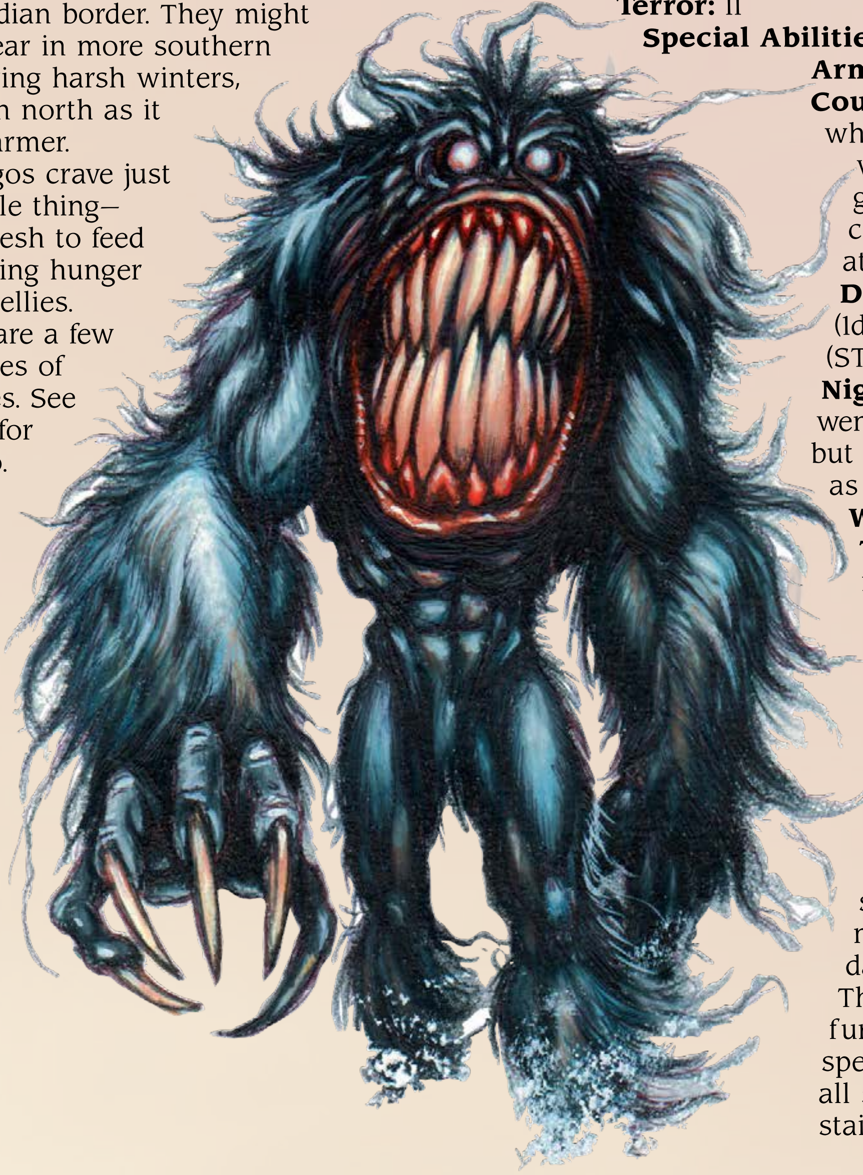
Winters can be tough in the northern reaches of the continent, or the high passes and trails of the Rocky Mountains. The savage cold has driven men and women to resort to the unthinkable to survive on occasion: cannibalism.

There is a price to be paid for such activities, and its a high one.

Wendigos are the twisted spirits of those who resorted to cannibalism to survive. Their eerie howls can be heard in just about any cold climate, such as states along the Canadian border. They might also appear in more southern areas during harsh winters, but return north as it grows warmer.

Wendigos crave just one simple thing—human flesh to feed the gnawing hunger in their bellies.

There are a few other types of wendigoes. See page 312 for more info.



PROFILE: WENDIGO

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d12, S:3d12+6, Q:4d8, V:3d12

Climbin' 4d12, fightin': brawlin' 6d12, sneak 2d12, swimmin' 2d12, throwin': rocks 4d6,

Mental: C:2d12, K:1d6, M:4d12, Sm:1d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge 5d6, overawe 7d12, search 3d12, trackin' 5d12

Pace: 12

Size: 10 (8' tall and thick as tree trunks)

Wind: –

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Coup: A Harrowed who feasts on a wendigo's essence gains immunity to cold and cold-based attacks.

Damage: Bite (1d12+2d6), claws (STR+2d6)

Night Vision: A wendigo can see in all but complete darkness as if daylight.

Weakness—Tallow: A wendigo is instantly killed by pouring hot tallow down his throat.

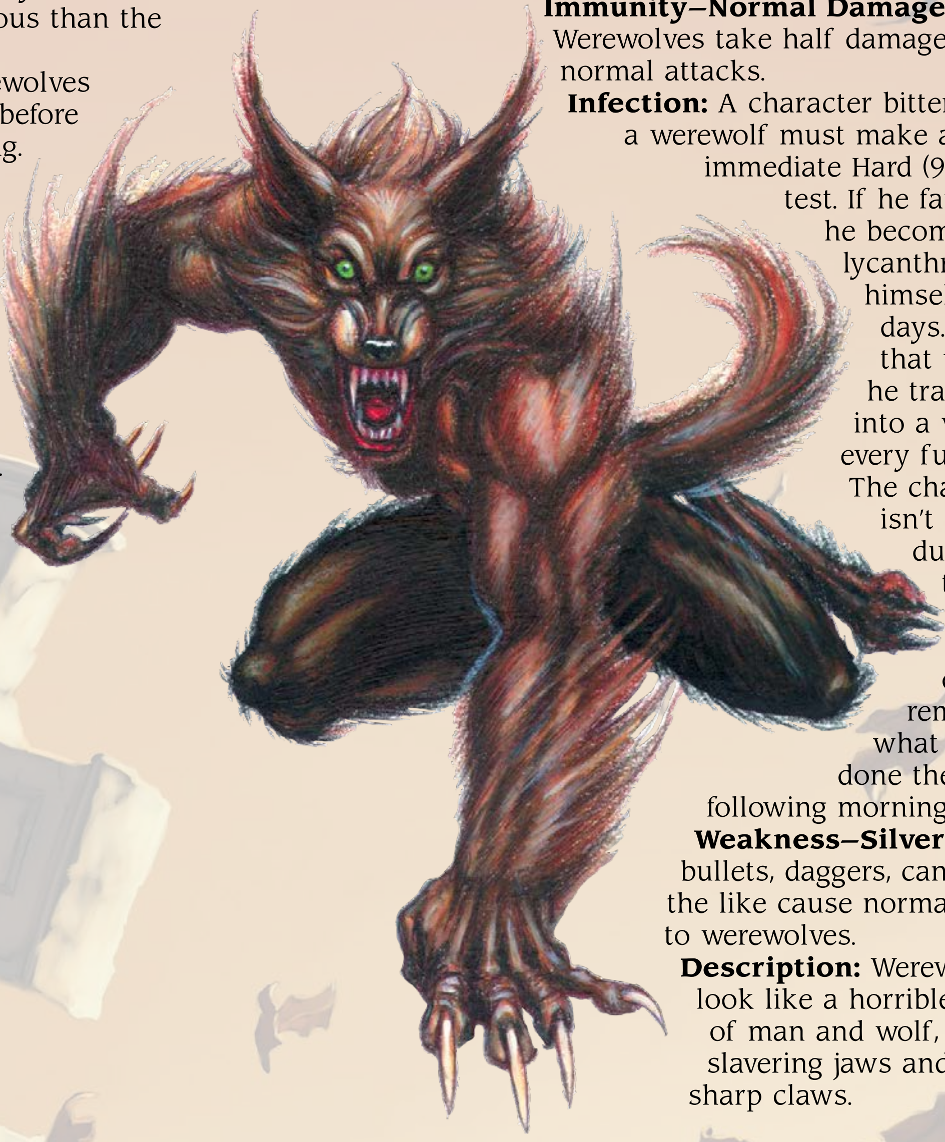
Description: Wendigoes are vaguely humanoid mountains of muscle with savage claws, and mouths full of dagger-like teeth. The color of their fur depends on the specific type, though all species stay stained with blood.

WEREWOLF

Lycanthropes come in many forms, like wolves, jackals, and coyotes. Most times, lycanthropes are normal folk, but when a full moon emerges, they lose control and revert to snarling creatures bent on murder.

Some werewolves have fully embraced their cursed state and revel in the destruction they cause. Some few may even seek to become werewolves on purpose! The Reckoners sometimes allow these select few evil and depraved individuals to retain their normal Mental Traits when in werewolf form. Obviously, these werewolves are even more dangerous than the normal type.

Many werewolves existed even before the Reckoning. They are still supernatural creatures of evil, however, and so can be affected by holy rituals such as *protection*.



PROFILE: WEREWOLF

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d12+4, S:2d12, Q:4d12+4, V:2d10

Dodge 4d12, fightin': brawlin' 6d12+4

Mental: C:2d12, K:1d4, M:3d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6

Overawe 2d10

Pace: 24

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR), claws: (STR+1d6)

Immunity—Normal Damage: Werewolves take half damage from all normal attacks.

Infection: A character bitten by a werewolf must make an immediate Hard (9) *Vigor* test. If he fails, he becomes a lycanthrope himself in 1d6 days. From that time on, he transforms into a werewolf every full moon. The character isn't in charge during these episodes, and he doesn't remember what he's done the following morning.

Weakness—Silver: Silver bullets, daggers, canes, and the like cause normal damage to werewolves.

Description: Werewolves look like a horrible hybrid of man and wolf, with slavering jaws and razor sharp claws.

Common Varmints

<table>
<tr><th>Animal</th><th>Cog</th><th>Def</th><th>Knw</th><th>Mien</th><th>Nimb</th><th>Qk</th><th>Sm</th><th>Sp</th><th>Str</th><th>Vig</th><th>Size</th><th>Pace</th></tr>
<tr><td>Bear</td><td>2d8</td><td>1d6</td><td>2d4</td><td>2d10</td><td>2d8</td><td>3d10</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d6</td><td>1d12+2</td><td>2d12+2</td><td>10</td><td>8</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, overawe 4d10, sneak 2d8;
Damage: Claws (STR+1d4), bite (STR+1d4)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Buffalo</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>3d6</td><td>3d6</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d6</td><td>2d12+4</td><td>4d12+4</td><td>12</td><td>20</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 2d6;
Damage: Hooves: (STR); Horns: (STR+1d6)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Mule</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d6</td><td>3d8</td><td>2d4</td><td>1d6</td><td>2d10</td><td>4d8</td><td>3d10</td><td>8</td><td>22</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 1d8;
Damage: Hooves: (STR)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Cattle</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d10</td><td>2d6</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>3d10</td><td>3d10</td><td>9</td><td>10</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 1d10
Damage: Hooves (STR); Horns (STR+1d6. Bulls only)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Condor</td><td>2d6</td><td>1d6</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>4d8</td><td>3d8</td><td>2d6</td><td>2d6</td><td>2d8</td><td>2d8</td><td>5</td><td>20
(flying)</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 3d8
Damage: Talons (STR), beak (STR)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Coyote</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d6</td><td>2d6</td><td>3d8</td><td>2d8</td><td>2d6</td><td>2d6</td><td>3d6</td><td>4d8</td><td>4</td><td>12</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 3d8; filchin' 2d4, sneak 2d8, overawe 2d6
Damage: Claw (STR), bite (STR+1d4)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Deer</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d10</td><td>2d10</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>3d8</td><td>2d8</td><td>6</td><td>22</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 2d10
Damage: Hooves (STR+1d4), antlers (STR+1d4)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Eagle</td><td>2d6</td><td>1d6</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d6</td><td>2d10</td><td>2d8</td><td>1d6</td><td>3d8</td><td>3d6</td><td>3d6</td><td>3</td><td>24
(flying)</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 3d10
Damage: Talons (STR)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Cougar</td><td>2d10</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d8</td><td>3d10</td><td>2d12</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d4</td><td>4d6</td><td>2d8</td><td>6</td><td>22</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, overawe 2d8
Damage: Claw (STR+1d4), bite (STR+1d4)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Moose</td><td>1d6</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d6</td><td>2d10</td><td>2d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d8</td><td>3d12+2</td><td>3d12</td><td>12</td><td>18</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 3d10
Damage: Hooves (STR+1d12), antlers (STR+1d6)</td></tr>
<tr><td>Rattler</td><td>2d10</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d8</td><td>1d6</td><td>2d10</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d8</td><td>2</td><td>22</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, overawe 2d8
Damage: Bite (STR+poison)
Special Abilities: Terror 3, Poison: Hard (9) TN. Success means the affected location is paralyzed for 1d6 days. Failure results in death in 1d6 hours. A Hard (9) *medecine* roll removes the poison, as long as it occurs before the last half hour.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Scorpion</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>2d6</td><td>3d10</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d4-2</td><td>1d4</td><td>1</td><td>4</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 2d6
Damage: Sting (STR+poison)
Special Abilities: Poison: Onerous (7) TN. Success means the affected location is paralyzed for 1d6 days. Failure results in death in 1d4 hours. A Hard (9) *medecine* roll removes the poison, as long as it occurs before the last half hour.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Wolf</td><td>2d6</td><td>1d4</td><td>1d6</td><td>3d6</td><td>3d10</td><td>2d8</td><td>1d6</td><td>3d8</td><td>2d8</td><td>3d10</td><td>6</td><td>20</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="13">**Aptitudes:** Fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 2d10, overawe 2d6, search 3d4, trackin 5d4
Damage: Claws (STR) bite (STR+1d6)</td></tr>
</table>

Rogue's Gallery

Here are a few standard character types your posse might run into as well.

Profile: Typical Bandit

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': knife 3d6, dodge 2d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 3d6, search 3d6, survival: plains 4d6

Edges: None

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: *12*

Gear: Raiders can be found carrying just about any weapon imaginable.

Description: Bandits range from suave "Gentlemen bandits" to murderous thugs.

Profile: Typical Soldier

These statistics cover typical Western enlisted cavalrymen. Infantry soldiers have similar stats, but drop the *horse ridin'* Aptitude. For low-level officers, add *academia: military history leadership*, and *professional: tactics* at level 2-3. They have the *rank* Edge as well, of course.

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d8, Q:3d6, S:2d8, V:3d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol (officers), rifle 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: local post 3d6, bluff 2d8, overawe 3d6, persuasion 2d6, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Edges: Rank (if an officer)

Hindrances: Obligation: the military -5

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Both infantry and cavalry North and South of the border carry Winchester repeaters. Cavalry for both sides, as well as officers, carry Colt double-action Peacemakers as well. Confederate cavalrymen sometimes carry shotguns for close-in attacks. All cavalry also carry a saber (though they are rarely used these days).

Description: The military ranks are truly America's melting pot. Some are wealthy idealists who want to serve their country, others are criminals hiding from the law, and many are foreigners who had no other career opportunities and joined the service.

Profile: Typical Law Dog

Use the following statistics for your average Deputy Marshals, county sheriffs, town marshals, and the like.

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d8, Q:2d10, S:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 3d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Academia: occult 1d6, area knowledge: (jurisdiction), 2d6, bluff 4d8, overawe 5d12, persuasion 3d12, professional: law 3d6, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Edges: Law man 1-3, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Enemy: outlaws -2, obligation: serve their jurisdiction -1-3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Most lawmen carry double-action Colt Peacemakers and keep a Winchester '76 rifle or double-barreled shotgun in their office.

Description: Law dogs are a tough breed. The honest ones suffer the most—they must fight outlaws and the creatures of the Reckoning. Dishonest ones tend to have life a little easier.

Black Magic

When it suits their purposes, the Reckoners reward mortals with sinister spells. Abilities granted to true abominations and creatures are powers—every ability is unique and granted individually. Black magic spells are the tools of witches, evil sorcerers, and unholy acolytes who have learned pagan incantations and dark rites. These spells come from the Reckoners, though those who dabble in the black arts are rarely aware of it.

Mortals (or at least those acolytes who started life as mortals) granted the ability to use black magic often believe vehemently in dark gods, but in truth, their deities are only manifestations of the Reckoners' awesome power. If these lords of darkness really exist, they rally beside the Reckoners. If there is such a creature as Lucifer, for example, he allows the Reckoners to reward the twisted cultists who worship him. Or it may be that Lucifer is somehow *part* of the Reckoners. At this point, even those few who understand the nature of the Reckoning are unsure.

In any case, black magic is based on the faith of a dark soul in his or her god, spirits, or other form of evil religion or power. The sorcery they wield manifests in many different forms, but they are all "spells," and draw their power from the Reckoners themselves.

Using Black Magic

This system has been designed for you, Marshal. You don't want a complicated system when you're running an exciting tale of terror in the Weird West, so we've made things simple for you.

Black magic is flexible enough to cover many different kinds of evil spellcasters, so you don't have to come up with lots of different spells for each kind of cultist the heroes might come across. After all, a *bolt o' doom* has pretty much the same effect no matter if it looks like a blast of radiant light, a bolt of ice, fire, or a column of angry killer bees.

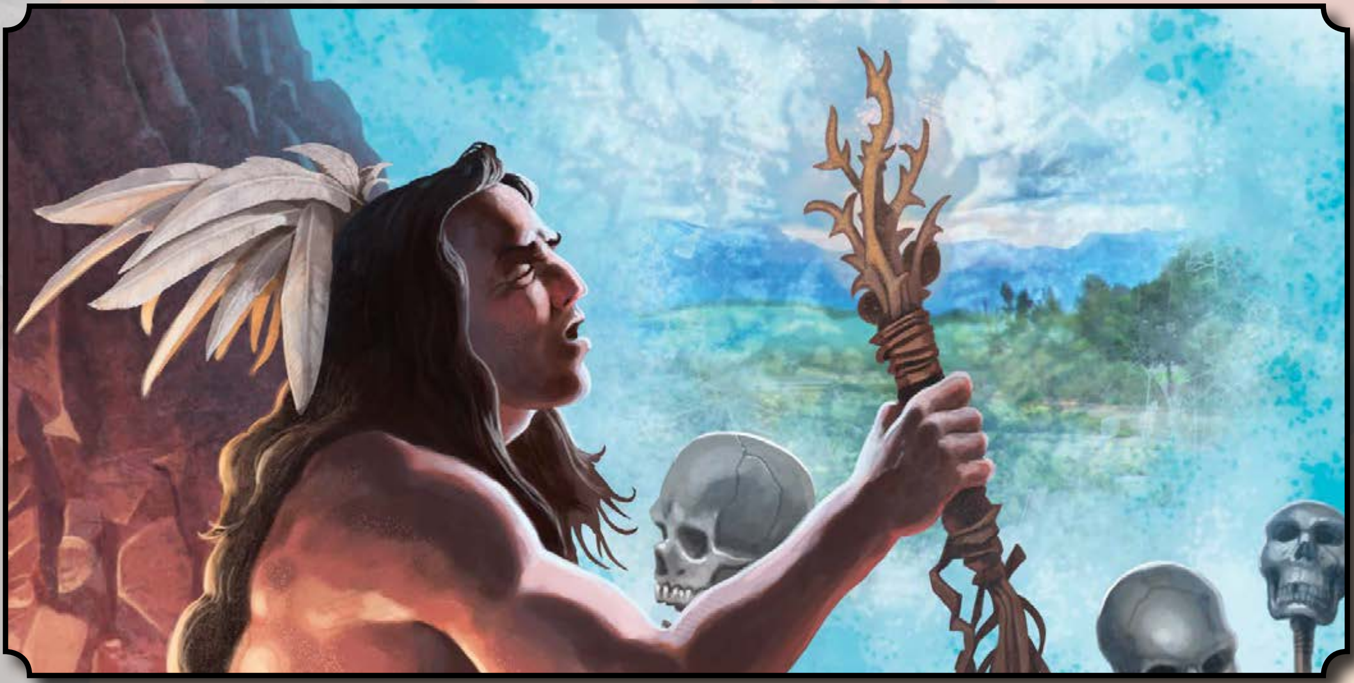
Most of the time, a disciple's black magic works without a hitch. She points her finger at some poor sap and watches his head explode—nothing to it.

Only rarely do these spells fail. To reflect this, a villain using black magic need only make a Foolproof (3) *faith* check every time she casts a spell. If she succeeds, the spell works normally. If she fails such a simple test, the Reckoners have decided to remind the follower of the fickle nature of their dark gift. This is rare but painful, and it can be quite embarrassing when it happens.

The Reckoners show their disapproval by causing the spell to misfire. Choose an effect you feel is appropriate, or roll on the **Black Magic Misfires** table below whenever this occurs.

Black Magic Misfires

d20	Effect
1–4	The spell fails and the minion cannot use it for 1d6 rounds.
5–8	The spell fails and the minion cannot use it for 24 hours.
9–12	The spell fails and the minion cannot use it until he atones by performing some dark deed.
13–14	The misfire stuns the minion until she makes an Incredible (11) recovery check.
15–16	The minion's body courses with arcane energy. She suffers 5d6 damage that ignores any protection or immunities.
17–18	The spell affects the minion or a cohort. If not an attack, the target receives the spell's benefit. A divination spell might give the *victim* a vision of an ambush planned by the disciple, for example.
19	The caster's innards broil with dark flame, causing 5d10 damage to her guts regardless of any protection or immunities.
20	The user is engulfed in black flames and perishes instantly.



BLACK MAGIC AND THE BLESSED

Gods protect their servants. Any blessed can resist black magic cast on him with his *faith*. This is an opposed roll versus the spellcaster's *faith* roll. If the blessed's roll is greater than or equal to the sorcerer's, the spell fails to work. This resistance roll does not take an action.

If a warlock targets someone else with a spell, a blessed hero may try to intervene. Doing so does requires that the hero know the spell is being used and has an action available. He must also be able to physically interpose himself between the spellcaster and the target. The blessed must then make a *faith* check just as above. If he meets or beats the evil magician's total, the spell has no effect. Otherwise, the blessed character takes the effect of the spell himself. A hero can even perform this sacrificial action at any time. In combat, he may act "out of turn" by throwing away his highest action card, just like *vamoosin'*.

EVIL IN THE AIR

The powers of darkness are strong in the wake of the Reckoning. A blessed's *faith* rolls are reduced by an area's Fear Level when resisting black magic.

HOLY GROUND

On consecrated ground, *any* person with *faith* in that particular religion may resist black magic. The procedure is the same as for blessed characters. Additionally, blessed characters on holy ground get to add +4 to their *faith* rolls for resisting black magic.

SPELL LEVELS

Spells are rated from 1 to 5. A minion with a level one spell is often little more than a lackey trusted with but a spark of power. A dark sorcerer with a spell at level five is a favored servant of the Reckoners .

SPELLS

These are some basic spells to help you customize your own villains and miscreants. You should fill in the details of the spells you give them depending on the situation.

Speed is the number of actions it takes to cast the spell. Resolve the effects on the last card spent. A spell with a Speed of 2, for instance, is resolved on the villain's second Action Card.

Duration is how long the spell remains in effect.

Trappings is the method used to start the spell or the visual effects it creates. A worm-worshipping cultist's *bolts o' doom* might manifest as a shower of maggots, while one of Baron LaCroix's evil voodoo priests might cast a beam of icy blackness. The trappings don't really matter, they're just an easy way of making the same basic black magic spells have many different appearances.

ANIMAL MASTERY

Speed: 1
Duration: 1 scene
Trappings: Glowing eyes (in animal and cultist), or an inky black cloud around the critters

The cultist can call on a number of wild critters to do his bidding. The distance the critters are when called—and how far they can be away while controlled—varies, as do the kind of critters called.

The number of animals the cultist can control depends on his spell level, but of course you can adjust them as you see fit.

If the cultist wants to control a specific animal, such as one owned by a player character, the animal resists with its *Spirit*. The cultist rolls his *faith* and adds his *animal mastery* rank to the total. If the animal's owner is nearby, she can make a Fair (5) *animal wranglin'* roll to help out her stray varmint. Each success and raise adds +2 to the critter's *Spirit* total.

ANIMAL MASTERY

Level	Range	Kind of Creatures
1	10 yards	Bats or crows
2	100 yards	Black cats
3	1 mile	Hungry wolves
4	5 miles	Wild horses
5	50 miles	Angry bears

BOLTS O' DOOM

Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Trappings: Fire, ice, darkness, colored light, or objects or critters associated with the cultist

This spell manifests itself in many forms depending on the nature of the user. Flaming *bolts o' doom* may ignite the victim's clothes, a shower of rats gnaws a victim to the bone, and so on.

The attack roll for *bolts o' doom* is a *throwin': unbalanced* check. You should assume most cultists with this curse have the Aptitude. If not, they can make a default *Deftness* check as usual.

You have to figure out the aftereffects of particularly exotic attacks yourself. Generally, if an attack has a lingering effect (such as those rats we mentioned), they do 1 die of the spell's basic damage at the beginning of each round afterwards.

BOLTS O' DOOM

Level	Damage	Range Increment
1	3d6	3
2	4d8	5
3	4d10	10
4	5d12	20
5	5d20	50

CLOAK O' EVIL

Speed: 1
Duration: 2 rounds/*faith* level
Trappings: Blurred image, cloud of darkness or mist, flash of energy, mystical haze of things associated with the cultist

In the age of the six-gun and Gatling pistol, no self-respecting cultist can make do in a head-on confrontation without a dark miracle to turn away the bullets and arrows of the world's heroes.

The modifiers below apply to the die roll of anyone attacking the cultist, whether by missile, magic (that requires an attack roll), or melee.

Cloak o' Evil

Level	Modifier
1	-2 to hit
2	-4 to hit
3	-6 to hit
4	-8 to hit
5	-10 to hit

Contagion

Speed: 1
Duration: Permanent (until cured)
Trappings: Evil eye, glowing hand, serums, hypodermics, rats

This insidious spell is used to cause horrible diseases. This is usually done by tainting water or food, in which case everyone who partakes may contract the disease.

A black magician can also transmit the disease by touch. Of course, few able-bodied heroes are likely to stand still to find out why some chanting lunatic wants to stick 'em with some big needle. In combat, the sorcerer needs to make a *fightin': brawlin'* roll to transmit a disease by hand.

In either case, once a victim has come into contact with the *contagion,* she must make a *Vigor* roll against the appropriate TN. If she fails, she acquires a fatal *ailin'* Hindrance. The disease takes immediate effect on the victim.

Worse, any disease delivered by a *contagion* spell is contagious. Anyone having physical contact with a victim of the hex must make a Foolproof (3) *Vigor* roll or contract the illness as well.

Unlike with the normal *ailin'* Hindrance, a disease inflicted by *contagion* can be cured by a physician. Healing a patient afflicted by *contagion* requires one week and an Incredible (11) *medicine: general* roll.

Contagion

Level	Vigor TN
1	3
2	5
3	7
4	9
5	11

Curse

Speed: 1d6 minutes
Duration: Permanent until dispelled
Trappings: The "evil eye," voodoo dolls, poisons, strange marks

Evil cults have more ways to punish those who cross them than just sending a group of robed thugs to shed a little blood. There are much more subtle methods of vengeance.

Curse inflicts a slow wasting on the target. This is represented by a daily loss of the victim's Wind. Wind lost to this black magic cannot be recovered by normal means. Once the victim reaches 0 Wind, she becomes bedridden. She begins to suffer wound levels as usual when her Wind goes negative.

The caster must be able to see the target and have an item belonging to the victim in order to cast the spell. After that, the spell has no range restriction, and a virtually limitless duration.

Killing the cultist who invoked the *curse* ends the spell. While magical cures such as *succor, lay on hands,* or *helpin' hand* restore the lost Wind, they do not prevent any further losses.

Finally, all *curses* have a method for removal specific to the cult. This is often used as a method to force the victim into a course of action. Whether or not a cultist can voluntarily remove a curse once inflicted is up to you.

Curse

Level	Wind Lost
1	1 per day
2	1d2 per day
3	1d3 per day
4	1d4 per day
5	1d6 per day

Dark Protection

Speed: 1
Duration: 2 rounds/*faith* level
Trappings: Scaly skin, bony armor, shimmer of energy or light

Cultists hate to see their evil plots foiled by a six cent bullet. A *cloak of evil* is nice, but good shots are likely to plug the disciple in the eyeball anyway. The *dark protection* spell helps them avoid such ignominious fates.

Dark protection acts as armor, reducing damage normally. You can decide if the spell protects against magical attacks, electricity, or similar damage.

Dark Protection

Level	Armor
1	1 level
2	2 levels
3	3 levels
4	4 levels
5	5 levels

Forewarnin'

Speed: 5-30 minutes
Duration: Special
Trappings: Tarot cards, bones, entrails, tea leaves, crystal balls

Foreknowledge of the future is little more than an educated guess. The disciple can never be sure of his vision, for the future is a labyrinth of individual decisions. Like water, the future runs the path of least resistance. Occasionally, however, an unexpected channel opens that changes the entire course of things.

You should use this spell mostly as a plot device. If you want the bad guys to ambush your party or prepare against some really devastating surprise, this is the spell that gets you off the hook.

The speed to use the spell depends on the focus. Each level of the spell allows the disciple to look further into the future.

Forewarnin'

Level	Time
1	1 hour
2	1 day
3	1 month
4	1 year
5	1 decade

Ghostly Servant

Speed: 1
Duration: 1 minute/*faith* level
Trappings: Strong winds, murmuring voices, elaborate gestures, large hands, phantom servants

Sure, hucksters have *phantom fingers*—big deal. Evil cultists have the whole hand!

Using this incantation, a cultist can use ethereal hands to lift, move, and even hurl objects in the physical world. Treat the hands as an invisible servant with the *Strength* listed below.

The hands can affect anything within sight and 10 yards times the caster's *faith* level.

Ghostly Servant

Level	Strength
1	Caster's *faith* +1 step
2	Caster's *faith* +2 steps
3	Caster's *faith* +3 steps
4	Caster's *faith* +4 steps
5	Caster's *faith* +5 steps

Illusion

Speed: 2
Duration: 1 hour/*faith level*
Trappings: Hypnotism, heavy incense, gas, mirages, poison

The forces of evil have always been masters of lies and deceit, so it's no surprise some favored servants have been granted the power to change the appearance of reality.

Illusion affects an area up to a radius equal to the caster's *faith* times 10 feet. Inside that area, the caster can produce illusions of nearly anything she chooses.

These illusions are very realistic and difficult to detect. A character who suspects he is the victim of an illusion must make a *Cognition* roll to recognize what he sees as phantasm. The TN for the *Cognition* roll is based on the caster's skill with the spell. If the hero is successful, he has seen through the *illusion* and is unaffected by the spell.

If the caster wishes, she may summon up horrific images to terrify her victims. This is a simple action on the caster's part, and it can only be done once per round. Viewers who fail to detect the *illusion* must make a *guts* check against the TN shown on the table below.

While the caster can have the *illusion* attack the characters, it's not particularly well suited for this. The skill of any "creature" within the illusion is the cultist's *faith*. Even then, any successful hit does only 1 Wind for each level she has in the spell. Heroes who make their *Cognition* roll to detect the *illusion* are invulnerable to these attacks.

This spell is best used to mislead the posse or frame innocent folks. The illusion affects all the senses, but only for its duration, so if it's used as an attack, a clever hero quickly notices the illusion's lack of force.

Illusion

Level	Cognition TN	Guts TN
1	5	3
2	7	5
3	9	7
4	11	9
5	13	11

Pact

Speed: 1
Duration: Varies
Trappings: An amulet, a sacrifice, arcane sigils

Abominations are independent horrors. Even if two night haunts arise in the same town, they may or may not become allies in terror.

The *pact* spell allows a cultist to form a tenuous contract with an abomination with animal intelligence or any other "mindless" horror. Truly intelligent monsters are not affected by this spell but might be otherwise bargained with depending on the situation and the offer (which doesn't require a spell to do).

To force a pact with a more savage and feral creature of darkness, the cultist must beat it in a *Spirit* contest, adding his spell level to the roll. If he wins, the creature is bound to him for the duration below.

Pact

Level	Duration
1	1 round
2	1 minute
3	1 hour
4	1 day
5	1 week

Puppet

Speed: 3
Duration: Varies
Trappings: An evil stare, a kiss, a touch, a potion

The *puppet* spell allows minions of the Reckoners to control a person's mind and make him commit unspeakable acts. It's about the worst thing a black-heart can do to a true hero—making him do the very evil he lives to fight.

To use the spell, the caster makes an opposed *faith* roll versus the target's *Spirit,* adding +1 to his own roll for each level he has in *puppet.*

If successful, the target becomes the minion's puppet for the duration below, plus another increment of that duration for each raise on the opposed roll. Whether there's a telepathic link between them is the Marshal's call.

A person affected by the *puppet* spell can occasionally snap out of his stupor. Anytime the *puppet* is forced to commit an act that is completely against his basic nature, he may attempt a *Spirit* roll to break free of his master's grip.

Puppet

Level	Duration
1	1 round
2	1 minute
3	1 hour
4	1 day
5	1 week

Scrye

Speed: 1 minute
Duration: Concentration
Trappings: Crystal balls, visions, eyeballs (clairvoyance), ears (clairaudience)

Dark minions often need to track their prey. The *scrye* spell grants them a vision, allowing the evil magician to watch and even listen in on his opponents. The spell doesn't necessarily tell the caster where the subjects are, but if the cultist is familiar with the area, he can make an *area knowledge* roll to figure it out. The TN depends on what sort of landmarks can be seen in the vision as set by the Marshal.

The spell level determines the distance from which the party can be spied upon.

Scrye

Level	Distance
1	1-mile radius
2	10-mile radius
3	50-mile radius
4	100-mile radius
5	No limit

Sendin'

Speed: 2d6 minutes
Duration: One night
Trappings: Nightmares

When a hero gets on the bad side of a cult, it may seem there's nowhere left to hide. *Sendin'* lets the unholy hound their prey even in sleep.

This spell allows the cultist to inflict nightmares upon the character. Treat it as if the character were afflicted with the Hindrance *night terrors*. Although each casting lasts only a single night, the cultist can recast the spell on the victim each night to get a sustained drain on the character's will. The TN for the victim's *Spirit* roll to resist the nightmare is Hard (9). Feel free to tailor these nightmares to fit the scenario or campaign rather than simply telling the character she's having bad dreams.

SENDIN'

Level	Range
1	100 yards
2	500 yards
3	1 mile
4	5 miles
5	10 miles

SPOOK

Speed: 1
Duration: Special
Trappings: The being's own bone-ugliness, an icy grip, a weird stare

The minions of evil are a creepy lot. This gift makes them even more so. Some find it easier to scare off curious folks than confront them.

When cast, the disciple causes all those who can see him to make an immediate *guts* check.

The level of the spell determines the TN of the *guts* check.

SPOOK

Level	Modifier
1	3
2	5
3	7
4	9
5	11

STORMCALL

Speed: 5-30 minutes
Duration: Varies
Trappings: Blizzards, hailstorms, tornadoes

Few things make folks nervous like a dark and stormy night. Better yet, bad weather is quite handy for keeping a posse pinned down while a cult carries out its abominable schemes.

Stormcall brings a terrible squall down upon the area. Anyone venturing out into the storm is battered and torn, both by the storm itself and by the array of whirling debris stirred up by it. Any hapless sodbuster who gets caught in it slowly takes Wind damage.

The area affected by the spell, as well as the Wind damage inflicted on those in the storm, are based on the caster's spell level.

STORMCALL

Level	Area of Effect	Wind Loss
1	1-mile radius	1/30 minutes
2	5-mile radius	1/10 minutes
3	10-mile radius	1/5 minutes
4	25-mile radius	1/minute
5	50-mile radius	1/6 rounds

STUN

Speed: 1
Duration: Varies
Trappings: Bindings, energy, poisons

Sometimes evil cultists need living victims for their pagan sacrifices. Most folks won't willingly strap themselves onto an altar, so the dark disciples of the Reckoners need some way to stun their prey that doesn't blast holes in them like *bolts o' doom* tend to. When a cultist wants someone still kicking, this is the spell they use.

To do so, the minion must touch or fire a projectile at the victim. If it hits, the victim makes a *Vigor* check against the appropriate TN (as shown below). The amount of time the victim remains paralyzed or unconscious also increases with the spell level, though the cultist can end his curse whenever he likes.

STUN

Level	TN	Duration
1	3	1d4 rounds
2	5	1 minute
3	7	1 hour
4	9	1 day
5	11	Until dispelled

TRANSFORMATION

Speed: 2
Duration: 2 rounds/level
Trappings: Body painting, self-mutilation, jagged claws

Voodoo legends abound with stories of bokkor who transform themselves into werewolves or worse. Other evil cultists often transform into minions of their dark pantheon.

With *transformation*, the cultist calls on the power of her dark patrons to change her physical form. This is a spell and not a natural ability like that of certain abominations. As such, it requires the caster to perform a short ritual.

Transformation alters the cultist's body into a fearsome monstrosity of some sort. The appearance of the monstrosity is up to you, Marshal, but it should be something horrible. At lower levels, it may only change a limb or two, but more skilled casters can affect their entire body.

When transformed, the caster takes on whatever form is appropriate. It's hard to list levels for an effect like that, so you'll need to decide exactly how powerful the new form is and what the cultist's *transformation* level is.

The level determines how long it takes to complete the *transformation* as well as its duration.

TRANSFORMATION

Level	Speed	Duration
1	5	2 rounds/*faith* level
2	4	1 minute/*faith* level
3	3	1 hour/*faith* level
4	2	As desired
5	1	As desired

ZOMBIE

Speed: 2d6 actions
Duration: Varies
Trappings: Pentagrams, dust, potions

This spell turns a corpse into a walkin' dead, pure and simple.

This does not create corpses. It animates those that exist. The newly undead can go make new corpses out of the posse though.

Corpses made in this way don't last long—a couple of weeks at best. There are exceptions, of course, like the soldiers in Santa Anna's Army of the Dead, but most necromancers can only make the dead walk for a night or so.

Treat the zombies as walkin' dead. *Zombie* used on a battlefield might produce "veteran" walkin' dead. Both are detailed later in this chapter.

ZOMBIE

Level	Number of Undead
1	1 human
2	1 creature of any size
3	1d6 humanoids
4	4d6 humanoids
5	A cemetery (50 people)

CHAPTER FIFTEEN:

THE WEIRD WEST

The history of the Weird West is mostly the same as that of the real world, at least up until 1863. That's when the Reckoning began and made the world such a wicked place. It's not a wonderful place to live, but it sure makes for an exciting game setting.

That's what this chapter's all about. We're going to give you a fair amount of detail on the history, important players, and major locations you might want to use in your game. Give it a read, then figure out where you want to start your campaign. If you want more information on an area, you might check out other *Deadlands* products. We've got quite a few books out there that dig much deeper into our most exciting and popular settings. Each of these covers weird locations, new relics, dastardly villains, and secret cults.

Once you have the *Weird West Player's Guide* and the *Marshal's Handbook*, you don't have to buy anything else, of course, but these other sets can fill in a lot of the details we can't fit in here.

THE WAR

Let's start with the War. The American Civil War, that is. After the dead rose at Gettysburg, the generals withdrew from the battlefields to try and figure out what happened. The next time the Union Army of the Potomac met the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, the same thing happened. And worse.

The governments put the Pinkertons (later the Agency) and the Texas Rangers in charge of finding out what the Hell was going on, and after a few more battles, the answer was clear.

These "troubleshooters" learned the violence and terror of battle somehow spawned these horrors. They also learned that the more people knew, the more scared they got and the more monsters seemed to crawl out of the woodwork. So the war dragged to a halt, and soldiers who had seen the horrors of the battlefields were split up, and convinced they had suffered some sort of insanity or mass delusion caused by the horrors of War.

From that point on, both the US and Confederate governments have worked very hard to keep the existence of the supernatural quiet. At first, this almost worked. The battles stopped for a while, agents sought out and dealt with the first abominations, and those who saw them were kept quiet.

But the Reckoners weren't defeated so easily.

A 17 YEAR WAR?

How could a conflict that ended in five years in the real world (1861-1865) still be going on in *Deadlands* for 17 years?

There are two answers. First, blame it on the manitous. Whenever the armies fought a major battle after Gettysburg, too many weird things happened. The generals could hardly press their attacks with reports of dead men stalking the battlefields. If you want details on some of these battles, check out *Tales o' Terror: 1877.* In addition to updating current events in the Weird West, it takes a look at a few of the more important battles that have raged since the Reckoning.

The second answer is that the war has gone through many lulls in the last 17 years. These "cold wars" erupt every other year or so, particularly around Election time (1860 and every four years afterwards). The historically minded of you might realize that means the South essentially won the War. After all, they were only after their own independence, right?

From our modern perspective that might be true, but try telling that to one of the shell-shocked survivors who live along the Mason-Dixon line between the two nations. Or any of the besieged towns along the Mississippi, now called the "River of Blood" by some.

With periodic offensives, constant raids, spies, sabotage, and a continuing Northern blockade that has economically devastated the South, there are scant few Rebels who would claim they have won. They might say so in the pulpits, podiums, and papers, but quietly, most think the Civil War is at a long stalemate with no end in sight.

THE GREAT QUAKE

The west coast has been rocked by violent quakes for several million years. The ancient people who lived there knew it, and prayed to the earth spirits to protect them. The spirits agreed and the deal was sealed with great pictures, known as the "rock paintings," up and down the fault line of the coast. A few thousand years later, the Native Americans of the coast maintained the images, though they had forgotten their specific purpose. But the Reckoners knew, and they led Raven to the secret. In early 1868, he ventured there, vandalized the paintings, and used his magical powers to start a minor tremor. The earth spirits, infuriated at the destruction of their millennia-old memorials, turned the tiny tremor into the greatest earthquake the world has ever seen.

California fell into the sea, turning the land that remained into a massive labyrinth of towering sea-canyons. Thousands died. But that wasn't the Reckoners real purpose. Their true goal was to provide an excuse to expose an incredible new mineral. The stunned survivors of the quake discovered it first. A group of survivors near San Diego found that the black rock they had gathered was not coal as they had thought. It was an entirely new substance that burned nearly 100 times hotter, brighter, and longer than coal.

At first these tales received little notice, but as more and more people reported discovering rich veins of the stuff, the public realized there might be something to the stories after all. The dust of the quake had barely settled before a bunch of scientific types headed west to check things out. They called this stuff "ghost rock" because of the ghostly vapors and low moan the rock emits when burned. The inventors who tried to demonstrate ghost rock's incredible properties were first laughed at as eccentric kooks. That's when the members of the press dubbed them "mad scientists." The name stuck, but it didn't take more than a few flying machines and ghost rock and steam-powered horseless carriages to convince the public there were fortunes to be made from their madness.

War Machines

The Confederate government was especially interested. President Jefferson Davis got the notion these amazing inventions could be used to turn the tide of the war. In January of 1869, Davis declared that the Union state of California no longer existed and the "Great Maze" was now a Confederate Territory. His plan was to seize the ghost rock for the South and develop an army of war machines the likes of which the world had never seen.

Teams of Texas Rangers combed the West to recruit those with knowledge of ghost rock. Those scientists who signed up with the Rebels were taken to a secret Confederate base at Roswell, New Mexico.

Those scientists who refused the Texas Rangers' offer couldn't pass their knowledge on—at least not without a seance. This is why mad scientists tend to keep to themselves to this very day.

Davis has never really got hold of the Maze, but he has been able to establish enough pro-Southern settlements there to secure a decent supply of ghost rock. Mile-long mule trains carry tons of the stuff to Roswell, long ago establishing the now-famous "Ghost Trail."

The scientists at the secret base in Roswell conducted every conceivable experiment (and a few inconceivable) to create infernal devices. In less than a year, Davis demanded the scientists turn over their gizmos—ready or not.

The Battle of Washington

The Confederates attacked Washington with their new toys in February of '71. The Union forces were caught completely off-guard and pushed back into southern Pennsylvania. Fortunately for the boys in blue, the Confederates' gizmos began to conk out and the Rebel supply of ghost rock ran low. Ulysses Grant, Commander of the Army of the Potomac, rallied his forces and staged a massive counterattack. Lee was forced to retire across the Potomac.

Fortunately for the Union, the Confederate war engine was spent. The overworked inventors back at Roswell did not fare well. Many went mad while developing the new weapons. Some had been killed in experiments or while attempting to repair their gizmos on the battlefield. A larger number, tired of the horrible conditions at Roswell, deserted. Some took their weird gizmos with them. It is said the bones of many of these mad scientists still lie bleaching in the desert beside their priceless inventions.

To make matters worse for the Rebels, a famous band of Union soldiers known as the "Flying Buffalos" raided the base in early '72. These men, led by veteran officer Jay Kyle and Sergeant Amos, stole many of the South's best designs. Davis was furious and responded by ordering the base to be moved to a secret, underground location with only one entrance. To hide the base, the Confederates detonated tons of ghost rock and low-grade coal to create burning ore piles, then they leaked word that a horrible experiment had caused a disaster. The public believes the "secret" base was destroyed and figures the Confederates have another one somewhere else.. That's almost true. The new base lies beneath the smoldering ruins of the old. Only a few senior Texas Rangers and the special infantry detail that guards the camp know the safe routes in. Even the scientists inside are kept in the dark, literally, to make sure they don't desert.

The Aftermath

These events were the kick in the pants needed to get the US government's attention. Grant realized war machines powered by ghost rock were the way of the future. His weary eyes turned toward the Maze.

Secretly, he commissioned the construction of "Fort 51," a secret base in southern Nevada designed to be the equivalent of the Confederate's laboratory in Roswell.

Publicly, Grant started the Great Rail Wars.

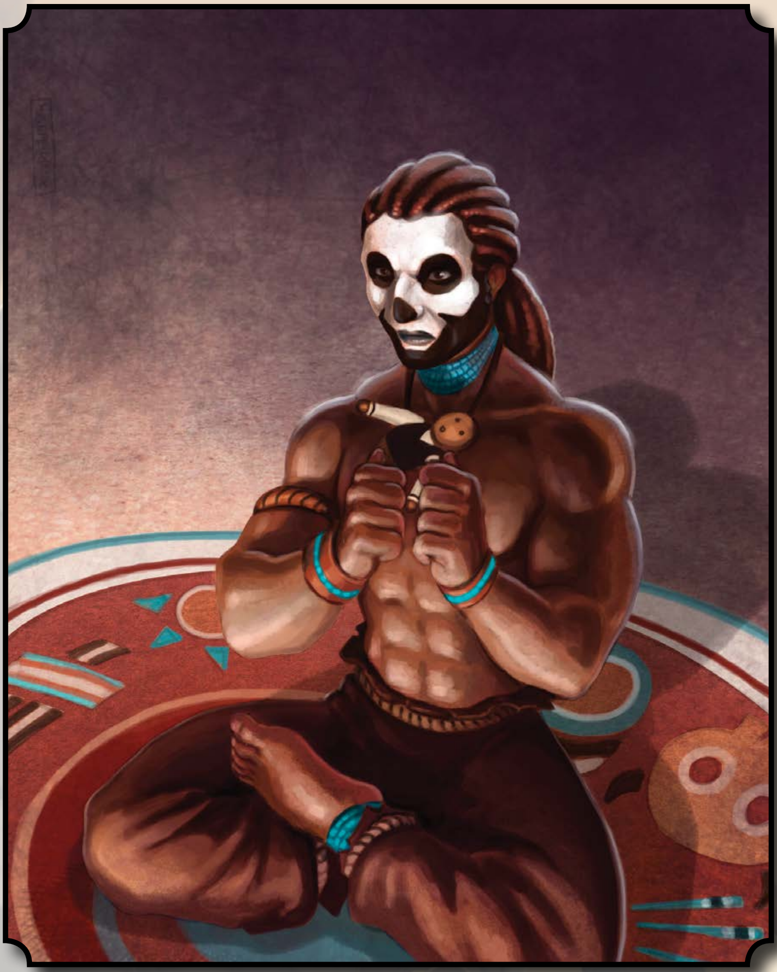
The Great Rail Wars

The ghost rock rush and the renewed vigor of the War Between the States spawned the hateful stepchild known as the Great Rail Wars.

In an impassioned speech before a joint session of Congress, Grant proposed the government support the construction of a transcontinental railroad. Plans for such a railroad had been proposed before, but the war and the rise of the Indian nations had derailed them (no pun intended, Marshal).

The next day, Congress unanimously passed the Transcontinental Railroad Act. It offered a 10-year monopoly on government ghost rock shipments to the first railroad to complete a continuous rail line to the Maze. The contract was worth billions.

Across the border, Jeff Davis realized the first country to have rail access to the Maze would not only have an edge on creating new war machines (not to mention billions of dollars to build them), but could also quickly mass troops along its length. He urged the Confederate Congress to match the US offer. They did. The Confederate Rail Committee was created days after the US legislation passed.



The Coming of the Gangs

The race quickly captured the public's imagination. The furthest position of the railroads' work crews was reported daily in the newspapers. Fortunes were won and lost speculating on the railroads' stocks. Betting on which railroad would be the first to reach a certain longitude become a national pastime.

At first, dozens of railroads competed to be the first to reach the Great Maze. Then the race got dirty. With so much at stake, competition steadily escalated, making the rail wars of the mid-1860s look like a bake-off. All the railroads recruited gangs of hired guns—and sometimes stranger allies. The more scrupulous companies used them to guard their interests. The underhanded ones used them to actively sabotage their rivals.

By 1870, only six of the most powerful and well-financed railroads remained in the race to the coast.

Bayou Vermilion

Bayou Vermilion is run by a wealthy New Orleans merchant of Haitian descent, Baron Simone LaCroix. The public doesn't know much about the reclusive LaCroix. The Baron's hermit-like behavior has led to all types of wild stories, including some that claim he dabbles in the black arts. It isn't even known where he gets his baronial title from, but he insists he be addressed as such by his employees.

In truth, Baron Simone LaCroix gets his name from the cult that worshipped him in his native Haiti. As you might have guessed, LaCroix is a voodoo master of the first order. His mysterious first name—Simone—is normally a woman's name. His cult gave him that name—after he consumed his sister alive in a bizarre voodoo ritual (see *River o' Blood* for the whole story).

LaCroix cares nothing for the railroad or the race to the coast itself. He drives to Lost Angels because one of his dark deities told him to. His only real enjoyment is power and the terror he spreads along the way.

When his railroad is far enough from civilization, Baron LaCroix allows the scores of young and ambitious houngans (voodoo priests) to raise the dead and put them to work on the line. Strangers unfortunate enough to see the dead men will likely be grabbing a pickax and joining them shortly after the houngans catch up with them.

Bayou Vermillion's expansion slowed considerably after arriving in Tombstone, Arizona. The local Apache tribes, who see his use of the dead in the isolated outlands, revile B.V. and its houngans. They destroy these blasphemies every chance they get, usually taking a few valuable houngans and hired guns with them. This has forced the redeployment of guards and work crews along the length of the railroad. B.V.'s glassy-eyed guards are not particularly observant, but dangerous and difficult to put down in a fair fight.

Black River

Black River Railroad was run by Miles Devlin, a ruthless S.O.B. by anyone's standards. Back in '67, the Tennessee Central railroad tried to pressure Devlin into selling his company. When that didn't work, they put a bullet in his back. But no one counted on Miles' wife Mina. When Mina Devlin inherited Black River's stock, everyone expected her to sell it. They were sorely disappointed. In the next few months, this raven-haired beauty proved she was twice as bright and four times as mean as her late husband. Some say Mina only turned cruel after Miles' assassination. Truth is she was born a black-hearted seductress, willing to do anything to accomplish her goals. Her and Miles were truly a match made in Hell and she avenged his death with blood. It wasn't long before a number of executives from Tennessee Central (and their families) were on permanent sabbatical in Hell.

Building a transcontinental railroad is just a means to prove a woman can be just as megalomaniacal as a man to Mina. She could care less about the actual linking of East and West. To further her ends, Mina has long dabbled in the dark side of witchcraft. She is now one of the most powerful spell-slingers in the West.

Black River's rail line runs smack through the Disputed Lands. Mina rarely pays towns for the right-of-way, preferring campaigns of seduction, violence, or intimidation instead. Her gangs are some of the meanest in the Rail Wars. She doesn't have all the toys of Wasatch, the glassy-eyed servants of Bayou Vermillion, or even the resources of Dixie Rails, but her people can hold their own against any of their opponents. Women are preferred and actually get paid substantially more than men of equal skill.

Black River's most feared gang is the "Wichita Witches." Their name is no coincidence. They are the brightest students of her evil ways. The beautiful but deadly witches are led by a whip-cracking beauty from south of the border named Violet Esperanza. Violet and her girls are as fast on the draw as any male gunslinger and can hit a man smack in the privates at 50 yards with a pistol.

Dixie Rails

Dixie Rails is owned in part by retired General Robert E. Lee. The company is managed by his nephew, Fitzhugh Lee. Like Joshua Chamberlain of Union Blue, both uncle and nephew thought it their patriotic duty to secure the riches of the Great Maze for their own struggling country. The Lees chose to build their railroad along the border so that it could be used to quickly shuttle Confederate troops along the frontier in times of war.

Both Robert and Fitzhugh Lee are privy to the Confederacy's greatest secrets, however, and their close ties to the Confederate administration allow them to test secret Rebel war machines from Roswell. A few of their war trains rival those of even Darius Hellstromme. In the Rebel tradition, Dixie Rails has fewer secret devices, but the ones they have are top quality.

Dixie Rails makes most of its money contracting out to the Confederacy. The railroad's greatest obstacle to winning the Great Rail Wars is that Fitzhugh is nowhere near as crafty as his uncle Robert. When Fitzhugh is left to his own devices, the railroad struggles along at a moderate pace. Only when General Lee takes an active hand in these matters does the railroad really live up to its full potential.

Iron Dragon

Perhaps the most unlikely of the rail barons is a man known only as Kang. This Chinese magnate amassed his fortunes shipping ghost rock from the Maze to points east. Far East. And he wasn't particularly nice about it.

Everyone who lives there knows to fear the colorful sampans of Kang. His pirates steal their ghost rock from other miners, raiding their camps and making off with their ore-laden barges. The rest of the warlord's money comes from the opium trade, prostitution, and any other vice he can dip his well-manicured hands into.

Kang is a ruthlessly efficient warlord. He is also a superior martial artist and an even better sorcerer. But despite all his personal power, he knows the key to his secret ambition—establishing his own nation in the northern Maze—is money. Lots of it. Piracy and graft are lucrative, but the real money to be made is in shipping ghost rock to the war-torn eastern states. To meet this demand, he bought out the old Chicago and North Western, renamed it Iron Dragon, and quickly extended its lines west.

Kang entered the race later than most. By the time his first rolling stock was ready, all of the good routes west had already been claimed. So the crafty Kang did what no other rail baron was able to do—he headed straight into the Sioux Nations.

The real problem with building a railroad through the Sioux Nations is the Old Ways movement, a rejection of everything technological. Kang's railroad was a direct challenge to the Old Ways movement, which had already had some resistance from younger Sioux.

Fortunately for Kang, a few months before he joined the rail wars, the tribes who lived near Devil's Tower, Wyoming, were attacked by strange demons. The Sioux call them "paha wakansica," or "mountain devils." Kang's agents found out about the situation and also learned the Sioux's arrows and rifles were useless against the wakansica. Even many of their shamans had died fighting the evil creatures.

Kang had no idea what these horrors were, but he believed he and his warriors could defeat them. The Great Fathers, desperate for help, agreed that if Kang could stop the wakansica, he could build a single line through the southern Sioux Nations. The warlord went to Devil's Tower with a handpicked band of martial artists, Japanese samurai, gunslingers, and mad scientists.

The strangest gang ever assembled entered the tower and fought a battle unlike any the world has ever seen. We'll tell you a little more about what he found inside on page 317, but the real secrets of the wakansica's lair are revealed in the *Devil's Tower* adventure trilogy.

Kang's success in battling the wakansicas really paid off in '75 when gold and ghost rock were discovered in the Black Hills, right in the heart of the Nations. The Sioux agreed to let him build a single spur to the "treaty city" of Deadwood and Kang's fortunes grew, allowing his ominous Iron Dragons to chug on westward.

Union Blue

Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, the hero of Gettysburg, is the president of the Union Blue Railroad. Chamberlain was working as Grant's aide de camp when the competition was announced. Realizing the strategic importance of the transcontinental railroad to the country, he asked for and received a leave of absence to form the railroad.

Union Blue runs just south of the Sioux Nations. As you might expect, the spurs Chamberlain needs to generate revenue often stray into the Disputed Lands. This means very slow going due to constant harassment by Rebel guerrillas and Black River saboteurs.

Chamberlain's real advantages stem from his personal character. His incredible sense of integrity and honor has won him many friends along his path, including many military commanders and the leader of the Agency's Western Bureau—the Ghost. This is why he is able to quickly and cheaply negotiate right-of-ways with towns in both the United States and its territories as well as the Disputed Lands.

Chamberlain's workers—the best-treated of all the rail crews—would die for their selfless master. Many of his guards are veterans of the war, some of whom are disabled but make up for their disadvantages with cold determination. All of Chamberlain's workers take the job of protecting the line and its crews very seriously.

Wasatch Railroad

The "iron horse" most folks are betting on is Dr. Darius Hellstromme's Wasatch line. The railroad is named after the mountains around his renowned laboratory in Salt Lake City, Utah, also known as the City of Gloom for the constant cloud of ghost-rock soot that hangs over the heavily industrialized city.

Hellstromme is the world's foremost "mad scientist." His incredible inventions have led to faster trains, mechanical men, and even ornithopters.

Hellstromme has an easy time winning rights-of-ways in the West. He merely bribes the town's mayor or citizens with money or some fantastic device. When he can't win a right-of-way so easily, Hellstromme isn't above resorting to terror tactics. He lets nothing stand in the way of his goals. The murder of fools who stand in his path is completely acceptable this obsessed inventor.

A Seventh Player?

There is one other railroad that has become a player in the Great Rail Wars, the Denver-Pacific. This line runs from Salt Lake City to Denver and has no chance of running the entire width of the nation, but its position puts it in a prime position to sell itself off to one of the "big six."

Even more interesting, the DP is owned by the Smith & Robards company, a mail-order factory specializing in weird gizmos (mad science). The owners don't like Dr. Hellstromme as their ideas often compete, and each accuses the other of constant industrial espionage and patent violations. Smith & Robards' compound in the mountains above Dr. Hellstromme's factories in Salt Lake City is well-guarded or they would have been dead a long time ago.

State of the Rail Wars

The Rail Wars heated up in the summer of '76 with a flurry of confused and bloody fights called the "Battle of the Cauldron," but events in the City of Lost Angels have recently caused the railroads to come to a screeching halt. See **The Edict of '77** later in this chapter for all the gory details.

The lull is good for the tired survivors of the Rail Wars, but bad for the companies. Most of them staked everything on reaching the coast. Now they found themselves barely breaking even providing service to the towns along their exposed rail lines.

The Election of `76

The simultaneous presidential elections in both the North and the South captured almost everyone's attention in late 1876 (whether they wanted it to or not). The elections, and the accompanying military actions of the so-called November Offensives, did little to change the status quo of the War between the states.

The Southern Election

In the South, Jefferson Davis has ruled unchallenged since the start of the Civil War in 1860. The election of `76 changed all that.

General Robert E. Lee retired from the CSA Army in 1870 to help run Dixie Rails, but received the unsolicited nomination of the reconstituted Whig Party, a loose coalition of factions united by their opposition to Davis, and they did most of the actual campaigning on his behalf.

Though smaller in scope and numbers, the rallies organized in support of Lee by the crippled and maimed veterans of Lee's army spoke more poignantly for his election than anything else possibly could. Only public concern over the (soon-to-be) 70-year-old former general's health seemed to lessen Lee's chances of election, and the more partisan of Davis' supporters ceaselessly reminded voters of the general's near-death by heart attack six years prior.

The Northern Election

Ulysses S. Grant was the Union incumbent. Grant was set to step down and resume command of the Union Army. In late '75, however, Generals Sherman and Sheridan convinced Grant that only he could remain president while the Civil War raged on. Letting a "civilian" run the war would only result in a quick death for the Union.

Grant's challenger this time around was Democrat Samuel Tilden, the Governor of New York. Tilden, spokesman of the Union "peace movement," was rarely able even to begin a speech, lacking the incumbent's Secret Service protection. In Tilden's case, hundreds of wounded Union army veterans shouted down his every word and were all too zealous in their efforts to prevent his supporters from showing up in the first place.

The November Offensives

As everyone expected, the Fall of 1876 saw a renewal of the fighting all along the Mason-Dixon line.

Virginia

November 1st saw the first action of the offensives with the Battles of Sixth Manassas. The Union Army, supported by a fleet of massive, ghost-rock powered land-ironclads advanced on the Confederate lines. At the same time, three newly constructed Union air carriages began a bombing campaign over the Confederate capital of Richmond. Only a swiftly brewed home air corp of Rebel ornithopters and the unleashing of the Confederacy's newly developed terror weapon, chlorine gas, saved the day for the South.

The fighting and shelling raged for weeks (while the ballots were counted), but in the end neither side gained an inch of ground. All that was accomplished was a veritable feast of human misery for the Reckoners.

Kentucky

Meanwhile, General Sherman led his Union forces across the Ohio river into Kentucky, first evacuating, then sacking the city of Louisville. He then advanced on Bowling Green, Kentucky, leaving a swath of destruction in his wake not unlike the one left by his forces in Georgia a decade earlier.

The Union forces seemed unstoppable as they advanced on Bowling Green, and only the intervention of a collective abomination called The Black Regiment, a group of spectral soldiers who live only for death and destruction, saved the Rebel forces from complete destruction.

As it happened, Sherman was forced to retreat his men back into northern Kentucky, and retired across the river into Indiana in late January of 1877.

Kansas

While there was no organized offensive in Kansas as such, the arrival of a force of Federal troops there some days before the elections destabilized this powder keg of a state completely. Pro-Northern Jayhawkers and pro-Southern border ruffians clashed even more than normal. The Federal troops, under General Sheridan's command were dispersed throughout the state to restore order, and turned the tide for pro-Union forces.

In response, the CSA dispatched a cavalry force under General Gano as an equalizer. So, ultimately the balance of power in Kansas has not shifted—there are just more people with guns in the state now.

DETROIT

While the Union was on the offensive on its southern border, it was forced onto the defensive on its northern one. Confederate saboteurs have been working out of Canadian bases for several years, and the Union had begun to fortify the Canadian border as a result. This didn't sit too well with the British, who already have made overtures of support to the South. Still, the Union was not prepared for what happened on November 5th, when a British line division crossed the Canadian border into Michigan and seized the city of Detroit. The British have since fortified their position, as seem to be in the occupation for the long haul.

SOUND & FURY

After the casualties and the ballots were all counted, the events of late 1876 seemed to have produced only unintended consequences. President Grant had sought to rekindle Northern support for the War by launching the November Offensives, but he succeeded only in triggering an international crisis with Britain. Nonetheless, he won by a substantial margin over his opponent, Samuel Tilden.

The results in the Confederacy are more controversial. The votes cast in the states went to Lee by a slight margin, but highly suspect votes from the territories and Disputed Lands tipped the election in Davis' favor by a razor-thin margin. Cries of fraud were heard from every part of the Confederacy, and only the published personal appeals from Lee himself averted a national uprising, and then only just.

BACK EAST

Here's a brief run down of the political situation Back East. Events there are often far-removed from the boomtowns of the Great Basin and the Maze, but they do affect the Disputed Lands significantly.

For more complete details on what goes on east of the Mississippi, check out the *Back East: The North* and *Back East: The South* sourcebooks.

THE SOUTH

In the South, Jefferson Davis has ruled since the start of the Civil War in 1860. The recent election in '76 was the first real challenge to his power.

The main reason he proved so unpopular is because the people are still suffering greatly from the ravaged economy. The Northern blockade and constant raids make food sparse. The government is little help since Davis puts all of its money into developing war toys or paying its huge armies. That leaves little left for relief or disaster programs.

The cries of fraud are quite correct. Stealing the election was easy for Davis, who saw to it the electoral votes assigned to the western territories were counted and recounted until they added up in his favor. However, he may find it difficult to continue covering his tracks, as more people than ever now believe something is amiss with the President.

Many wonder how this once caring man could be so callous to his starving people.

DAVIS' SECRET

The reason why is that he isn't the same man who took office at the start of the war. He's actually an evil doppleganger who's been in charge for the last several years.

In the winter of '71, Davis toured the hills of Kentucky to scare up new regiments to replace those lost in the Battle of Washington. On the last night, the President took a lonely walk in the crisp mountain air to relieve his tensions. There a sickly, shambling thing with white, wet skin bushwhacked him and ate him alive. The bloated thing then crawled into the woods and waited for its bizarre transformation to take place. By the next night, the doppleganger had assumed Davis' appearance, and more importantly, his knowledge and ambitions.

In its original form, the doppleganger is clever but not truly intelligent. When it assumes a human form, it assumes its host's consciousness, albeit in its own twisted fashion. The doppleganger who consumed Davis wants to keep the country at war and wreak as much devastation as possible on the North. Though it has so far been subtle, its designs are causing it to fast lose favor with the mostly unsuspecting Confederate people.

The Jefferson Davis doppleganger's future plans for the war includes the continued development and deployment of weapons of mass destruction, most of which would horrify the most ardent of proponents of the War.

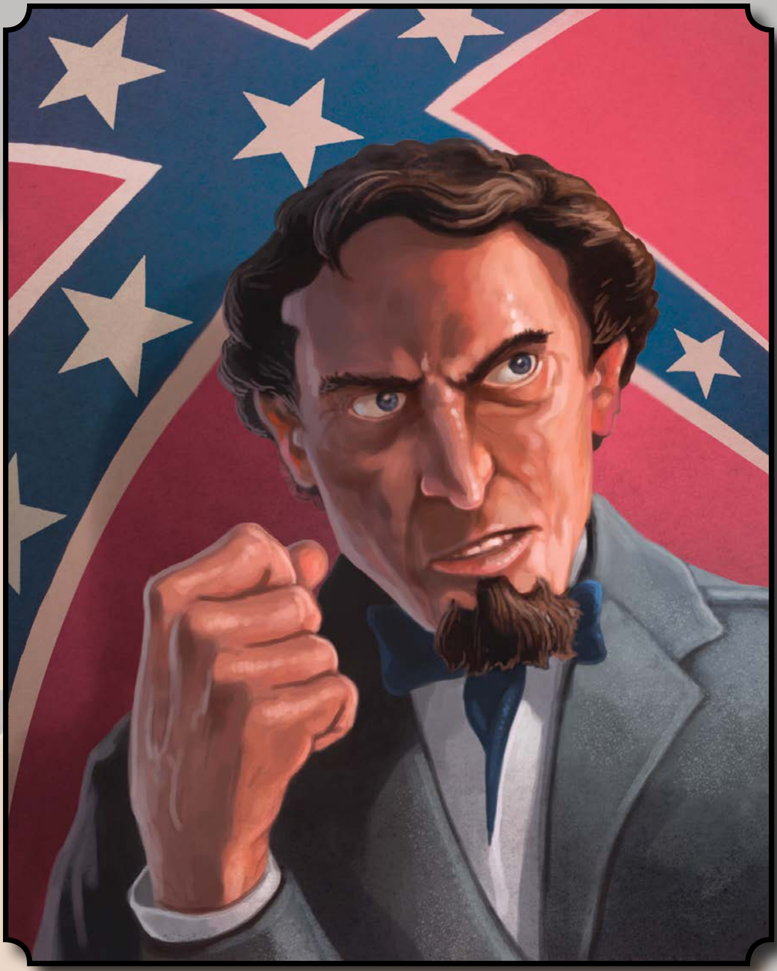
With the terror weapons being developed by Confederate scientists and another term in office under his belt, the Davis doppleganger hopes to continue spreading as much death and misery as possible.

General Lee

Retired General Robert E. Lee is suspicious of Davis. He took a position as a special advisor at the Confederate Department of War just so he can keep an eye on the President.

Lee's recent electoral defeat confirmed that there was something very wrong in the Confederate White House, but the aging military man still has no idea exactly what. Davis has moved to distance himself from Lee since the election, encouraging him to go back to running Dixie Rails full time.

Lee is unsure what to do now. But he believes he may have to do something soon. He knows that if he tried an outright coup d'etat it might give the Union forces the opening they need to crush the Confederacy. And yet he sees Davis steering his beloved nation down the path of destruction. For now Lee waits—and plans



The North

Things are a lot more straightforward up north, at least as far as the presidency goes. Ulysses S. Grant remains President of the United States of America. While there was a little behind the scenes influence in the `76 election, it came mostly in the form of staging demonstrations against Tilden's peacenick campaign rather than outright electoral fraud.

The British invasion of Detroit has had one upside for the beleaguered president: it has solidified the people of the Union behind Grant and halted (at least for the moment) what was a rising tide of opposition to the War with the Confederacy.

Despite the complete failure of the November Offensives, Grant, backed by a pro-War congress, intends to continue prosecuting the War with the South—right after he deals with the British troops messing about on his northern border.

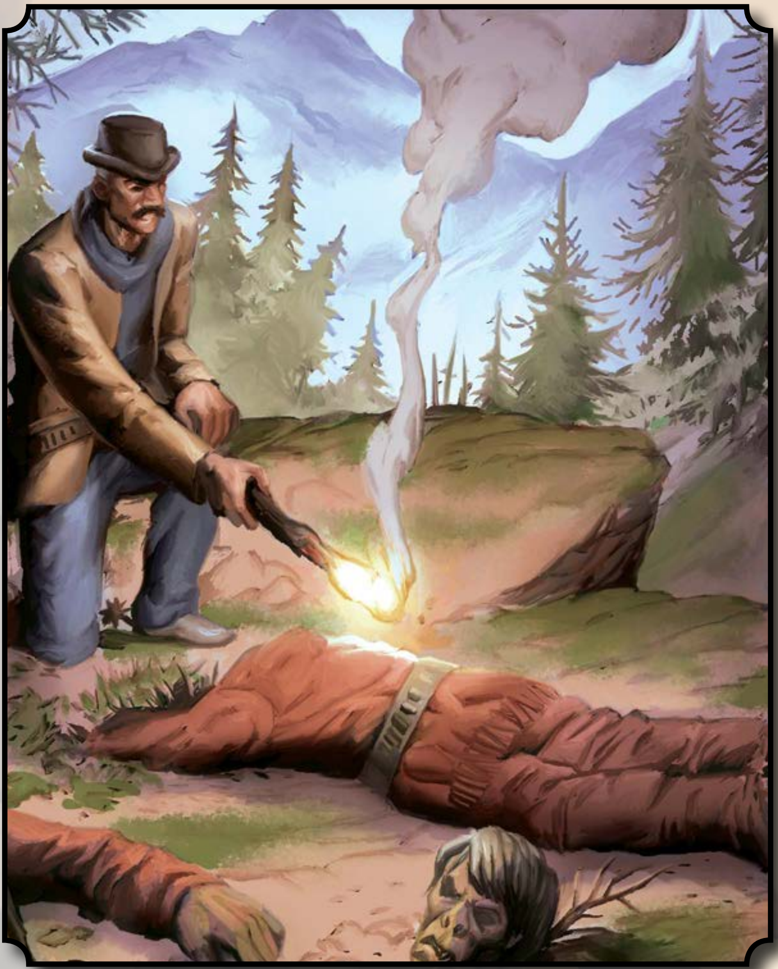
Agents & Rangers

Now that you know a bit about the governments that spawned them, it's time to tell you about the North and South's secret weapons in the war on the supernatural: the Agents and the Texas Rangers

The Agency

In the West, Agency operatives (or simply Agents) are the Union's elite secret investigations branch. Originally this duty fell to the Pinkerton Detective Agency, but the Union government revoked their contract in early 1877 for more direct control of operations.

That was the public face of it, at least. In reality, the branch of the Pinkertons that handled secret operations was split away from the Detective Agency and absorbed whole by the US government. The name changed, but the faces actually remained the same, right up to the man tapped to head the whole shebang—Allan Pinkerton, founder of the PInkerton Detective Agency!



Watching the Shadows

In addition to watching for sedition, sabotage and espionage, the Agency has a much more important function, just like it's PInkerton predecessor: investigating the paranormal. Agents never admit this publicly, however. In fact, most won't even admit they're working for the Agency.

If word of an encounter with the strange or bizarre gets out, however, the "men in black" are usually on the scene within hours, at least in Union territory.

Agency Organization

Agents work on several levels. Full-time Agents carry badges. Local sheriffs and town marshals are supposed to comply with them under an executive order issued by President Lincoln way back in '64, and modified by Grant in `77. US Marshals are also supposed to comply with the Agency, but their independent nature often puts them at odds with their fellow lawmen.

The Ghost

The Pinkertons' founder, Allan Pinkerton, remains in charge of affairs in the East. In the West, a mysterious figure known as "the Ghost" is in charge. Only Allan Pinkerton, President Grant, Generals Sherman and Sheridan, and a few other high-level officials know this operative's true identity.

The Ghost is none other than former President Abraham Lincoln. After his assassination in 1865, Lincoln returned from the dead Harrowed. He and a few close associates chose to let the rest of the country think he was dead—in the traditional no-talking, no-walking-around sense, that is.

Over the next few years, Lincoln mastered his manitou and began to develop his arcane powers. When he finally felt he had control, he used his ability to become incorporeal and slipped into the White House in February of '73.

President Grant knew a little about the Reckoning from his agents in the Pinkertons, but having the undead former president walk into his bedroom nearly gave him a heart attack.

After a few hours of Lincoln's calming voice and more than a few stiff drinks, Grant welcomed his old friend back. Then Lincoln told him his plan.

The former President, having experienced the power of the Reckoning firsthand, wanted to use his dark gifts against the bizarre transformation of the world.

Lincoln would be easily identified in the East, however, so he traded in his stovepipe hat for a Stetson and headed west. At Grant's behest, Allan Pinkerton officially placed Lincoln in charge of the "Western Bureau" under the false name of Andrew Lane. The press has come to call him "the Ghost," however, and it is far more appropriate than they know.

The Ghost rules the Western Bureau with an iron hand. He is sly and easygoing personally, but he's strict and unforgiving in his policies, just as he was as President in the early years of the Civil War.

Lately the Ghost has been seen operating near a mining boomtown in the Great Maze called Gomorra, along with a handful of his Agents. He's been remarkably close-mouthed about the situation, only communicating directly with Allan Pinkerton and Grant himself about the matter.

The Ghost

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, Q:3d10, S:4d6, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d6, dodge 3d6, drivin': steamwagon 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol 4d8, rifle 4d8, sneak 5d6, swimmin' 3d6, teamster 3d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d8, M:5d12, Sm:5d12, Sp:4d10

Academia: occult 4d8, area knowledge: Illinois 5d8, bluff 3d12, disguise 5d8, faith: Christianity, guts 5d10, language: Sioux 2d8, Latin 3d8, leadership 4d12, overawe 7d12, persuasion 3d12, professional: law 6d8, politics 6d8, scroungin' 1d12, scrutinize 6d10, search 4d10, streetwise 2d12, tale-tellin' 3d12, trackin' 2d10

Edges: Friends in high places: US government 5, keen 3, "the stare" 1, "the voice" (soothing and grating) 2

Hindrances: Curious -3, enemy: too many to list here -5, Oath: to heal the nation -5

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

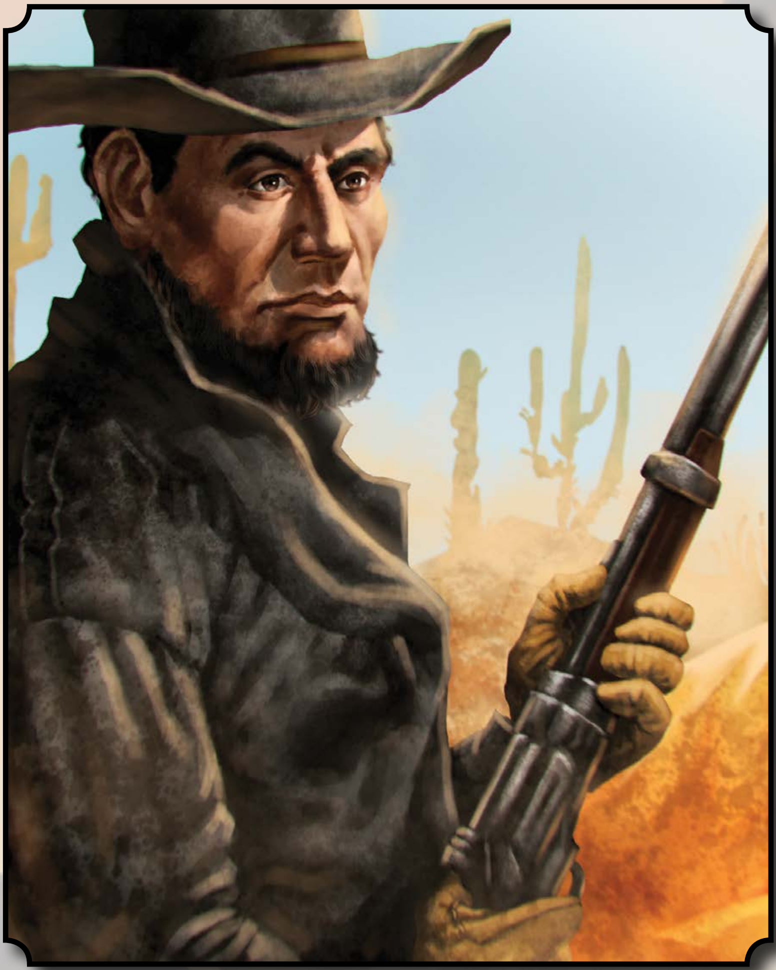
Special Abilities:

Grit: 5.

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 8, Manitou 2. Powers: Ghost 5, stitchin' 2.

Gear: Two Colt Peacemakers, 100 rounds and a letter of authority from President Grant

Description: The Ghost looks like Abraham Lincoln, if perhaps a bit paler.



THE SPOOKS

Lincoln's handpicked coterie of agents are collectively known as the "Spooks." All of these agents are intelligent and deadly gunmen, and a few are as undead as Lincoln. Some have mistakenly identified them as the Agency's "Inner Council." In truth, Lincoln rules the Western Bureau with complete autonomy.

Lincoln travels with at least five Spooks. Another 15 or so are dispatched to trouble spots around the country—sometimes even venturing undercover into the Confederacy. Though the Spooks should be treated as individuals, below are the stats for a more or less "standard" living agent. A few very trusted Spooks are Harrowed, and you should come up with their abilities separately.

PROFILE: SPOOKS

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d8, S:3d8, Q:4d12, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 5d10, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8, teamster 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d10, Sp:3d8

Academia: occult 3d8, bluff 3d10, disguise 2d8, guts 5d8, leadership 3d10, overawe 4d10, persuasion 3d10, scrutinize 4d8, search 3d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Friends in high places: Agency 4, sand 3, tough as nails 3

Hindrances: Enemy: Texas Rangers -3, oath: destroy or contain the supernatural -4

Size: 6

Pace: 8

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Grit: 5.

Other Powers: A few are hucksters, one is known to be blessed, and one is even a Sioux shaman.

Gear: Most of the spooks prefer single-action pistols, Winchester '73 rifles, or shotguns. All carry a secret letter of authority from President US Grant sewn into their clothes.

Description: Varies according to the individual, but long black dusters are common.

AGENTS

Agents are the mainstay of the Agency's personnel. They do the "average" Agency work: investigating supernatural incidents while obfuscating the truth about what's going on in the Weird West as much as possible.

While not as tough as the Ghost's personal assistants, the spooks, they are still usually more than equipped to deal with average supernatural threats

PROFILE: TYPICAL AGENT

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:2d10, Q:4d8, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, horse ridin' 3d10, shootin': pistol, automatics 4d8, sneak 2d10, swimmin' 2d8, teamster 1d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:4d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d6

Academia: occult 3d6, bluff 3d8, disguise 4d8, guts 4d6, overawe 4d8, persuasion 3d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, trackin' 3d8

Edges: Belongin's: gatling pistol 3, Friends in high places: Agency 2

Hindrances: Enemy: Texas Rangers -2, oath: destroy or contain the supernatural -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

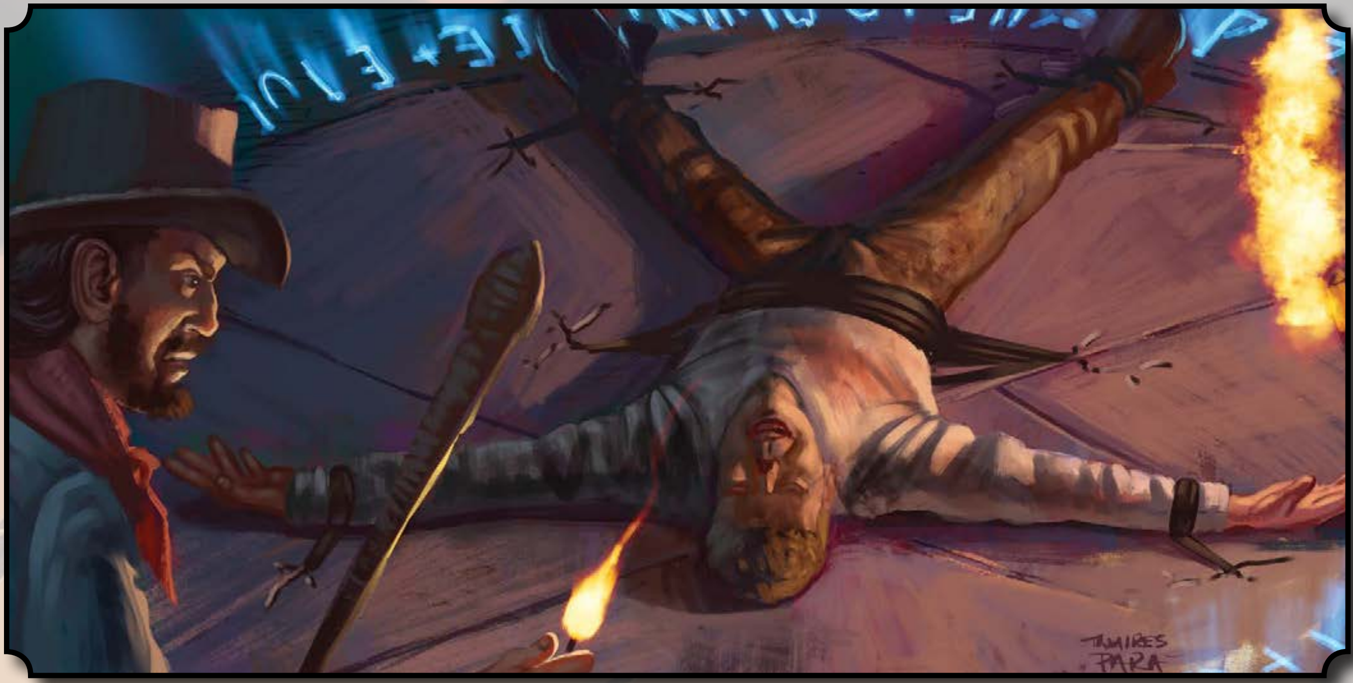
Wind: 12

Gear: A Gatling pistol, a disguise kit and an Agency badge.

Description: Agent's appearances are as varied as their missions. Most of the time they make an effort to look normal or nondescript.

TROUBLESHOOTERS

The Agency hires local well-knowns when full-timers are scarce, or for missions where they expect high casualties and are looking for a few expendables. The Agency invariably treats troubleshooters like mushrooms:



keep them in the dark and feed them manure. They also aren't likely to use a troubleshooter twice in the same area to keep them from knowing too much.

Though they may be working for the Agency, troubleshooters have no authority. Local lawmen often work with them only if they share the same interests. If they don't, the lawmen usually take the opportunity to pay the Agency back for usurping their authority in the past.

The Star Chamber

Senior Agency operatives, like veteran Texas Rangers, know of the Harrowed. They also know some of these individuals can fight the demon inside them and regain control of their bodies. When they can manage to stay in charge, the Harrowed can become great allies in the fight against the Reckoners.

Once a Harrowed is captured, it's difficult to tell who's in charge. Manitous are clever liars, and they can fool even the most skilled interrogators. The Rangers rely solely on their judgement, but after many years of bloody failure, the Agency has devised a better method: the "Star Chamber."

A huckster working for the Agency constructed the Star Chamber for sorting the good from the bad and the ugly. The Star Chamber is hidden deep inside a warehouse in the Denver stockyards. On its floor is a circle enclosing a five-pointed star. Harrowed are bound with rope or handcuffs and placed at the center of the star. Then the huckster engages the thing in a spiritual test of wills and tries to bind the manitou's soul.

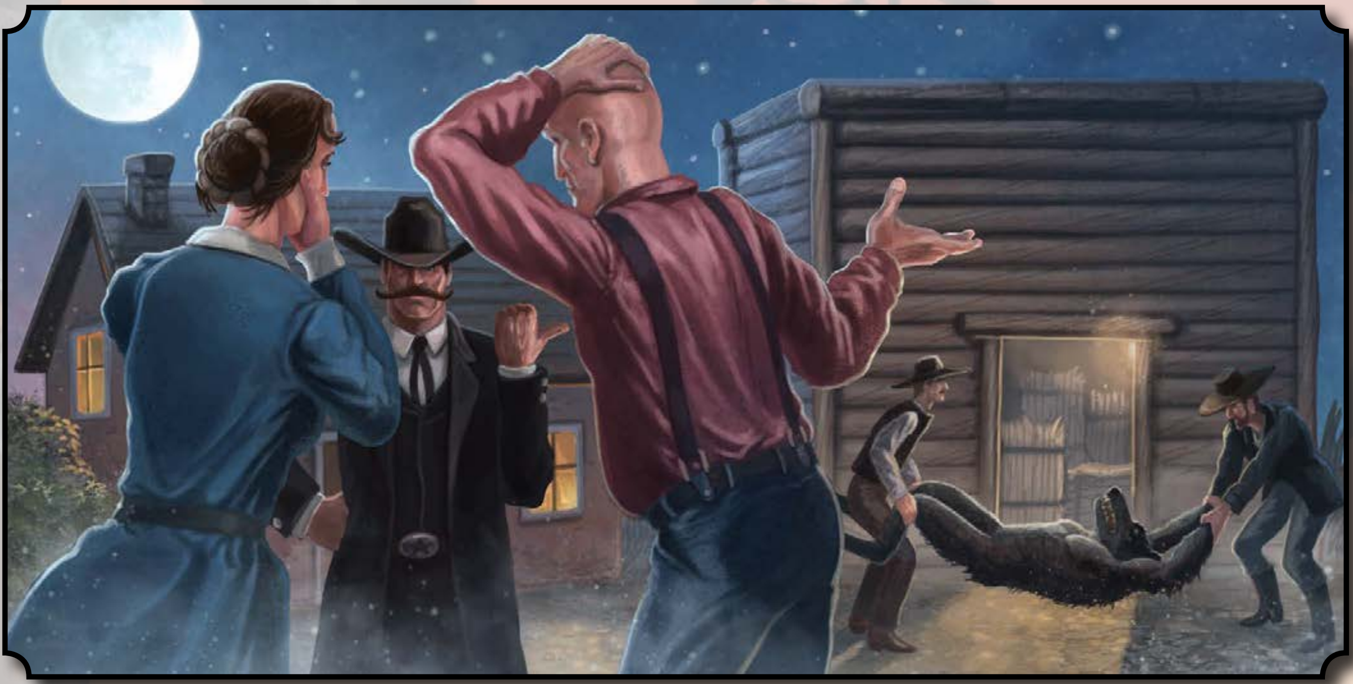
Binding manitous isn't a sure thing. When the Agents fail, they usually apply a flamethrower to the unfortunate host, killing him and his malignant parasite forever.

Only the Spooks and a few senior Agents know of the Star Chamber. Other full-time agents are told to capture Harrowed characters whenever they can and bring them to Denver by rail. They are met by the Spooks or its duly appointed representatives, and the Harrowed prisoner is immediately whisked away to the secret warehouse.

Binding a Manitou

Once the Harrowed is inside the Star Chamber, it cannot leave the pentagram or use its powers on anything outside the confines of the circle's borders. It can fire a weapon, throw things, or do anything else a normal mortal could do, but it cannot cast spells, use powers, or otherwise supernaturally affect anything outside the pentagram.

The manitou gains instant but temporary Dominion while inside the



pentagram. The mortal soul is repressed and cannot later remember the incident.

Once the manitou is trapped in this way, the interrogator starts to work. His role is to win a contest of wills with the creature. If he wins, he can bind the spirit for a while. If he loses, the manitou gains total Dominion over its host. Dominion may be regained naturally if the Harrowed somehow escapes, but the Agents always break out a flamethrower and the marshmallows if they can't succeed.

To begin the binding ritual, the interrogator begins asking the spirit questions. The nature of the questions doesn't really matter, as such. The banter is really only symbolic of an incredible battle of wills.

After two hours of this, the manitou and the agent must each make a Fair (5) *Spirit* roll. The manitou's *Spirit* can be determined by a draw of cards (as per the character creation rules) if you don't already know it. Now the participants each draw five cards plus one for every success and raise on their *Spirit* rolls.

Whoever gets the best poker hand wins.

If the manitou wins, the interrogator suffers 3d6 damage and can't ever attempt to bind this manitou again. If the manitou loses, it is bound and the Harrowed character gains complete Dominion. The undead can lose Dominion normally once the host is released, but the mortal soul is given relief from his parasitic tormentor for at least a while.

Agents use the Star Chamber only when they have a worthy subject. It's a dangerous process, and unless the Harrowed is strong-willed, he would likely just lose control to his manitou a few months later.

The Texas Rangers

The Confederacy relies entirely on the military to do its interstate policing in the West. Regiments scattered throughout Rebel states and territories always have jurisdiction over local town marshals and county sheriffs.

Of the military units, one in particular has free reign over the entire Southwest: the Texas Rangers. These surly fellows fought as regulars in the early years of the war, but they were later detached from the regular military to serve the Confederacy as mounted police officers.

That's all the public knows. Your average CSA citizen has no idea that the Texas Rangers have another job: hunting monsters. Richmond has charged the Austin, Texas-based Rangers with detecting and stopping supernatural activity in the borders of the Confederacy, as well as suppressing the truth about the supernatural events. Their methods of doing so are often a bit less subtle than the Agency's.

There's an old saying that goes, "one riot, one Ranger." This is true when they're dealing with outlaws or lynch mobs. When they're chasing something less natural, the wily Rangers travel in packs, much like wolves but twice as mean.

The Rangers' unspoken motto is "shoot it or recruit it." You see, there are certain creatures in the world that can be used to fight the tide of evil that has washed over the Weird West. The Rangers love to get these dark champions to fight for them. If they eventually turn against the Rangers—and quite often they do—they quickly find their way back into the black holes from which they came.

Typical Texas Ranger

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:2d10, Q:4d10, S:3d8, V:4d6

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin: brawlin', knife 3d10, horse ridin' 2d10, quick draw: pistol 3d10, shootin'; pistol, rifle 4d12, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:1d8, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Texas 4d6, guts 4d6, language: Spanish 2d6, leadership 3d6, overawe 4d6, search 2d8, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Law man 5

Hindrances: Big britches -3, enemy: Northerners -2, obligation: shoot or recruit the supernatural -5

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: 2 double-action Peacemakers, a good horse and a Ranger badge. Most keep a rifle or shotgun and some dynamite on their horse as well.

Description: Rangers keep a low profile until it's time to get down to business. Still, most folks can tell by their demeanor, their long, black dusters and wide-brimmed hats that they're one of "Texas' Finest."

The Ranger's Bible

Rangers are given a book titled *Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy,* though it is more commonly known as the *Ranger's Bible.*

Published every year, it contains information about every criminal wanted anywhere in the South—personal history, known habits, contacts, friends and family, and anything else that might prove useful.

There's a second section to the book that's even more interesting, but only senior Rangers get the copies with that part. It reports some of the weird or unexplainable events the Rangers have encountered over the last 13 years. This includes a "bestiary" of all the less-than-ordinary creatures running around the Weird West, and a "rogue's gallery" of all the people the Rangers feel are a supernatural threat—from hucksters to black magicians and the Harrowed.

Rangers have come to call this part of the book "Chapter 13."

Most Rangers know Chapter 13 exists, but aren't allowed to even see them. They can only wire their findings to Ranger's headquarters and hope a senior "researcher" there (usually a maimed Ranger who can't work the "field" anymore) can figure something out. It's just too risky to give these books to all Rangers. If one should fall into the hands of a civilian, or worse, the *Tombstone Epitaph,* God only knows what havoc it could wreak.

General King

The Ghost, Allan Pinkerton, and General William King, commander of the Texas Rangers, are the three Americans who know the most about the Reckoning. They know because they report it and record it every day.

King is a no-nonsense man who believes firmly in the Ranger's methods. He isn't shy about it, either. Young Rangers who disagree with him are quickly "transferred" to the CSA cavalry.

A TOUR OF THE WEIRD WEST

Here is a brief overview of some of the more interesting people, places, and things your posse might discover as they explore the Weird West. The entries are broken down by region to help give you a better idea of what's going on in the area in which you set your campaign.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Washington, Oregon, Idaho

At first glance, the beautiful landscape of the Great Northwest is serene and peaceful. The mist-shrouded base of Mount Rainier, the snowy evergreens of the Cascade range, and the crystal lakes lure a man into their arms like a siren's call.

Don't be fooled. The howls in the night are more than just the wind.

The general Fear Level of the Cascades is 1. In areas where sasquatches or wolflings are spotted, the Fear Level rises to 2. If a wendigo terrorizes a settlement, the town's Fear Level jumps to 3 overnight.

SASQUATCHES

If the Indians are feeling particularly generous with their stories, they may tell folks why the tops of certain totem-poles bear furry, humanoid faces. These people believe a race of giant, hairy humanoids resides in the vast uncharted woodlands of the Northwest. They call these creatures by many names. "Sasquatches," "brothers of the woods," or "bigfoots" are the most common. The Salish Indians around Seattle believe the sasquatches live in the hollow trunks of tremendous, living trees high in the Cascade Mountains. They claim the sasquatches have an entire village and even a hierarchy of leaders, warriors, workers, and the like. They only venture down to check on their little Indian brothers and sisters or to see how these new, pale-skinned folks live.

They're right. Sasquatches are friendly, huge, primordial pre-humans who have their own simple language and use tools. They do not know the secret of fire—though they are fascinated by it. They are truly intelligent—though primitive—and crafty woodsmen. Sasquatches are also relentless trackers and elusive prey, using tricks and simple but clever traps to throw pursuers off their trail.

The sasquatches' ancient enemies are wendigos (detailed below). These creatures were common before the Great Spirit War, and they have made a dramatic comeback since the Reckoning.

Sasquatches try their best to keep new wendigos from coming into being. Whenever they see a starving human, they try their best to provide him with sustenance. Sasquatches don't like to let themselves be seen, so they leave their gifts of food along trails where hungry humans are most likely to find them.

As you might guess, sasquatches mercilessly attack any human they catch consuming the flesh of another.

PROFILE: SASQUATCH

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d8, S:3d12+2, Q:2d10, V:3d12

Climbin' 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 5d8, swimmin' 2d8, throwin': rocks 4d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:4d10

Area knowledge: Cascades 7d6, guts 3d10, medicine: general 4d6, overawe 4d8, scrutinize 2d10, search 3d10, survival: mountains 4d8, trackin' 3d10

Pace: 8

Size: 8

Wind: 22

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Sasquatches sometimes use sharp sticks to catch fish (STR+1d4 damage), and they can throw large stones (STR+3d6).

Description: Sasquatches are large ape-like humanoids covered in reddish-brown fur.

WENDIGOS

The mountains of the Northwest grow deathly cold in the winter. Survival is always a trial, especially the quest for food. When sustenance is scarce, folks do horrible things. Like consume human flesh.

The Indians of the area abhor the idea. When a person resorts to this heinous practice, he sometimes becomes an evil creature called a wendigo. They are huge, hairy beasts with oversized mouthfuls of jagged teeth, huge claws, and white, pupiless eyes. Their fur can be white or black, but never brown like a sasquatch.

BECOMING A WENDIGO

Should a character ever be forced to (gag!) consume human flesh in the Great Northwest, secretly roll a d20. Add +1 to the roll each time the character consumes flesh from a new victim, and add another +2 if this incident of cannibalism occurs during winter.

On a 20 or higher, the cannibal becomes a wendigo under the Marshal's control. There's no way to get this not-hero back, so the player should make a new one.

WHITE WENDIGO

Folks who eat the flesh of close friends or relatives become white wendigos. These creatures are even bigger and meaner than the black variety (which are described in the color bestiary of this book).

Use the stats for the standard wendigo with the following modifications: raise its *Strength* to 4d12+8, its *Quickness* to 3d10, and it's *Vigor* to 3d12+4. A white wendigo has 2 points of Armor.

The coup gained for killing a white wendigo is different as well. A Harrowed who sups on a white wendigo's essence gains the *stitchin'* ability. If he already has the ability, he gains a level in it, or he cuts the regeneration time to five minutes if he already has the power at level 5.

FLYING WENDIGO

A rare few wendigos even have wings. These abominations swoop down from the sky and drag their victims into the frigid air. Once they have done so, they fly at such extreme speeds that the victim literally begins to burn up from the friction. Flying wendigos prey on misers who hoard their food from their companions, forcing them to starve to death during harsh winters.

Flying wendigos are created by food misers. Roll a d20 whenever a character's companion starves to death and he hides or hoards food from the unfortunate victim. Add +1 to the roll each time another of the miser's companions starve to death.

PROFILE: FLYING WENDIGO

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d10, S:2d12+4, Q:3d10, V:2d8

Climbin' 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge 4d6, overawe 4d10, search 3d10

Pace: 30 (flying); 6 (walking)

Size: 8

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Coup: Flying wendigos grant Harrowed souls the ability to levitate a few feet off the ground for 1 Wind per round.

Damage: Claws (STR+2d6), bite (STR+1d6)

Night Vision: Can see normally in all but total darkness.

Weakness—Hot Tallow: As with regular wendigos.

Flight: Pace 30

Grapple: Flying wendigos kill by grasping their victims from above and then dragging them through the wintery air at incredible speeds. With surprise, the wendigo needs a single Fair (5) success to pick up a man-sized character. If the prey is aware the thing is after her, she can make this an opposed *Nimbleness* test. The creature needs at least one raise to pick up prey. In either case, the victim needs at least one raise on an opposed *Strength* test to break free.

Wind Burn: Once the prey is airborne, he begins to literally burn up and takes 1 Wind per round until he dies or breaks free. Note that the wendigo doesn't actually move this fast—it's purely a supernatural effect. Breaking free can be painful—a cowpoke takes 5d6+25 damage when he hits the ground 25 yards up at a Pace of 30. Still, it's better than dying from a friction burn.

Description: This kind of wendigo is white and has two huge wings in place of its arms. Its legs are lanky but strong and end in two terrible talons. Its head is that of a regular wendigo, though its teeth are longer and more jagged.

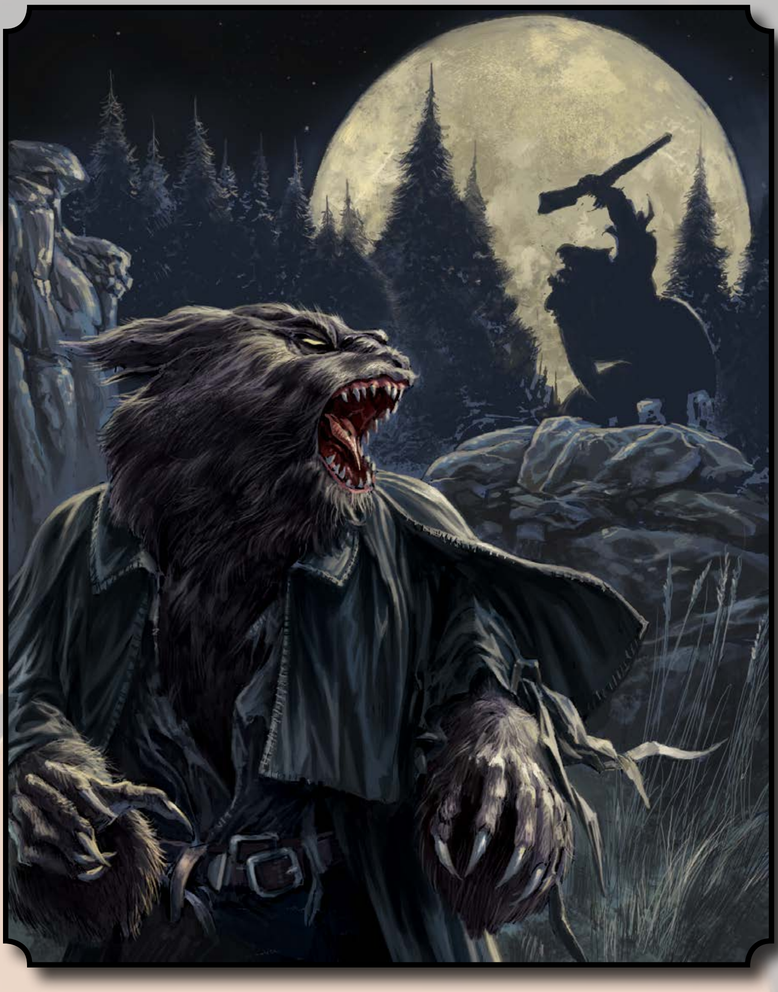
WOLFLINGS

The settlers and Indians of eastern Washington agree the many wild wolves that roam there are dangerous predators. The locals have more to say about the beasts, but they say it only in whispers. Their legends tell of half-human, half-wolves with coats of pure white. These feral creatures supposedly live in the lost valleys of the Cascade Mountains and venture out only to prey on mankind.

Wolflings are not lycanthropes or shapechangers. They are simply intelligent wolves with long, oddly jointed legs that allow them to walk on two legs or four. They prefer four for running and hunting and two for fighting.

The wolf people have fingers and opposable thumbs and use crude tools and weapons. They occasionally wear jewelry, scarves, or other clothing they've taken from their victims.

Wolflings and sasquatches are not good neighbors. Since sasquatches tend to wander alone, the wolflings have preyed on their kind for generations. This is why the sasquatches became so elusive and learned to set such remarkable traps. On the wolflings' part, they have honed pack tactics to a fine, bloody point.



PROFILE: WOLFLINGS

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:3d10, S:2d10, Q:3d10, V:3d8

Climbin' 5d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 6d10, swimmin' 2d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:4d10

Area knowledge 5d6, guts 3d10, overawe 3d8, search 3d10, survival: mountains 3d8, trackin' 6d10

Pace: 10 (2 legs)/20 (four legs)

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1d6), claws (STR+1d6)

Description: See above.

Winter Wars

All types of wendigos retreat into the snowy mountains during the warmer months. There they turn their savage attentions to the villages of the peaceful sasquatches. The wolflings side with the wendigos, though the latter are cruel masters who basically chase the wolflings into the sasquatch villages more than they actually command them.

This epic struggle has lasted for centuries. The Indians claim the ancient wars are often the cause of the Cascade Mountains' sudden and violent avalanches, some of which have been known to wipe out entire villages.

The Fear Level of these bloody battlegrounds is 4, should anyone ever stumble across one.

The High Plains

Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Dakota

The northern end of the Great Plains look harmless. Low rolling hills seem open and inviting, and the gently swaying grass seems to welcome the weary traveler.

Nothing could be further from the truth. These storm-swept plains are home to horrors and chaos beyond imagining. Lurking behind every knoll is a creature in search of prey. In the tall grass, fiends with bloodshot eyes and dripping fangs silently stalk lone travelers for meat—or for play.

The High Plains has an average Fear Level of 2. A few areas are much higher, as you'll see below.

The Badlands

Fear Level 4 (average)

There are many dangers in the Badlands, but two bear special attention.

Death From Above

Some say winged raptors prowl the twisted valleys and canyons of the Badlands. Government agents who investigated the area late in '75 claim these are giant condors and warn travelers to avoid this area.

That's pure government propaganda, Marshal. The flying terrors of the Badlands are devil bats. You'll find their statistics and a full-color picture of these dangerous horrors in Chapter Three of this book.

The Fear Level in the valley around their lair is 4. It would be higher if there were more people around.

Worm Canyon

Fear Level 5

There is an even more sinister evil at work deep in the Badlands. According to several prospectors who have explored the area, there is a labyrinthine section of the Badlands called "Worm Canyon." As you might guess, it is home to a number of giant worms similar to Utah and Mojave rattlers.

The worms' young can be found everywhere. A few trappers have taken to skinning young ones and selling their tough hides for use as hatbands. The price of a single young rattler hide can fetch as much as $2 a yard. The trouble, of course, is the mommas. They don't much like having their little ones skinned. And they're a lot more intelligent than most people think.

Some trappers who have been there claim a local cult worships the creatures. The misguided pagans have dyed their skin a deep purple hue in honor of the worms and even make human sacrifices to the creatures. Even more strange, the images of those who have fallen victim to the cult turn up in the eerie rock formations of the canyon, making the jagged cliffs resemble twisted human corpses.

Of course the rumors are true. The Cult of Worms is led by "Queen" Ursula, a maniacal sorceress. She and her "coven" of witches were up to no good out Reno way when they were captured by Nevada Smith, a famous spy for the Agency.

Smith's superiors ordered him to take the prisoners back to Washington for study. He took the northern route back, of course, but halfway along the Oregon Trail, the coven overwhelmed Smith and his hired freelancers and escaped into the Badlands.

Smith barely survived. When he finally recovered, he was rushed to the City o' Gloom (where he continues to foil Dr. Hellstromme's plots to this day) and never got to track the coven down.

After escaping, Ursula and her twisted coven found themselves trapped in the Badlands by giant worms. Ursula used her powers to talk to the critters, and the evil horrors surprised her with their intelligence. But the things demanded she sacrifice one of her companions if she wanted to live.

Ursula blinked in disbelief for a moment, then quickly hurled one of her surprised coven forward. She cackled with glee as the monsters gobbled up her sacrifice.

Since then, the worms have made Ursula both their prisoner and their Queen. If the sorceress and her cult don't make a human sacrifice once a week, the worms eat one of the coven.

Ursula accepted her fate warmly. Or perhaps, "wormly." She dyed her skin purple, stopped taking baths in the local watering hole, and started making up chants, prayers, and songs in honor of the worms. Her followers decided to go along with it after she fed those who didn't to her huge friends.

Ursula's greatest challenge is finding new sacrifices. There aren't many visitors to Worm Canyon (the Sioux give it a wide berth), but the clever witch soon hit upon a plan. Ursula let a few travelers pass through her lands safely, but only after telling them she was there with her "fellow prospectors" hauling out wagonloads of gold. Needless to say, Ursula has had little trouble finding sacrifices since then.

The giant worms' statistics and a full-color picture can be found in Chapter Three. Here's the lowdown on Ursula and her wackos.

Ursula

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:2d6

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, sneak 4d8, throwin': bolts o' doom 5d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d10, M:3d10, Sm:4d8, Sp:3d12

Academia: occult 5d10, area knowledge: Worm Canyon 4d10, disguise 2d10, faith 5d12, leadership 4d10, medicine: surgery 2d10, overawe 3d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8, survival: desert 2d8

Edges: Arcane background: black magic 3

Hindrances: Loco: megalomanic –3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolts o' doom 3, dark protection 2, stun 3

Gear: A long knife (STR+1d4).

Description: Ursula used to be quite pretty, but her dyed purple skin and current lack of hygiene make her pretty repulsive right now.

Profile: Fanatical Worm Cultists

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:2d6, Q:3d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 4d6, dodge 4d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Academia: occult 2d6, area knowledge: Worm Canyon 4d6, faith 4d6, overawe 2d6, search 3d6, survival: desert 2d6

Edges: Arcane background: black magic 3

Hindrances: Loco: worm worshippers -3, loyal: Ursula -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Dark protection 1, stun 3

Gear: A few still keep double-action pistols, but most rely on their black magic to bring down their opponents.

Description: These slavering fanatics are all purple and filthy, following the dictates of their subterranean masters.

Black Magic Trappings

Bolts o' Doom: Only Ursula has this black spell. Her version resembles a crimson and purplish energy ray that blasts her opponents.

Dark Protection: The cultist's dyed skin works like the giant rattlers' hides to repel damage.

Stun: Ursula's horrible *stun* is an invisible beam that causes the victim's veins and arteries to writhe and convulse like worms. The attack automatically hits any one target within 50 yards. Once the victim is paralyzed, the cult takes them to the Altar of Worms (see below).

The Altar of Worms

Fear Level 6

The cult makes its sacrifices at a bizarre altar high on a twisted peak overlooking the Badlands. The unfortunate victims are placed on the altar, stunned or bound, while the cultists chant and stamp their feet to alert the rattlers below. In five minutes, giant rattlers gather in a great circle at the base of the cliff. In their midst are hundreds of their young.

The sacrifice is pushed off the altar and into the squirming mass of worms 50 feet below. The victim is cushioned by the bodies of the worms and then torn to pieces by the young's mouths. When the grisly rite is finished, the rattlers and their larvae burrow back into the ground.

The soul of the victim is consumed. He cannot return as a Harrowed, nor be resurrected by any means. Proof of his eternal damnation can be found in the hills and cliffs of Worm Canyon—the image of the victim's corpse appears there over the next few hours. Exactly what purpose this serves is unknown.

Little 'Uns

Rattler larvae can be found all over the Badlands. Strangely, all the baby rattlers the trappers kill in the area are about three feet long. The theory is they stay underground until they're this size, prowl around the surface for a while, then go down for further incubation.

Young rattlers travel in packs of 2–12, and have the following statistics:

Young Rattlers

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Pace: 6/15 burrowing

Size: 4

Wind: 12

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Burrowing: Pace 15

Damage: Bite (STR)

Description: These worms look like miniature versions of their huge parents.

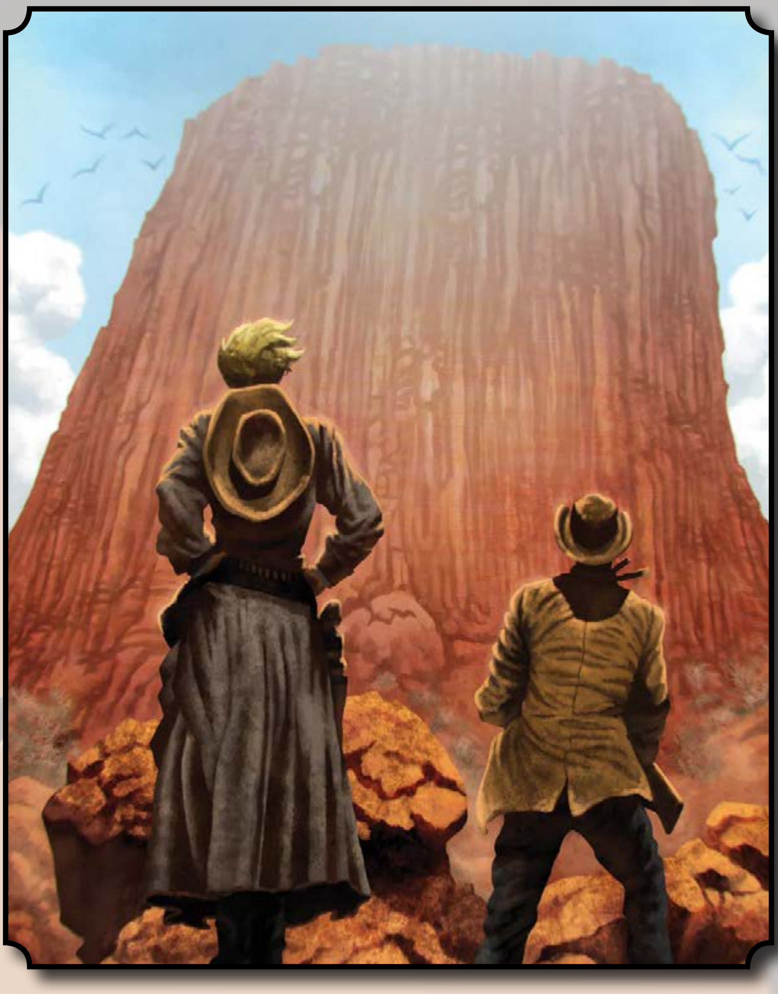
The Black Hills

Fear Level 3

The Sioux call these ancient hills, "saha paha." To them, the hills are a sacred place where a brave can come to relax, meditate, and cleanse his soul. At least before gold and ghost rock were discovered there. These days, a brave can't even sit down without landing on a grubby prospector tearing the Black Hills apart.

Under the Deadwood Treaty of '75, miners are supposed to pay a $100 fee to stake a claim in the Black Hills. Most of them can't afford the fee until they hit a vein of gold or ghost rock, however, so they sneak into the hills illegally until they get lucky.

The Sioux are ruthless in patrolling for these squatters. A miner who can't produce his claim is dragged back to Deadwood without his gear. Rogues who fight back deal with the full fury of the Sioux braves. Their corpses are mounted on poles along the trail to the Black Hills as warnings to other claim jumpers. See **Deadwood** later in this chapter for more information.



Devil's Tower

Fear Level 4

The Sioux call it "mateo tepee," or "Lodge of the Grizzly." Devil's Tower suits the place just fine. If you've never heard of this geological wonder, Devil's Tower is a massive column of rock over 850 feet high with a base around 1000 feet in diameter. The tower gets its Indian name from the vertical grooves that cover its sides. The legend goes that a gigantic grizzly chased several Indians to the top of the tower and tried to climb up, making the grooves with its horrible claws.

Don't buy into all that hullabaloo. There's something worse going on at Devil's Tower than a bunch of angry grizzlies. A few years ago, the Sioux in the area spoke in hushed tones of the "paha wakansica," or "mountain devils." These things are reputed to have skin like stones, and strange, magical artifacts that can melt the flesh off a brave's bones or freeze the blood in his veins. There are also some sort of "scaly grizzlies" living in the area. At least one of the Sioux shamans believed these creatures were friendly nature spirits come to save them from the wakansica. He probably kept believing that right up until the beasts tore him limb from limb.

The warlord known only as Kang supposedly defeated the wakansica a few years ago. The Sioux believed him and allowed Kang to build a line to Deadwood.

The truth is that the creatures inside are the mutated descendents of ancient visitors from the stars. Their entire warped society lives inside the mountain, and is detailed in part three of the *Devil's Tower* adventure series, "Fortress o' Fear."

Kang hasn't defeated these creatures—he made a deal with them. He maintains a guard around the tower that keeps strangers out and little green men in. The grizzlies rumored to wander the surrounding plains have long since been put down by Kang's hired guns.

YELLOWSTONE

Fear Level 3

Yellowstone was declared a national park by President Grant in 1872. In case you haven't heard about this incredible place, Yellowstone is home to a number of geological wonders. The Black Cliff is a sheet of pure obsidian over 100 feet tall, and a number of hot springs riddle the land, the steam shrouding the area around them in white mist. Of course, the most famous wonders are the geysers.

These natural phenomena shoot scalding water high into the air. The most violent is Excelsior, which can spit nearly 200 feet straight up. The most regular is Old Faithful.

The Indians say spirits and demons dwell in the park. The truth is a Sioux shaman discovered a natural gateway to the Hunting Grounds deep inside the geyser known as Excelsior. He and others tell his people there are demons around Yellowstone because strange creatures sometimes emerge from Excelsior. Most are minor abominations and animal essences that populate the Hunting Grounds that dissipate if they wander too far from Excelsior. Nature spirits and manitous are far worse when they manage to escape from the gateway. Either can survive indefinitely up to one mile or more away. After that, the spirits and manitous must make *Spirit* totals (determine their statistics with the draw of a card) each day they wander outside of this zone. When they fail, the creatures are violently drawn back toward Excelsior and sucked into the Hunting Grounds. That particular creature may then not return to the physical world for 100 years.

Nature spirits never intentionally enter the physical world. They are somewhat absentminded, however, and so occasionally become lost in the mists surrounding the gate. When they realize they have left the sacred Hunting Grounds, nature spirits are angry and cruel to any mortals who cross their paths. They can rarely be reasoned with and must be led—usually by mortal "bait"—back to the gateway. They cannot be harmed by normal means.

ENTERING THE HUNTING GROUNDS

To enter the Hunting Grounds, a person must step inside Excelsior and make an opposed *faith* check. Shamans may make a *ritual/Spirit* check instead, if they desire. The gateway's *faith* score is determined by drawing three cards and using the highest value as its *faith* (compare the card to the Trait Table from the *Deadlands Player's Book*.)

If the character loses, he drops into the boiling water below and dies instantly (unless he has some sort of protection from the scalding water). Should the character win, he is instantly transported to the Hunting Grounds.

We don't have room to describe the mad Hunting Grounds in this book, but it's a land of incredible beauty and twisted nightmares. Warp reality as much as you want should the posse desire to explore it. The *Ghost Dancers* sourcebook contains some information on this strange place. You can even use such gateways as a portal to our sister games, *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* or *Deadlands: Lost Colony.*

THE DISPUTED LANDS

Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Utah

The Disputed Lands are those states and territories with no clear allegiance to either the North or the South. Both nations may claim they own these states, but in truth the towns and cities within switch sides frequently—and often violently.

Like the Disputed Lands, the land itself turns broken and jagged as it crawls westward. The plains of Kansas rise slowly to the rolling hills of eastern Colorado before finally becoming the Rocky Mountains and the jagged hills of Utah.

The tension and warfare in the unfortunate Disputed Lands keeps the average Fear Level at 2. When raiders strike, a settlement's Fear Level rises by 1. If Quantrill's Raiders, the James Gang, or the Revenant strikes, the Fear Level jumps by 2 overnight.

Fear around Salt Lake City is usually 3, but Hellstromme's experiments cause frequent spikes.

BLOODY KANSAS

Kansas has been the site of more than 20 years of guerrilla warfare. Back in 1854, President Franklin Pierce signed the Kansas-Nebraska Act, opening the territory to settlement. According to the Act, the people of the territory would be allowed to vote on whether it entered the Union as a free or slave state.

It didn't take long for pro-slavery groups from Missouri to filter across the border. Dubbed "border ruffians" by settlers, these groups tried to ensure that Kansas would become a slave state. Their mortal opponents are the Jayhawkers, Kansan abolitionists.

Despite the border ruffians' best efforts, Kansas was admitted to the Union as a free state in January, 1861. A few months later, the Rebels opened up on Fort Sumter and the Civil War began. No major campaigns have been fought in Kansas, but many neighbors harbor grudges from the earlier fighting, and the war always provides an excuse for a new round of hostilities. Guerrilla fighting is particularly intense along the Kansas-Missouri border. The recent influx of troops into the state has only made things worse.

Due to the large number of murderous thieves acting as military raiders, the Fear Level in the most contested parts of Kansas is 4.

PROFILE: TYPICAL RAIDER

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': knife 3d6, dodge 2d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 3d6, search 3d6, survival: plains 4d6

Edges: None

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty –2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Raiders can be found carrying just about any weapon imaginable.

Description: Raiders appearances differ from group to group. Often they wear some remnant of a military uniform.

QUANTRILL'S RAIDERS

One of the most famous Rebel fighters was Bill Quantrill. In 1863, he and his boys burned the town of Lawrence, Kansas, and killed over 150 men, women, and children. Later the same year, he defeated a small unit of Union cavalry and put 17 noncombatants to death. It was rumored that a Union cavalry troop caught him and put him six feet under, but folks claim he still rides. And with a vengeance.

Bill Quantrill returned from the dead Harrowed, but Hell truly followed with him, for his manitou manages to keep Dominion almost constantly. In this state, Bill is a bloodthirsty and merciless marauder. Even women and children aren't safe from his ravages.

He has a single Harrowed power: *unholy host*. This power is fully described in *Book o' the Dead*, but in essence it lets Bill create a band of undead servants. These are Bloody Bill Quantrill's marauders, murderous undead who kill for sheer pleasure.

On the few occasions when Bill manages to regain Dominion, he believes his ghoulish followers are actually demons from Hell sent to punish him for his sins. He doesn't know how he escaped from Perdition, but he believes his own undead minions are chasing him to drag him back to the netherworld.

Unfortunately for Bill, his actions while the manitou was in charge have alienated those few who might once have believed him a hero. They now shut their doors and shutters to the lunatic's screams.

His last hope is Jesse James. Quantrill believes his now-famous friend can help him fight off the "demons" and save his mortal soul. Whenever he gains Dominion, he heads for Missouri, keeping to the woods and back roads so he won't be recognized and lynched for his misdeeds.

When the manitou eventually regains control of Bloody Bill's soul, it quickly reunites with its pursuing servants, who are always hot on their master's trail.

PROFILE: BILL QUANTRILL

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d8, S:4d12, Q:2d10, V:3d8

Dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, fightin': knife 4d8, horse ridin' 5d8, quick draw 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 5d10, sneak 3d8, speed load 3d10

Mental: C:4d6, K:3d8, M:2d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d10

Bluff 3d8, guts 3d10, overawe 3d8, persuasion 2d8, professional: teaching 3d8, scrutinize 4d6, survival 4d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: None

Hindrances: Ugly as sin –1

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 1/ Manitou 9, Powers: unholy host 5

Terror: 7

Gear: Two .44 Colt Dragoons, a Winchester '73, and a Bowie knife.

Description: Quantrill was an ugly man in life, and death hasn't done a thing to improve his appearance.

UNDEAD MARAUDERS

Use the statistics for veteran walkin' dead on page 277.

THE JAMES GANG

The James Gang are Missourians who frequent the banks, stagecoach trails, and rails of Kansas. Jesse and Frank James—as well as frequent cohorts James, Cole, and Jim Younger—are notorious bandits and thieves. Some believe the dime novels' tales of their "daring" exploits, but in truth, these men are little more than bloodthirsty killers.

Their troubles began when Frank and later Jesse joined up with "Bloody Bill" Quantrill's Confederate raiders early in the Civil War. The ruffians who made up this band had only one thing in common: an intense hatred for anything north of the Mason-Dixon line.

Jesse, in particular, had been nearly beaten to death by Yankees and wanted revenge. He got his chance in 1864 when

Quantrill raided Centralia, Kansas. The gang looted and burned the town, then massacred over 75 unarmed Union prisoners.

When Quantrill was reported killed in ’65, the band scattered. Frank and Jesse, too lazy to dirty their hands with honest work, turned to thievery. Their targets are usually banks in the Disputed Lands with Northern sympathies. They are reported to have robbed a few stagecoaches, but their new favorite targets are trains—especially those of Union Blue.

After one train robbery, the boastful Jesse even handed the engineer a press release which stated that the railroad’s owner, Joshua Chamberlain, was a Union General, and the gang therefore considered the train a “military” target. Why James needed to justify this robbery is a mystery. He has certainly shown no compunction about robbing and murdering just about anyone else who gets in his way.

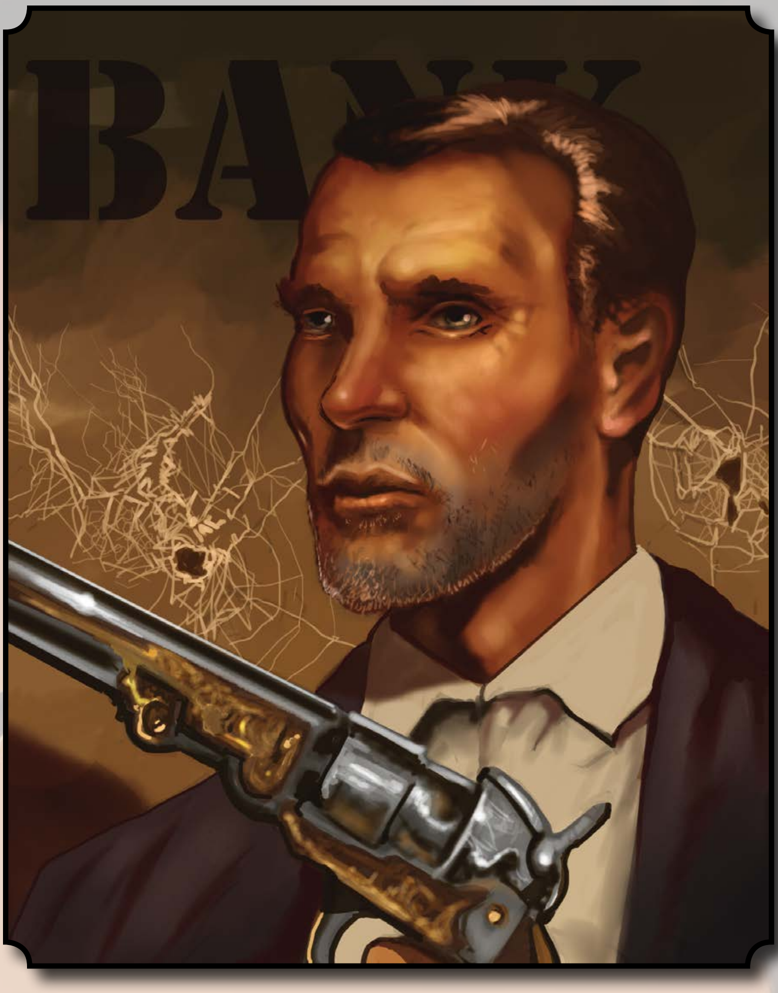
The James-Pinkerton War

Union Blue and an association of bankers and former victims called on the Pinkerton Detective Agency (operating in their civilian capacity as a private security force) to solve their problems with the James Gang. Unfortunately, a bumbling employee of the usually efficient agency thought he had the James brothers cornered in their mother’s house. When the brothers didn’t come out, the overzealous agent threw an explosive gizmo inside and leveled the place. The boys’ mother lost her arm, and their young half-brother was killed.

After this incident, opinion in the Disputed Lands is split over whether the James Gang is made up of legitimate Confederate raiders or greedy, cold-blooded killers. These heartless murderers are even considered heroes across the border in Missouri.

Lately the James brothers have sold their services to a minor rail baron named Richard Barney, who operates the Kansas City & Little Rock rail line.

Barney has absolutely no desire to join in the chaos of the Rail Wars, and is making quite a pretty penny running contraband smuggled across the Disputed Lands down into the Confederacy. The James gang ensures that his shipments through the territories aren’t raided.



Jesse James

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:4d10, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin’ 1d10, dodge 3d12, fightin’: brawlin’ 3d10, horse ridin’ 4d10, quick draw: pistol 4d10, shootin’: pistol, rifle 4d12, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Disputed Lands 4d6, artillery: cannons 2d8, disguise 1d8, overawe 3d10, survival: plains 3d8

Edges: Big ears 1, eagle eyes 1, friends in high places: friends and sympathizers throughout the disputed lands 2, friends in high places: KC & LR railroad 3, renown 5

Hindrances: Ailin’: lung injury –1, enemy: Pinkerton Agency and Northerners in general –3, outlaw –5

Pace: 10
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Gear: Two Colt Army revolvers, one Sharpe's big 50, a Bowie knife and a horse.
Description: See the picture on previous page.

Denver

Fear Level 2

There's a saying that goes, "all rails lead west to Denver." The Queen City of the Desert lies nestled in a valley in the foothills of the Front Range of the Rockies. It's the largest city between Dodge and the City of Lost Angels, and between Texas and Seattle, making it the perfect place to run a rail to.

Colorado was only made a state in '76, with Denver as its capital, and the people are prouder than peacocks. Of course, both the North and the South claim ownership of the state, but this far from the battlelines, it doesn't seem like most people care much. Of course, there are always exceptions.

The best way east or west of Denver is by the Denver Pacific railroad (see **The Great Rail Wars,** above). It connects with three of the major lines in the Disputed Lands, so it's accessible to the East. It reaches far west as well, all the way to Salt Lake City where the owners, Smith & Robards, use it to ship their incredible wares.

The Revenant

There is a rumor of a tall cowboy dressed in black mounted atop a pale horse riding from town to town in the Disputed Lands. The papers have named this grim figure "the Revenant."

The Revenant rides into towns searching for lawmen. It isn't known if victims are chosen beforehand or if this dark stranger simply challenges the first lawman he sees.

Once his prey is spotted, the Revenant pats his six-gun, silently challenging the law to a duel. In a heartbeat, the lawman is dead, and the Revenant mounts his pale horse and rides away.

The Revenant has visited Lawrence, Abilene, Wichita, Dodge, and Denver. Where he's headed next is anyone's guess.

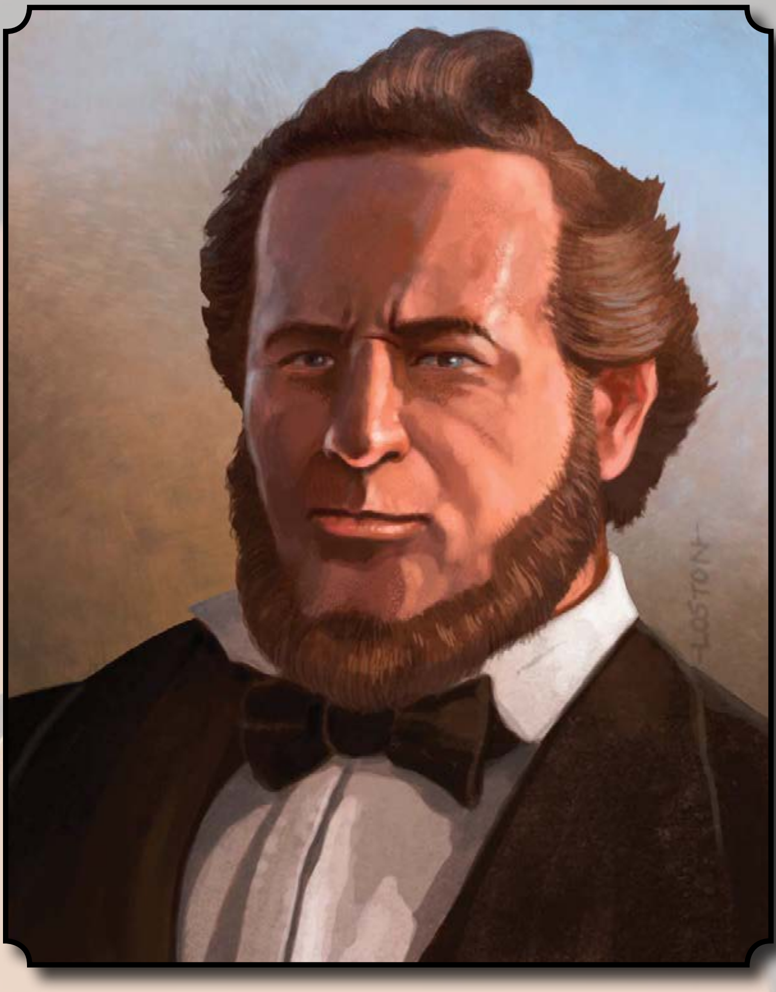
The Revenant is an amalgamation of all the dead outlaws of the West. It is the spirit of criminal hatred and disregard for the law gained corporeal form.

At High Noon on the thirteenth of each month, the Revenant rides ominously into a town and silently challenges the most senior lawman to a duel. The only words it ever utters are the names of its victims, and these are whispered in hoarse whispers that only lawmen can hear.

Only a duly authorized lawman can destroy this abomination. This is not an easy task, since the entity has the collected skills of all those who are a part of its dark soul.

Profile: The Revenant

Corporeal: D:4d12+6, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:4d12+6, V:3d8
Dodge 3d8, fightin' 4d8, horse ridin' 6d8, quick draw 9d12+6, shootin': pistol 10d12+6, sneak 7d8
Mental: C:4d10, K:4d10, M:5d12+4, Sm:2d8, Sp:7d8
Overawe 9d12+4, guts 8d12+4, search 5d10, trackin' 10d10
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: Immune
Terror: 9
Special Abilities:
Coup: A Harrowed who feeds off the Revenant takes half damage from a lawman's bullets.
Damage: Army .44 Navy revolver (when this weapon is empty, the Revenant must spend 1d4 actions spinning its well-oiled cylinder; each action counts as an *overawe*); when the cylinder stops, the gun is reloaded.



- **Immunity—All:** The Revenant is immune to all attacks, with one exception (see below). Even magical attacks are useless (other than a damage-causing hex to the heart cast by a lawman, of course).
- **Weakness—Lawmen:** To destroy it, a duly authorized lawman must hit it in the heart. A called shot does the trick. Otherwise, there is a 1 in 4 chance on any gizzards hit or 1 in 6 on any upper guts hit that the Revenant was hit in the heart. Other attacks may make the entity flinch or fall down, but they do no real harm.

Description: The Revenent is a tall, nondescript cowboy, its face always shadowed by the wide brim of its hat.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Mormons, or Latter-day Saints, are God-fearing folks who believe Christ visited America shortly after his resurrection. They also believe their first prophet, Joe Smith, was visited by an angel of the Lord and given a set of golden plates describing the flight of God's chosen people from the Holy Land to the Americas. Smith was also told to create this new religion in place of other misguided religions of the world. Other than their continuing practice of polygamy—having more than one wife—their beliefs differ little from most other Christians.

The Mormons established several communities in Kansas and Missouri, but they clashed violently with their neighbors and eventually fled as far west as they could, founding Salt Lake City in 1847. They survived under the Utah Territory's harsh conditions but never really prospered.

Independent Deseret

In 1866, the current leader, and Joseph Smith's successor as leader of the Mormon people, President Brigham Young, declared the Utah Territory the independent "State of Deseret." While young declared publicly that Deseret's loyalty remained with the Union, few believe that young wants to be part of either the North or the South. Brigham almost says as much in his sermons—but never within earshot of representatives of the US or CSA governments.

As things stand now, neither the Union or Confederacy can spare the manpower necessary to dispute the Mormon's sovereign status.

The Doctor is In

Everything changed in 1870. That's when Professor Darius Hellstromme joined the Mormon community.

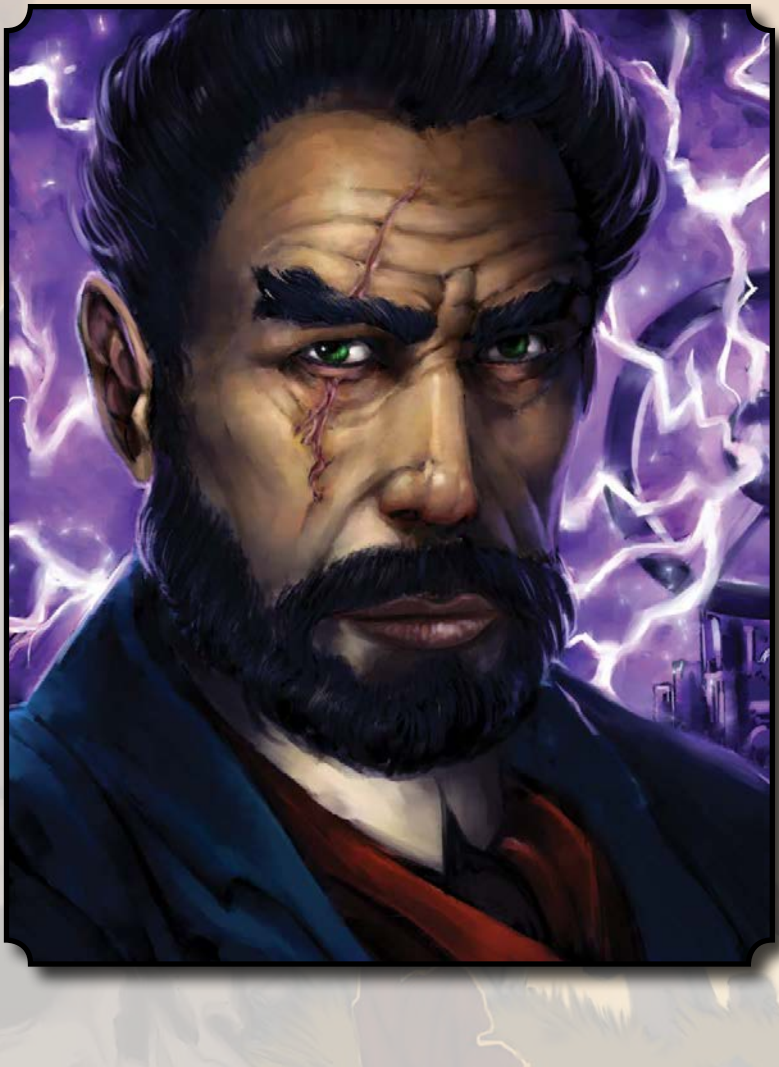
Hellstromme initially won over the Mormons by creating a horseless carriage that helped them outrun the local salt rattlers that dwell in the salt flats. The worms were curiously missed until 1863 or so, but ever since they've claimed many pilgrims. Hellstromme's horseless carriages allowed the Mormons to cross the flats easily, outracing this terrible threat. Later, his incredible factories brought jobs and incredible wealth to his adopted family.

The City of Gloom

Whatever one thinks of the "Mad Scientist of Salt Lake," thanks to him, the Mormons are the most technologically advanced people in the world. Thousands of high-voltage wires and pipes bearing natural gas sprawl through the urban tangle, bringing light, heat, and electricity to those who can afford it.

Salt Lake City's mechanization comes at a cost: the once-clean city now lies hidden under a pall of dirty smoke. It's also become an attractive spot for prospectors, former rail warriors, or settlers down on their luck. They flock to the city for quick factory jobs, hoping to work for just a few years until they're back on their feet.

In truth, most of these lost souls never leave the factory district of the city, the polluted sprawl called Junkyard. Even in this grimy subsection, life in the city is incredibly expensive, so laborers usually find themselves trapped in an endless cycle of wage slavery.



The Mormons themselves have weathered the change well. They live in Salt Lake City proper. Even the Good Lord seems to favor them, for they do not suffer from the pollution as the "gentiles" of Junkyard do. You can find much more information on this incredible setting in the *City o' Gloom* boxed set.

The city's ore-mining operations are carried out on the outskirts of Salt Lake City. Mammoth conveyor belts miles long transport ore to the city from the Wasatch Mountains.

Another booming industry is salt gathering. The brine from the Great Salt Lake is two-thirds table salt. Shallow salt boats trawl the waters with nets manufactured by Hellstromme. Fortunately, the salt rattlers can't seem to survive in the waters of the Salt Lake.

Since meat is in short supply in the region, hunters who can bring in fresh game are in great demand, and some are actually insane enough to tackle the largest game of all: the rattlers themselves. Some hunt the great worms in massive land ships. Smaller crews scour the salt flats via strange gliders, dropping sticks of dynamite on their tremendous prey from the air. Either is dangerous work, but worm armor and meat fetches a fair price these days.

Pillar of the Community

Hellstromme has carefully cultivated a following in Salt Lake City. Brigham Young and the rest of the Mormon elders realize Hellstromme's importance in their lives. Most are convinced the changes of the last decade would have wiped them out were it not for Hellstromme's inventions.

Hellstromme lives just south of Salt Lake, between the urban sprawl and the ore-rich Wasatch Mountains. His manor is surrounded by barbed wire, hired gunmen, and guard dogs. Why a man who is supposedly Salt Lake City's fatherly patron needs such protection is suspicious to say the least.

Many Salt Lakers believe Hellstromme's influence has gone far enough. In fact, a few citizens are privately forming a rebellion against him. Several non-Mormons count themselves among this secret circle, but no one argues that the legendary Mormon Danites are the cabal's leaders.

The Danites were always a secret society, charged with protecting and serving Brigham Young. Now they are even more secretive, for those who speak out against Salt Lake City's continued urbanization often wind up dead, hunted down by Hellstromme's own ruthless and silent enforcers. The Danites hope to expose Hellstromme's evil, but know they must have positive proof to make their kindred rise against him. In the meantime, they work as saboteurs to thwart Hellstromme's most vile plans.

To Brigham and the elders, Hellstromme denies that it is his own people who strike at the Mormon's "secret army." Few believe him, but Hellstromme's power and popularity keep them from exiling him. Even so, the elders might have dealt with the scientist in their own way if not for Brigham Young's influence.

Brigham had a vision that Hellstromme would destroy the world some day. He wants to keep this dangerous man under close scrutiny so that he can draw him away from the darkness and into the love of God. If he exiles him, Brigham will have no influence on Dr. Hellstromme's incredible schemes.

Experiments in Terror

The truth is that the insidious Hellstromme is one of the Reckoner's favorite playthings. He's also one of the few folks who know of the Reckoning, and one of even fewer who have surmised there are sinister beings masterminding the whole thing.

Hellstromme spends day and night pondering the meaning of the Reckoning. He has discovered fear is definitely a factor, and he performs experiments to learn its significance.

The Wasatch railroad serves two purposes for the nefarious inventor. First, it provides him with money to fund his insane experiments.

Second, certain areas of his railroad are home to special "fear laboratories." Hellstromme disguises these labs as "roundhouses."

The rails around these special roundhouses act as giant conduits, conveying fear from the surrounding areas back to the roundhouse. Hellstromme has a laboratory set up at the center of the roundhouse where the tracks converge. There he can control the flow of fear by rotating the building's central turntable.

Late at night, Hellstromme probes the mysteries of the Reckoning by building up the Fear Level within his arcane laboratories and observing the odd phenomena which occur in his various living subjects and unliving apparatus. He has had a number of close calls with his experiments, but so far he has escaped unscathed (though some of his guards were not so lucky, and some of his experiments still roam the Weird West).

Undaunted, the evil doctor continues his quest for knowledge, determined to find the truth even if it takes his life (or at least his last hired hand).

Hellstromme's special rails are known to have two unintended side effects. The first is that, because of the concentrated fear flowing through them, they tend to attract manitous and other creatures of the Reckoning. This causes all manner of weirdness to occur directly along the railroad's right-of-way. Encounters with abominations are far more frequent along the rails, and those mortals who die near them are slightly more likely to come back Harrowed.

To reflect this, should a character die within 50 yards of Hellstromme's mysterious rails, draw an extra card to see if he becomes Harrowed.

The second is that passengers of the railroad who are sensitive to the spirit world (basically any character with the *arcane background* Edge), have very unpleasant dreams should they happen to fall asleep during their trip. While traveling on the Wasatch, treat them as if they have the *night terrors* Hindrance. A character who actually has *night terrors* suffers a -2 penalty to her *Spirit* roll.

The Great Maze

The broken landscape of the Maze is a magnificent sight. From certain vantage points, a person can see thousands of settlements. Some are situated atop the cliff-top islands and others rest on the rubble below.

Everywhere one looks, hopeful miners are lowering themselves over the island tops, chipping away at the canyon walls for gold, silver, or ghost rock. Below, ore barges scud back and forth, with perhaps a Federal or Confederate monitor guarding them.

In the shadows, one might just find pirates and raiders. Besides greedy Americans, there are also the colorful sampans of the Chinese warlords or the heavily armed flotillas of the Mexican Armada.

Staring out at all of them is the City of Lost Angels, perched smugly on the low inland cliffs overlooking the Bay of Prosperity.

The Maze is breathtaking. In fact it takes some folks' last breath.

The constant fighting and paranoia of the Great Maze keeps the average Fear Level at 2. If Santa Anna razes a settlement, the Fear Level of all communities within five miles jumps to 3 for at least a month.

Disputed Maze

California is torn by more than just the aftereffects of the Great Quake. As in the central Disputed Lands, folks in California butter their bread on both sides. Merchants contract to ship gold and ghost rock to both sides of the border, but they rarely talk about it in public for fear of incurring the wrath of their clients' enemies.

Both the Union and the Confederacy maintain a Pacific fleet in crude harbors and strongholds scattered throughout the Maze. They engage in battle frequently, though both sides are reluctant to commit to a major engagement for fear of losing their tenuous foothold.

The Union definitely has the upper hand, though neither side is strong enough to force the other out—especially with Santa Anna and the French Foreign Legion leering hungrily at the poorly defended holdings (see below), and Reverend Grimme's Guardian Angels watching their very move.

The City of Lost Angels

Fear Level 5

In the wake of the Great Quake of '68, the survivors made their way inland as best they could. It was an incredible journey. Besides the lack of food and fresh water, the ragtag refugees had to swim across the shark-infested sea channels and scale the canyons.

The most successful of these groups was led by a preacher named Ezekiah Grimme, who somehow managed to provide food and water for the entire motley congregation that followed him from the ruins. When they arrived at the inland side of the Maze, Grimme found a natural spring and proclaimed this site a new home for his "lost angels."

Other refugees eventually wandered into Grimme's camp. The town grew slowly but steadily until the discovery of gold, then later ghost rock. When the rush began in earnest, Grimme's sanctuary became the natural shipping point for everything coming in and out of the Maze.

Famine

The problem in the City of Lost Angels has always been food. The inland side of California is dry and vegetation is sparse, making game too scarce for so many people.

Some villages raise crops, but blights and other strange plant diseases often wipe them out. Cattle is also raised in some areas, but Texas fever and prairie ticks run rampant among the herds. Folks in Lost Angels pay five to six times the normal prices for even the rangiest meat.

One reason that Grimme became such a beloved figure to the people in the surrounding area is because his Church of Lost Angels provides a free meal to anyone attending Sunday service.

The Church of Lost Angels

The venerable Grimme still leads his congregation. The Reverend's sermons are pure fire and brimstone.

Most folks in the city are members of the church, in body at least if not in spirit. Those weekly feasts after Sunday services make a lot of friends in the food-starved Maze.

The Two Faces of Lost Angels

Well, that's what the normal folk see, anyway. To truly understand what goes on in the City of Lost Angels, Marshal, there are a few things you should know about. First of all, the "Savior of California," Reverend Ezekiah Grimme, isn't the man he used to be. When he led the survivors of the Great Quake inland, many of them starved. Like the famous Donner party, some resorted to cannibalism. A religious man, Grimme refused to take part in it. He died, but the Reckoners saw their chance to create a powerful new fearmonger in his place.

After his death, Grimme's gnawed bones lay in a pile near the survivor's camp. That night, a dark miracle occurred. As the horrified cannibals watched, the bones grew bloody. Slowly, Grimme's skeleton stitched itself together with oozing sinews and gory flesh. When the spectacle was over, Reverend Grimme had returned from the dead—tattered black priest's suit and all.

But this was not the good-hearted man who had led his errant flock from the ruins of the Great Quake. This was a full-fledged abomination created by the Reckoners to take advantage of a horrible situation.

The new Reverend Grimme embraced the practice of eating human flesh. In fact, he *demanded* his starving companions seek out other refugees and murder them for food.

When hordes of survivors eventually moved in on the camp, Grimme took a more subtle tack. He supplied food and shelter for them while his inner circle quietly took the weak in their sleep.

Once word of ghost rock got out the next year, the settlement became a full-fledged village. Folks migrated to the camp from the sundered west coast and the ore-hungry East.

Within three years, the population hit 20,000. The City of Lost Angels was born, and Grimme's secret cultists had gained a herd of witless cattle to feed their unholy appetites.

Grimme established the Church of Lost Angels to maintain his own power within the growing community. He secretly does everything he can to keep food prices high, often using his dark powers to cause blights in nearby crops and diseases in cattle herds that enter the city. This makes him that much more popular when his church serves a feast of mysterious meats and other foods to the starving citizens. The nature of Grimme's dark religion prevents his followers from transforming into ghouls or wendigos—the fate of most cannibals.

Even better for Grimme, his dark miracles seem divine within the Lost Angels environs (75 miles out, to be exact, after "Bloody Sunday," see below.)

Needless to say, Grimme is a popular figure. The Church of Lost Angels considers him a magnanimous benefactor. The *Cult* of Lost Angels knows the dark truth.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday

It all started on a Sunday like any other. During Sunday services at the Cathedral of Lost Angels, a horde of "demons" invaded the proceedings, slaughtering many of the churchgoers. It appeared to anyone watching that Grimme drove them off with holy powers.

In truth, the people killed by the demons were all part of a bloody sacrifice intended to fuel a ritual that has permanently expanded Grimme's sphere of influence out to about a 75-mile radius around Lost Angels. Grimme and his cohorts can now use their demonic powers freely within that radius and it looks like the work of the lord God Himself!

Grimme's priests can even take chunks of his altar with them to maintain this illusion further abroad.

The Edict of '77

Grimme's next step was a simple one: he declared the City of Lost Angels and the area 75 miles around it a free and independent state. He abolished all semblance of a civil government, establishing himself as the head of a new city theocracy. All citizens of Lost Angels were given a simple choice: join the Church or get out.

Outsiders may still travel to Lost Angels of course, but have virtually no rights while in the city limits.

Neither the USA or the CSA recognizes Grimme's authority or the city's sovereignty, but neither do they have the manpower to do anything about it at the present.

The rail barons are also understandably upset. They've wagered everything on reaching the Maze and its priceless ghost rock only to have it shut off by a madman.

Profile: Lost Angels Cultist

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' 2d6, fightin': knife 2d6, horse ridin' 2d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 3d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8

Bluff 4d6, faith 4d8, guts 3d8, overawe 3d6, persuasion 4d6, Scrutinize 4d6, survival 4d6, trackin' 3d6,

Edges: –

Hindrances: Oath: Lost Angels

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: *14*

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolt o' doom 3, dark protection 3, scrye 2, zombie 1 (see **Bloody Ones**)

Gear: An assortment of guns or knives.

Description: These are the dark priests that often accompany the more common Guardian Angels on their spiteful missions. They pose as pious individuals to the public, but are actually despicable agents of evil. They are the lowest members of the "inner cult."

The Guardian Angels

The Guardian angels are the police force of the Church of Lost angels. They are becoming more common away from the City these days as they accompany proselytizing Church priests on their "crusades." Angels are organized in "flights" of five.

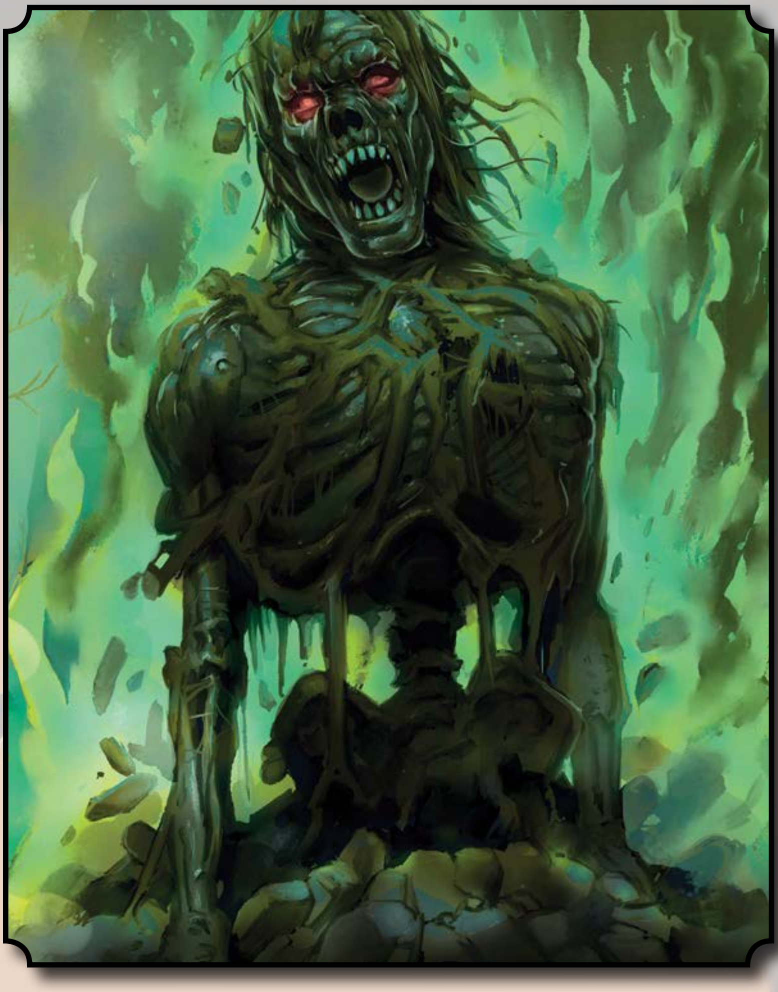
Profile: Typical Guardian Angels

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:2d8, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Fightin': brawlin' 3d8, fightin': knife 2d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d6, sneak 2d8
Mental: C:1d6, K:1d6, M:1d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8
Guts 3d8, overawe 2d8, persuasion 4d6, search 2d8, streetwise 3d6
Edges: Law man 1
Hindrances: Self-righteous
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Gear: In a flight of five angels, two carry double-action pistols, two carry rifles, and one packs a double-barrel shotgun.
Description: Guardian Angels are little more than thugs looking for violent work. They have no idea they are the foot-soldiers of a cannibal cult.

The Bloody Ones

Priests of the cult are sometimes granted enchanted bones taken from their victims. Grimme gifts them with a twisted miracle that summons forth a bloody zombie with putrefying organs, looking much as Grimme did during his rebirth. These blood-soaked skeletons are called the "bloody ones."

A cultist (or anyone else with the bone in hand) need only toss the enchanted bone on the ground to summon the horrid servants. The bloody one follows its summoner's orders to the letter—but only if the summoner is a flesh-eating member of Grimme's cannibal cult. If not, it turns on the summoner immediately, devouring him and then collapsing into a bloody and useless pile of bones.



An hour after it is summoned, the shambling thing collapses into a pile of steaming gore. Bloody ones do not speak, though they do sometimes emit a slurpy laugh (hence the high *ridicule*).

Profile: Bloody Ones

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d10, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 4, sneak 4d10
Mental: C:4d8, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d6
Overawe 4d8, ridicule 4d8, search 4d8, trackin' 3d8 (by scent)
Pace: 10
Size: 6
Wind: –
Terror: 9
Special Abilities:
Damage: Claws (STR+1d6), bite (STR+1d6)
Undead: Focus—Head
Description: Blood Ones look like corpses with their flesh gnawed off—which is exactly what happened.

MAZE PIRATES

There are five types of pirates present in the Maze: Chinese, Mexican Armada, Union and Confederate raiders, and rogues. Each has their own kind of ships and inimitable style in which they harass and rob the hard-working (if not actually innocent) miners of the Maze. Of course, their main targets in this melting pot of evil are each other.

CHINESE WARLORDS

The Chinese warlords of the Maze build their fortresses high atop small but high-walled islands in the heart of the Maze. Their success is a result of the white man's poor treatment of Chinese prior to the Great Quake.

When several warlords from mainland China established strongholds in California, they brought with them scores of their own warriors. The Chinese already living in the Maze, tired of oppression, flocked to their colorful banners by the hundreds.

Most of the warlords have so many followers that they cannot hope to house them all in their fortresses. Should you ever spy one of these islands—from afar I hope—you will see scores of leaky sampans sheltering in the shadows of their more favored brothers and sisters.

The warlords are hardly confined to the Maze itself. Some, like the infamous General Kwan, and Wang Ti-P'ing Hsien, the so-called "King of the Horizon" control a fair amount of real estate inland.

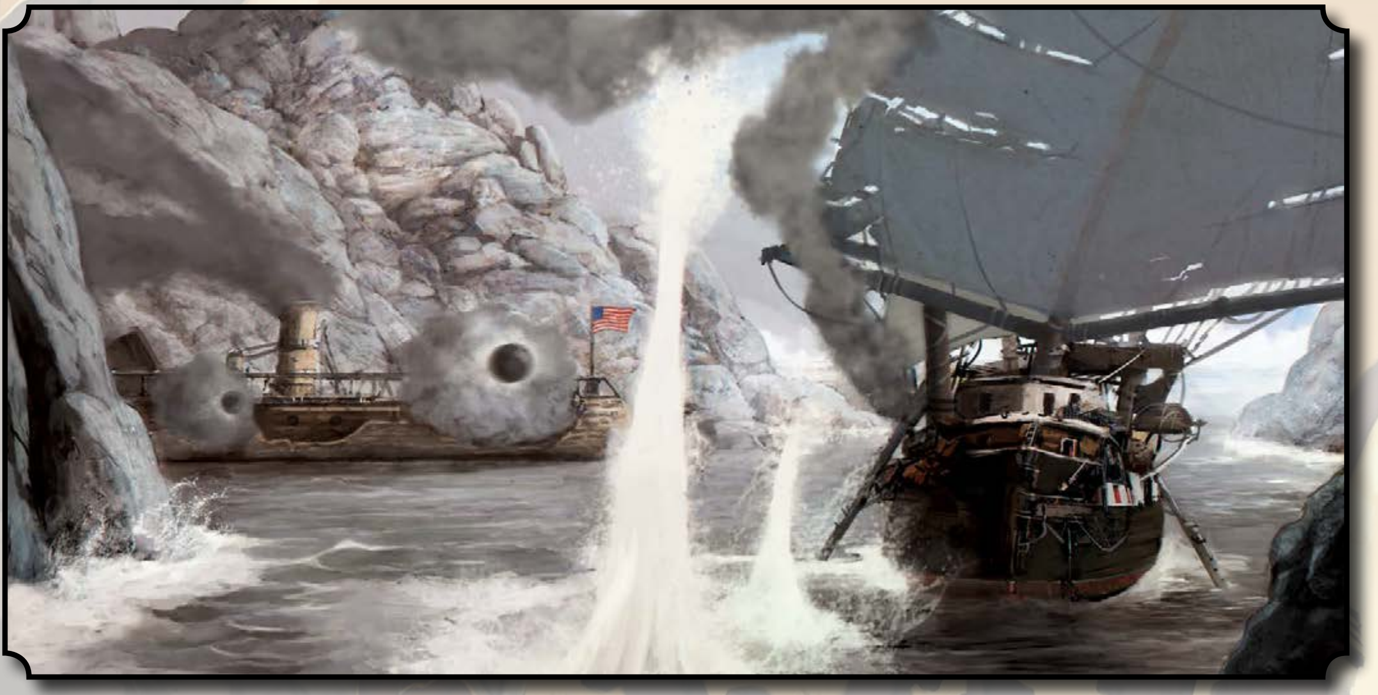
KANG

Of all the warlords, the enigmatic rail baron Kang is by far the most powerful. Kang's warriors use a strange method of fighting that others say can't be beat. They use guns, but they more often prefer to kill with swords or even their bare hands!

Kang's boats scour the interior of the Maze looking for prospector's camps. When they find one, they send their spies to find out if the miners have hit a strike. If they have, the rest of Kang's warriors move in and tell the miners the land is theirs. Those who realize it's a bald-faced lie and are dumb enough to say so soon find themselves swimming with sharks.

SHAN FAN

The Chinese warlords can all find safe haven at one place in the Maze—the port city of Shan Fan. Located about 300 miles north of Lost Angels, the city is run by a consortium of Chinese criminal gangs called triads.



While not as large or important a port as Lost Angels, Shan Fan holds its own, acting as a stop off point for ghost-rock shipments heading south, as well as a convenient place for Maze pirates to disposes of goods of dubious origin.

The triads are constantly at each others' throats, struggling to control the city—except when someone from outside of town threatens their power base. The triad bosses have a close eye on events down south in Lost Angels, and are preparing for the worst.

Union & Confederate Raiders

The Union and Confederate navies are undermanned and under-equipped. Both sides make up for their shortcomings by outfitting small bands of raiders. The story of the navies and their raiders is much the same as it happens to be with the infantry Back East: the Union has more men at its disposal, while the Confederates have fewer but more-experienced crews and better vessels.

The Northern navy, based out of a place called Fort Lincoln in the northern Maze, treats its raiders as regulars. They use small, open boats with steam-driven propellers. Their boats do not sport guns of any kind—the volunteers are left to fend for themselves with their rifles, pistols, and wits. Most keep a few sticks of dynamite on hand as well.

These soldiers use stealth to make up for their lack of firepower. Their favorite tactic is to slip aboard Confederate ore-haulers by night and hold the crew hostage while they remove any ghost rock on board. If they can put the crew ashore, Union raiders scuttle or dynamite the ore-hauler once they've off-loaded any valuables.

Confederate raiders aren't quite as honorable. Strapped for manpower, the Rebels essentially granted letters of marque to some of the most notorious rogue pirates. Then they gave them a few, well-armed and armored experimental boats to go raiding in. These bloodthirsty fiends seem far more interested in violence than loot.

By the way, Admiral Allen Birmingham—the Confederate naval commander of the Maze—is as honorable a man as you could ever meet. He was field-promoted to his current position and has quickly risen to the task. He hates his own raiders and, for the most part, keeps them from striking civilian targets.

The Mexican Armada

The Mexican Armada consists of two parts: the fast clipper ships that patrol the coastline, and the sturdy ironclads that steam through the Maze itself.

In the open sea, the shipping lanes are menaced by independent pirates commissioned by France. The pirates are commanded by "Capitán Sangre," which translates into "Captain Blood," which is likely not his real name.

Part of France's master strategy in conquering California is to raid its ore shipments Back East. Sangre was an infamous pirate along the Barbary Coast, and he was approached to take charge of the operation. He eagerly agreed and quickly put together a fleet of fast clipper ships crewed by ragtag bands of undisciplined and merciless French expatriates, rogue mercenaries, and his own Spanish compatriots.

Wind-powered ships can't sail in the Maze. Not every channel has a breeze, and those that do can force even a galleon into the cliff walls in seconds. So the Mexicans, under Maximillian's guidance, built a fleet of ironclads. These sport the latest in weaponry: heavy cannons, flamethrowers, grapnels, and any other gadgets their scientists back in Europe can dream up.

Mexican crews man the gunboats in the Maze. They are the opposites of their uneasy allies in the seaward shipping lanes. Where the Spanish pirates are chaotic and cagey, the Mexican naval crews are highly disciplined and ruthless if not particularly imaginative.

Collectively, the Armada is the terror of the Maze. The few ships of the Union and Confederate Pacific Navies are no match for the flotilla, either within the Maze or along the coast. The outgunned Americans have won their few minor victories only through their wits. The usually mortal enemies of the Northern and Southern Pacific Navies have even allied against their common foes on occasion.

Rogues

In addition to the big boys, there are a plethora of independent scurvy dogs looking to loot and pillage. These "rogues" are sometimes the worst and the toughest of the lot. They have to be to survive with no one to watch their backs for them.

Some are honorable and abide by the "code of the sea." Others are cutthroats who kill a miner for a handful of ghost rock dust.

Their ships range from salvaged ironclads to small craft barely larger than rowboats.

Profile: Typical Pirate

Corporeal: D:2d6, N2d8, Q:2d6, S:2d8, V:2d6
Climbin' 1d8, fightin: brawlin, cutlass 3d8 shootin' pistol, rifle 2d6, sneak 2d8
Mental: C:1d4, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d6
Gamblin' 2d6, guts 3d6, ridicule 2d6, search 2d8, streetwise 3d6, trade: seamanship 4d4
Edges: Fleetfooted 2
Hindrances: Randy -3, vengeful -3
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: *12*
Gear: Double-action pistol, cutlass.
Description: These scurvy dogs run the gamut of appearances. Most are men, however, though there are more than a few lusty ladies amid their crews.

Santa Anna's Crusade

The self-proclaimed "Napoleon of the West" is General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, former President and General of Mexico. When Texas seceded from Mexico in '36, Santa Anna was sent to quell the rebellion. He lost whatever sympathy the world might have had for his cause when he massacred prisoners at the Alamo and Goliad.

The Texans beat Santa Anna at San Jacinto, and in true Texas style, took back with them the leg the general lost in the battle.

President Polk was the next American to raise Santa Anna's ire. Polk and his concept of "manifest destiny" meant an annexation of the independent Texas in '46. Mexico still saw Texas as a province in rebellion and moved their forces north to take it back.

Under General Zachary Taylor ("Old Fuss and Feathers"), Polk put together a ragtag army to block the Mexicans, and the war was on. Though their army was larger and prettier, at least, the Mexicans were defeated by the Yanks at such places as Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterrey, and Buena Vista. While the Mexicans were fighting the American troops in the north, General Winfield Scott landed at Veracruz in the south and took Mexico City itself.

After the war, Santa Anna went into a self-imposed exile. He didn't emerge back onto Mexico's political frying pan until the French conquered Mexico in 1863. The French put Emperor Maximillian on the throne and, in a "goodwill gesture" that stunned the world, offered control of the remaining army to Santa Anna.

Santa Anna rolled over like a whipped dog and agreed. The rumor is that Maximillian has promised to build Santa Anna an army with which to invade Texas, but only if he can first conquer the ghost rock-rich California Maze.

Santa Anna has far fewer troops than before, so he has resorted to terror tactics to force Californians out of their boomtowns. Many have seen the brilliant and colorful regiments of Santa Anna riding through the California wastelands, but many others claim there is another army, one that moves only at night. This is the Ejército de los Muertos, or "Army of the Dead."

Lately, Santa Anna has been sending out scouts as far afield as Arizona and the Texas border, and his men have been sighted on the move along the baha peninsula. They seemed to be looking for something. Just what remains to be seen.

Santa Anna's Army of the Dead

Santa Anna's Ejército de los Muertos is indeed an "Army of the Dead." His power stems from his new aide-de-camp, Xitlan (pronounced "EET-lawn"), a mysterious shaman who claims to be a descendent of an ancient Aztec sorcerer that lived in the area when the first Spanish explorers landed on its shores.

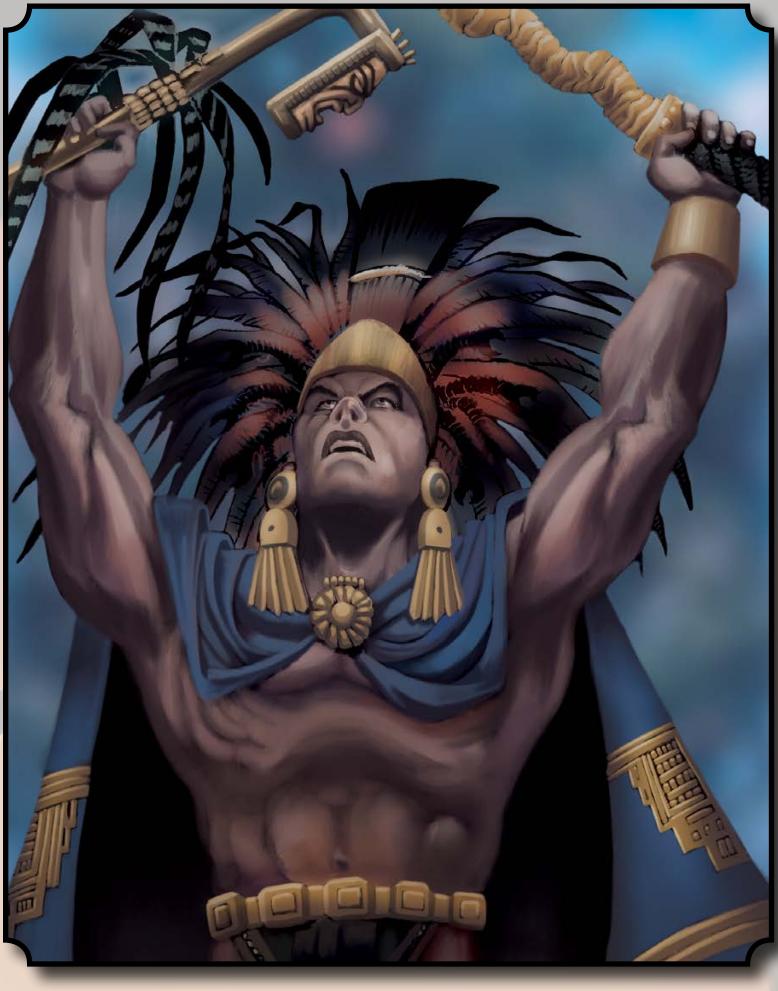
Santa Anna's mortal troops bring up his rear. He mistrusts his soldiers after the debacles of '36 and '48. The regulars are used only to put on a show for spies.

His real army is composed of rotting undead brought back to unlife by Xitlan. These small but deadly creatures are gruesome cannibals with a taste for human brains. Xitlan controls the zombies by use of a special plant mixed in with their usual diet of raw meat.

Use the normal statistics for veteran walkin' dead, but Santa Anna's soldiers' *Deftness* is 3d8, and their *shootin': carbine* skill is 4. Also, add the *fightin': saber* and *fightin': lance* Aptitudes at 3 and the *horse ridin'* skill at 4. These creatures wear the uniforms of the famous Tulancingo Cuirassiers (green tunics, bright bronze breastplates and helmets, and black pants), and carry carbines, sabers, and lances.

Xitlan

Xitlan is what some would call a liche, an undead sorcerer. He's neither Harrowed nor a zombie. He's entirely his own kind of abomination.



Profile: Xitlan

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:4d6, V:3d8

Bow 4d6, fightin': knives 4d6, sneak 5d6, throwin': bolts o' doom 7d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d12, M:2d10, Sm:4d8, Sp:4d8

Academia: occult 8d12, bluff 4d8, faith 8d8, guts 7d8, language: Spanish 4d12, leadership 6d10, medicine: surgery 5d12, overawe 5d10, scrutinize 5d10, search 4d10

Edges: Arcane background: black magic 3

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolt o' doom 4, cloak of evil 3, forewarning 4, pact 5, puppet 5, scrye 5, spook 3, zombie 5

Undead: Focus—Heart

Description: Xitlan looks and dresses like an ancient Aztec priest. He looks pretty good for a walking corpse.

GREAT BASIN

Southern California, Nevada

Southern California and Nevada form the Great Basin. This arid land is mostly desert, though a few lakes and rivers can be found if one knows where to look. There aren't many settlements out this way, so folks don't venture into the Great Basin without a map and enough provisions for several weeks.

The sparsely populated Great Basin has an average Fear Level of 1. It rises dramatically along the Ghost Trail to 3.

DEATH VALLEY

Fear Level 5

It's one of the hottest places on earth. It might even be *the* hottest. A few local prospectors who somehow survive in the region call it "Hell on Earth." The volcanic mountains, particularly the Funeral range, are bare and colored in brilliant reds and yellows dotted only by an occasional stunted mesquite or lone cactus. The lower portions of the valley are covered in salt flats, left there from the occasional wash from the Amargosa River, which I'm told actually contains a few inches of water about three times a year.

DEATH RIDERS

A handful of prospectors scour the scorching desert of Death Valley in search of borax. A few claim to have seen strange black-clad phantoms there, though most dismiss these visions as mirages caused by the incredible heat.

The black riders are minions of the Reckoners, one of the first wave of "scouts" they have sent to Earth. They were hurtled out of the Hunting Grounds to see if they could survive on the ambient fear of the area. They have, though their powers are greatly diminished until Death Valley becomes a Deadland.

The black riders are not happy about their fate. They despise all life and kill any living beings they see.

PROFILE: BLACK RIDERS

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:2d8, S:2d12+4, Q:5d12+4, V:3d8

Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, horse ridin' 8d8, shootin': pistol 8d12

Mental: C:4d12, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d10

Overawe 5d10, search 4d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: –

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Coup: A Harrowed who takes a rider's essence can instantly detect other Harrowed by simply looking at them.

Damage: Ghostly six-guns (ROF 1, range increment 10, damage 4d10, never need reloading)

Immunity—All

Weakness—Blessed Weapons: The riders can only be destroyed by weapons blessed by an ordained minister. The cloak is insubstantial, the horrors' skulls must be shattered to send them back to Hell (by maiming the noggin).

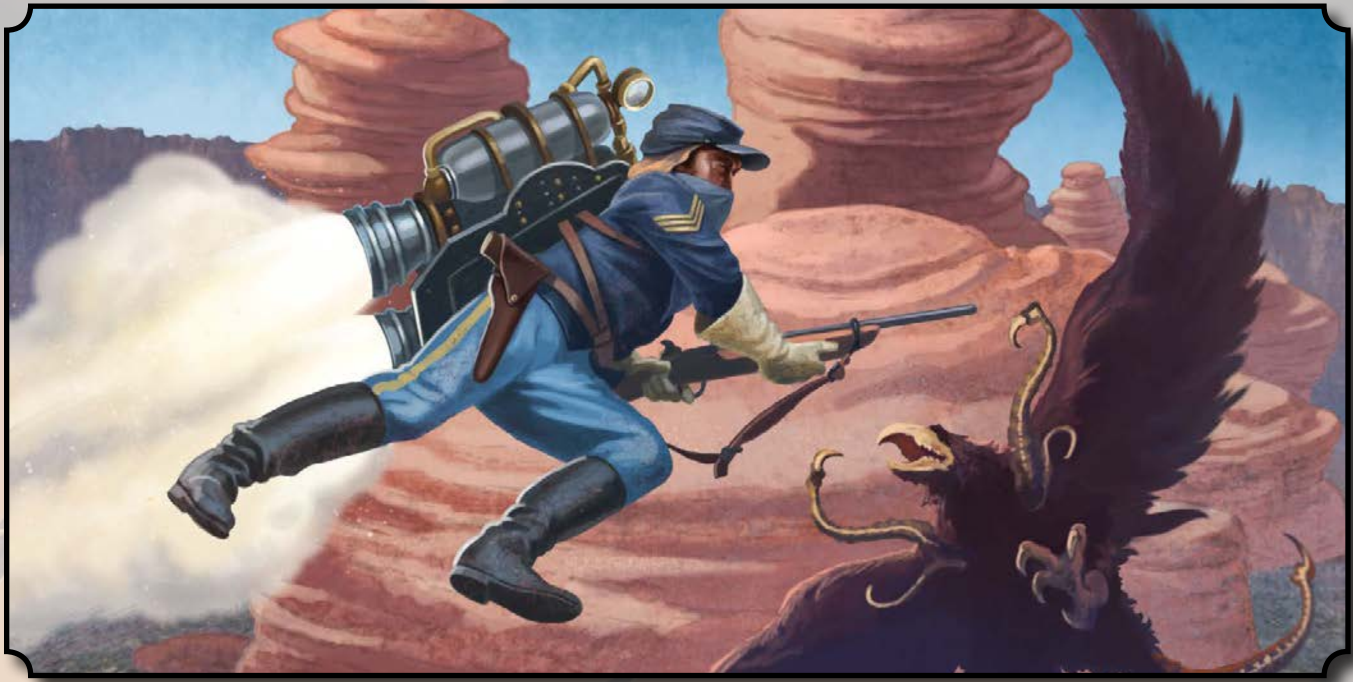
Description: The riders wear tattered black shrouds with a single holster at their waists. Beneath their black cowls, should anyone get that close, are skulls with two glowing red sparks for eyes.

THE DEVIL'S POSTPILES

Fear Level 5

The Devil's Postpiles are huge, octagonal columns of blue, basaltic rock. Some of them are over 60 feet tall. Local legend says a corpse buried near the postpiles will return to life. This has led many to bury their loved ones at the feet of these awesome columns. Some also say that pleading one's case on the fallen's tombstone improves the chances the "spirits" will return their loved ones to life.

Scores of graves contain the heart-wrenching tales of the bereaved. Fathers, sons, mothers, and daughters are all



jammed into the hard earth here. The Apaches believe in the legend of the Devil's Postpiles, but they also claim returning from the dead in such a way taints the victim's soul.

Most of this is true.

Any dead buried in the rocky ground near these strange rock formations draws 5 extra cards to see if they come back Harrowed. The corpse must be fresh, no more than a week old, and completely buried in the stony earth, a task that takes about two man-hours.

Unfortunately, the cursed ground gives the Harrowed's manitou total Dominion when the victim returns from the grave.

If you want to give a hero a chance to come back with Dominion, you can, but you should definitely play out his nightmare, and you should make it harder than Hell.

Walkin' Dead

Whenever anyone spends the night waiting for a companion, there's a chance the lost souls who didn't come back rise as walkin' dead. They don't pursue their prey more than a half-mile from the postpiles, and they return to their graves if not destroyed.

Most nights, the smell of fresh brains causes 3d10 walkin' dead to rise from their graves.

Fort 51

Fear Level 0

Fort 51 is the Union's answer to the Confederate base at Roswell. Officially, however, Fort 51 is an outpost for the 10th Cavalry Regiment. These are the famous "Flying Buffalos" of Captain Jay Kyle.

It was Captain Kyle who bought the group their rocket packs. His men were suffering greatly from Apache snipers situated high on the mountain passes. Being a wealthy individual, Captain Kyle tried a grand experiment. He ordered five rocket packs from the newly opened Smith & Robards' Emporium.

His men trained with the devices for a few weeks, then went on patrol. When the column was ambushed, the five specialists assigned rocket packs bolted into the sky. The Apaches ran in terror and the buffalo soldiers returned home victorious.

Now Kyle has trained the entire regiment to use the rocket packs, of which he now has about 50 functional packs (enough for one troop to use them at a time). Whenever the Federals need to raid south through Apache country, these veterans are their only choice.

The most famous of these is Sergeant Benjamin Amos. He's led more raids into Apache country than any other. He is respected by both Geronimo and his Chiricahuas and the jaded Texas Rangers who frequent Roswell.

There are 17 scientists on the base, as well as their families. A civilian is in charge of the scientists. This is "Mr. Eddington," a mysterious and secretive type who rarely speaks, but keeps his nose in every experiment.

Tales of strange lights seen in the night skies over Fort 51 aren't flying saucers or will-o'-the-wisps. They're the Flying Buffalos in training.

THE GHOST TRAIL

Fear Level 3

The Ghost Trail used to run to Santa Fe, where it turned into the Santa Fe Trail. It came to life in '69 when Southerners forged it bringing loads of ghost rock to Roswell for Jeff Davis' attack on Washington. Since Roswell exploded, the independent contractors working for the government truck their precious loads to the railhead at Tombstone instead.

Bandits and thieves are common, as are the phantoms of those they've slain.

THE MOJAVE DESERT

Fear Level 4

The Mojave (pronounced mo-HA-vee, friends from Back East) is a huge expanse of barren landscape in southern California. Part of the desert is hard and brittle. A few stray cacti and dry scrubs are the only vegetation you'll find. The rest is made up of shifting sand dunes and bizarre rock formations.

More inhospitable country is hard to find. Most folks who try to cross it die from lack of food and water. Travelers who must head into the Mojave for some reason must carry enough provisions for themselves *and* their mounts for several weeks.

MOJAVE RATTLERS

The Mojave is a barren place, but life exists most everywhere. Some of it defies natural law, and some contradicts common sense. Mojave rattlers fall into the latter category.

Unlike most of the monsters of *Deadlands,* rattlers are known and accepted by most folks. They chase prey they hear walking or riding on the ground above. Should a cowpoke feel rumbling in the earth beneath his feet, he should head for a rocky place as fast as possible—the critters can't tunnel through solid stone. Those who aren't near a hunk of stone should stay real still and start praying. Fighting them isn't usually an option, either. Rattler hides are tough and a little bullet won't do much damage to a critter this big anyway.

What only a few folks have figured out is that the rattlers are intelligent—far more so than should give anyone comfort. The Mojave rattlers seem to be the biggest of the West's giant worms. The salt rattlers of Utah are the craftiest. Those who lurk in the Badlands seem to have an affinity for magic—and an agenda to create a new race of beings with human DNA (see *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* to find out if they were successful).

For statistics and more information about these huge and malevolent worms, see page 273.

THE WILD SOUTHWEST

Texas, New Mexico, Arizona

Texas has its fair share of green rolling hills, auburn fields, cottonwood stands, and scrub plains, but the stark mountains of New Mexico and Arizona really stick in a traveler's mind.

Wild Texans, the war between the Apaches, Confederates, and Yankees, and the constant threat of a combined Foreign Legion/Mexican invasion keeps the average Fear Level at 2.

The Grand Canyon is Fear Level 3 thanks to the Laughing Men and the rumored "City of Ghouls."

ADOBE WALLS

Fear Level 3

High in the Texas Panhandle is a ruined village by the name of Adobe Walls. It was built in 1843 by a trading company known as Bent, St. Vrain & Company.

Bent believed this base would give him an edge on his competition, the Kiowa and Comanches, for buffalo hides and stolen horses. The Indians didn't take kindly to Bent's efforts, and he was sent running east with his tail between his legs.

THE FIRST FIGHT

In 1864, Federals withdrew from the Santa Fe Trail to participate in the Civil War. The Comanches and Kiowa took advantage of their absence to raid and pillage the local settlers. Famed Army scout Kit Carson was sent to settle the bill. Along with him were a number of New Mexican volunteers, Utes, Apaches, and five cavalry and two infantry companies.

Carson stumbled into a large encampment and, after a sharp battle, retreated to the "safety" of Adobe Walls. The Indians were all set to overrun the startled soldiers when Carson wheeled around a pair of 12-pound mountain howitzers and opened fire. Carson escaped, harried all the way by the angry Indians, but he lost many of his troopers in the bargain.

THE SECOND FIGHT

The next fight at Adobe Walls took place in '74. Two Dodge City merchants set up a tanning village on the site. Unknown to the hunters, an Indian shaman named Isatai had a vision. He said he had been shown how to make a shirt that could repel a white man's bullets. Isatai's chief, Quanah Parker—later a key member of the Coyote Confederation—wanted revenge for the hunters' slaughter of the buffalo and decided to use the shirts in a raid on the new camp at Adobe Walls.

Parker prepared well for his raid. He and his braves even practiced their assault on a constructed settlement modeled after Adobe Walls. Their plan was to attack at dawn—gaining surprise—and massacre the hunters in their sleep. But a clever saloonkeeper somehow found out about the raid. He even managed to get the town up out of bed early that morning under the pretense that his building was caving in. (The "pop" of his support timbers that awakened half the town was more likely made by his pistol.)

Parker's warband attacked only to find most of the town wide awake. Fortunately for the Comanches, Isatai's magic shirts worked just as the shaman claimed they would.

Only the saloonkeeper's alarm and the clearheaded actions of Bat Masterson allowed most of the hunters to escape. The post was left in ruins.

Now Adobe Walls stands bloodstained and silent in the Texas Panhandle. Quanah Parker and his warband left many dead on the field. The Coyotes won't go near the place, saying it is haunted by ghosts of all the battles fought there. Several unfortunates have camped near Adobe Walls since only to be found dead the following morning.

The truth is that Comanche Chief Quanah Parker and his braves are the ones keeping Adobe Walls free of visitors. They sometimes claim ghosts murdered travelers who tried to stay there, but more often the victims were buffalo hunters poaching on Confederation territory. This is a convenient way for them to get rid of dead white men and keep their relationship with the Confederacy friendly.

The Grand Canyon

Fear Level 3

Truly one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Grand Canyon in Arizona is the largest crevasse on earth. The Navajos call it the "house of stone and light." It is an apt name, for the dramatic shadows and sun-baked canyon walls are startling to behold, whether from the top or from the banks of the Colorado River far below.

Long ago, the Grand Canyon made a wonderful campsite for travelers. Whites and Indians got along, the view was breathtaking, and the only dangerous critters were the occasional snakes and spiders. These days, the shadowy floor of the canyon seems a shade darker, and the echo of a man's voice rings with an unearthly cackle.

The Laughing Men

The most dangerous threat in the Grand Canyon area is posed by a former Black River gang. The band now calls itself the Laughing Men and holes up somewhere in the vast canyon.

The leader of the Laughing Men is "Chuckles" Ryan, a bloodthirsty villain wanted in every state and territory in North America. Little is known of Ryan except that he's a cautious planner with a raspy, constant laugh and a passion for cheap cigars.

His band has taken to laughing their heads off when they ride out of a town they've just robbed—hence the name.

The Laughing Men once worked for the Black River railroad, but they went rogue after Mina Miles took over from her deceased husband. Mina put the Wichita Witches first in line over Ryan's band and the bandits took it personally.

The Laughing Men number over 200 dark-hearted souls. They make their living raiding Indian and white settlements from Texas to Colorado. On a robbery, the Laughing Men usually have 10-30 gunmen, though more may be waiting nearby to persuade pursuing posses that they'd be better off tending beeves than following a marshal into certain death.

The Rangers know the gang operates out of the Grand Canyon, but they have yet to find the secret camp in the area's scarred landscape. That's because Chuckles moves his camp every month or so.

Traitors and trespassers to his camp are dealt with in the most entertaining way possible. Victims are put through a gauntlet of traps, critters, and hand-to-hand combat with his own men. He promises his victims their freedom if they can survive the gauntlet, but no one has yet to survive to see if the bandit would keep his word.

Profile: Chuckles Ryan

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d10, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 4d6, fightin': knife 1d6, sneak 5d6, horse ridin' 4d6, quick draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 5d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d8, M:4d10, Sm:3d10, Sp:2d4

Area knowledge: Grand Canyon 4d8, Artillery 2d10, bluff 3d10, demolition 4d8, disguise 3d8, gamblin' 4d10, guts 4d4, language: Mexican Spanish 2d8, language: Apache 2d8, leadership 4d10, overawe 4d10, persuasion 4d10, ridicule 2d10, scroungin' 2d10, scrutinize 5d10, search 3d10, streetwise 2d10, survival: desert 3d10, trackin' 2d10.

Edges: Levelheaded 5, sand 3.

Hindrances: Mean as a rattler -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 10

Gear: Army .44 revolver, Winchester '73, small knife, 1 stick of dynamite.

Description: Ryan is a thin beardless man, given to wearing smoked glasses against the harsh glare of the sun.

Profile: Typical Laughing Man

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': knife 3d6, sneak 3d6, dodge 2d6, horse ridin' 4d6, quick draw 3d8, Shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 3d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Bluff 1d6, demolition 2d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 3d6, search 3d6, streetwise 3d6, survival: desert 4d6

Edges: None

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty –2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: An assortment of weapons, with knives and Derringers up their sleeves.

Description: The laughing men are an assortment of hard-looking thugs and ruffians.

The City of Ghouls

Whispered legends speaks of something deep in the heart of the Grand Canyon—a set of caves that hold a strange city of the dead. The city is reportedly inhabited by eaters of the dead—ghouls.

No one living has actually seen this fabled city, but the Laughing Men stay out of the bottom of the Canyon, just the same.

La Legion Etrangere

When Emperor Maximillian took over Mexico, he garrisoned the northern border with the refuse of the proud French Army, the Foreign Legion. While the Legion has a valiant fighting record, there is little denying its ranks are made up of the rest of the world's castaways.

Deserters, debtors, and criminals all find homes as Legionnaires. Even the French officers are lost souls forced from the regular regiments to France's unwanted stepchild.

Still, when there's fighting to be done, the Legion is a force to be reckoned with. These desperate men are cunning and ruthless in battle. Though France and the southern states are on cordial terms, the Legionnaires scattered along the forgotten outposts of the border do their best to wreck the relationship. Out of greed or sheer boredom, Legionnaire patrols often wander north to raid the caravans of the Ghost Trail. They rarely leave witnesses to their bloody attacks.

The Texas Rangers know which outposts are responsible, but they can't take action once the "patrols" retreat across the border for fear of spoiling the Confederacy's already tentative relationship with France. The Rangers could likely win a fight with the Legion if they could just catch them. After years of fighting in the deserts of Africa, the Legionnaires can ride fast, hide in plain sight, and survive the incredible heat even better than the Rangers.

Profile: Typical Legionnaire

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d6, S:3d8, Q:3d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 2d6, fightin': knife 4d6, dodge 3d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Guts 3d6, language: English 1d6, Language Spanish 1d6, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 4d6, search 3d6, survival: desert 6d6

Edges: Tough as nails 2

Hindrances: Ferner –3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: A Smith & Wesson Frontier pistol, a Winchester '76 rifle, a knife, a horse and a filthy uniform.

Description: Legionnaires come from a wide variety of sordid pasts, and their diverse appearances reflects that.

NACOGDOCHES, TX

Fear Level 1 (Hey, they're Texans)

Residents of Nacogdoches, Texas, claim the dead rose from their graves last Halloween. The undead were slow, had a hunger for brains, and could only be killed by shooting them in the head.

The things besieged the townsfolk in their homes through the long night. When morning came and the ornery Texans finally figured out how to kill the rotting creatures, the Nacogdochans wheeled out the whiskey kegs and took turns shooting out zombie brains.

The story is as true as it gets, though most of the West laughs at the tales and the Texas Rangers have sworn to wipe out "every damn Nacogdochan" if they talk to the *Tombstone Epitaph*.

Here's how this strange event happened. A few days before Halloween, a B.V. train sped through Texas carrying vats of a special brew. This experimental formula was devised by Baron Simone LaCroix to create the walking dead. Unfortunately, the bridge over the Angelina River near Nacogdoches was out, and the train plummeted into the water. The formula eventually made its way down to the Nacogdoches cemetery.

Fortunately, the brew was not one of Baron LaCroix's better batches. The undead that arose came out slow and near mindless. The gun-toting Texans had an easy time rounding up their undead relatives and planting them back in their holes.

LaCroix continues to send his special potions west to make more work crews as his rail line forges slowly across Arizona. It's only a matter of time before another train wreck creates another zombie uprising. And next time the walking dead may not be as easy to destroy.

Meanwhile, the Nacogdochan's have plan to stage a carnival to mark the anniversary of the zombie rising.

PESTILENCE

Three particularly nasty epidemics hit the Southwest hard this year. The worst of them are found deep in the heart of Texas, and they've very nearly wiped out entire droves of cattle.

TEXAS FEVER

Texas fever is a cattle disease that has driven the price of beef through the roof. The big ranchers have been hit hardest, so the smaller cattlemen are taking advantage of the situation to drive their herds to Dodge before the disease is wiped out.

When a steer's got the fever it starts foaming at the mouth and attacking nearly anything in sight. Anything that can walk a straight line's pretty safe, since the poor animal sure can't anymore. Within a day or two, the afflicted critter collapses to the ground and, soon after, dies.

The only cure for this ailment is the .45 caliber kind.

TUMMY TWISTER

The second disease is called the "Texas Tummy Twister." Anyone who drinks water tainted with this illness feels his insides get all tight. Then the poor sap gets real hungry but just can't seem to eat enough to fill his innards. A few days later, the victim starts coughing blood, then gets so bloated his gizzards burst. Most sawbones think it's some form of dysentery.

The most insidious new plague to wrack the Southwest can't be fought, avoided, or even seen. It's a microscopic critter that lives in still ponds and muddy swimming holes.

Anytime a character drinks from a stagnant Texas watering hole, there's a chance he picks up a Texas tummy twister. The odds are 1 in 4 in southern Texas and 1 in 6 north of Dallas.

Once in a host's gut, the twister clings to the stomach and begins to absorb blood and water. In three days, the thing is the size of a fist. In seven days, it's the size of a cat.

During this time, the twister grows a spiny appendage which it inserts into the spinal column. One week after infection, the host becomes a quasi-mindless puppet.

A human under a twister's control isn't particularly bright. The creature can force its host to manage a few words and remember its close friends' names and whatnot. Anyone who knows the victim instantly sees he is out of sorts, though it usually appears as if the host is merely suffering from a high fever or delirium.

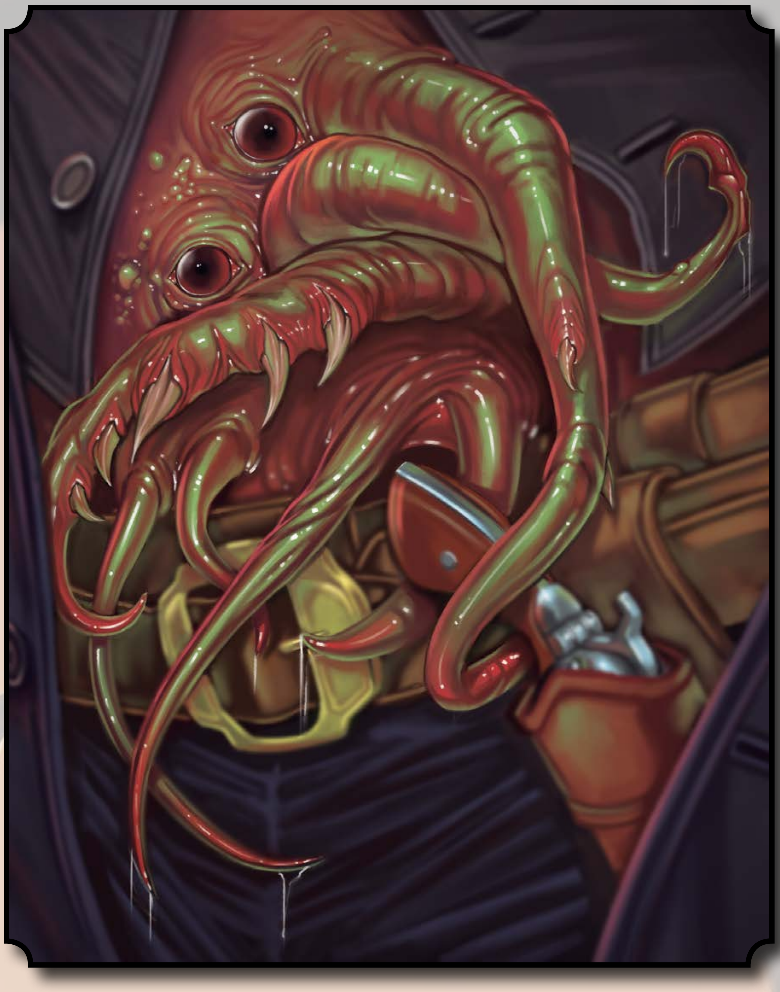
The twister can see poorly through its host's eyes, but it prefers to peek outside the victim's stomach whenever it can. It does this by burrowing out through the abdominal muscles. This causes a light wound to the host's guts (the twister secretes a strange ooze that stops bleeding almost instantly). Anyone who spies the creature peeking out needs to make an Incredible (11) *guts* check. When the twister remains hidden inside, the only visible sign of its hidey-hole is a long, oozing scar.

The twister's goal is to impregnate others with its microscopic children. If it can lure another host within a few inches, it lashes out with its thorny tentacles. If it hits and causes at least one Wind, tiny tummy twisters race into the victim's bloodstream and eventually wind up in his stomach.

Even the best doctors probably can't remove a tummy twister. Their link to the spine means a *medicine: surgery* roll of at least 15. Even then the operation takes at least 10 minutes, and the twister won't just be sitting there waiting to have its tentacles sawed off. There are a more than a few doctors in Texas who have contracted tummy twisters in this way.

The only good way to get rid of a tummy twister is for the host to eat something incredibly spicy. Jalapeños make the nasty critters come crawling out in a few minutes (doing a *critical* but non-bleeding wound to the guts that can't be negated by Fate Chips as they scratch and claw their way out).

Acid also gets rid of them, but doesn't do the host much good (unless he's Harrowed, but then tummy twisters can't live in an undead's stomach anyway). Some mad scientists have used hydrochloric acid to destroy the bellies of those believed to be infected with the critters, though.



Profile: Tummy Twister

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:1d4, S:2d4, Q:3d10, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' (Deftness based) 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d4, M:1d8, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4

Pace: 4

Size: 4

Wind: 10

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Spiny tentacles (STR+1d4)

Infection: See description above.

Description: See the picture above.

Prairie Ticks

The latest and greatest epidemic is caused by prairie ticks. Regular ticks are bad enough, but these suckers are about the size of a man's fist and like to climb down throats. They get inside steers, sheep, horses, and—yes—even humans, and make their happy homes right inside the host's guts. Then the critters just sit there and drain blood until they're about the size of small dogs. Next thing you know, they're digging their way out. And that's the end, friend.

Pretty gruesome, huh? Fortunately, there's a cure for this one. Pour some castor oil or similar nastiness down your gullet and the thing will come crawling out your throat. Needless to say, a person wants to take care of his unwanted visitor before it gets too big.

The statistics for the prairie tick can be found in the color section of Chapter Three.

Sante Fe Trail

The Santa Fe Trail was once known for the murderers and thieves who stalked it. These days, its reputation is even worse.

Shipments of minerals taken from the Maze used to come up the Ghost Trail to Santa Fe. Those that went on to the southern states continued along the Santa Fe, and some wagon trains still follow this route. As bad as the robbers along the Ghost Trail are, they're worse along the more populous Santa Fe.

Working for one of the civilian contractors hauling ghost rock is good work. It's dangerous, of course, but pays well. Wagon masters pay up to $10 a day plus a $25 bounty on the head of every bandit killed along the way. Some folks have made themselves a pretty penny this way, but others simply never returned. It's a long trail with lots of places for a body to get "lost" along the way.

The Indian Territories

The Indians are an enigma to most whites: at times noble and honorable, at others savage and cruel. In truth, they are people just like any other. The tribes have their own cultures, ones that may seem strange to those from more the "civilized" parts of the world. Even more confusing to whites, they are as varied as the people themselves.

There are literally hundreds of different tribes in the West, but there are three groups who have the most influence. From largest to smallest they are the Sioux, the members of the Coyote Confederation, and the Apache.

The Sioux Nations

The Sioux Nations were formed in '72. The Union's initial defeat by Davis' Confederate forces at the Battle of Washington convinced the Indians of the Dakotas that this was the time to reclaim their borders. Sitting Bull started this movement, but even he could not make all the various tribes unite under a single leader.

The tribes' compromise was to reinstate the old council of the Sioux Nations, the "wicasa yatapickas." The wicasas are four wise leaders appointed by the tribes to make decisions on behalf of the Nations.

The wicasas have absolute authority in the Sioux Nations. Any formal dealings with the Sioux must be carried out through this council of revered leaders.

The four tribes directly represented by the wicasas are the Hunkpapa, Miniconjou, Brule, and Oglalas. The other tribes of the Sioux Nations, such as the Northern Cheyenne and Sans Arcs, must make do with winning the ear of one of the wicasas.

Relations with the US

At the moment, relations between the Nations and the US are cool at best. Sioux are allowed to travel the northern states at will, but not in groups of more than five individuals. Anything larger is considered a "raiding party," and the local cavalry is usually called on to "escort" the errant Indians back to their own borders—assuming they're still there by the time the boys in blue show up, of course, which is rarely the case.

The reverse situation is even more stringent. No whites are allowed to cross the Sioux's borders except by means of the Iron Dragon railroad. Even then, a visitor must head directly to Deadwood or certain regions of the Black Hills where the Sioux have allowed mining. Non-designated regions of the Black Hills are off-limits to outsiders, and anyone foolish enough to violate these sacred areas will not likely be seen again.

The locals protested one of these "murders" to the US government. President Grant's only official response to the people of Deadwood was much appreciated by the Sioux. It read simply, "You were warned."

The Old Ways Movement

The wicasas know the world changed in 1863, but most don't know exactly why. They merely believe the spirits are punishing them for some misdeed. All but Sitting Bull say the people must return to the "Old Ways." They must throw off the "evil" influence of the white man—guns and other manufactured artifacts—and return to nature.

The old Sioux leadership made this idea law back in '65, and the Sioux Nations have kept it so. Publicly, every Sioux acknowledges the Old Ways. Warriors hunt with bows and arrows, knives are made from stone, and so on.

The shamans believe the Old Ways have pleased the spirits, for their powers have grown greatly.

The United States military is thrilled with the Old Ways movement, since it means the Indians are easy pickings for their Gatling guns should a war develop. The Army may eat its words if the shamans' powers continue to grow.

Custer's Last Stand

Since General Custer's defeat at the Battle of Little Big Horn, the US government has treated the Sioux with a new measure of respect. Grant, despite Generals Sherman and Sheridan's contempt for the wicasas, saw Little Big Horn as proof that the Sioux are a legitimate nation instead of a loose alliance of individuals. The President may not be able to keep the two nations' differences from starting a war, but he is dedicated to trying.

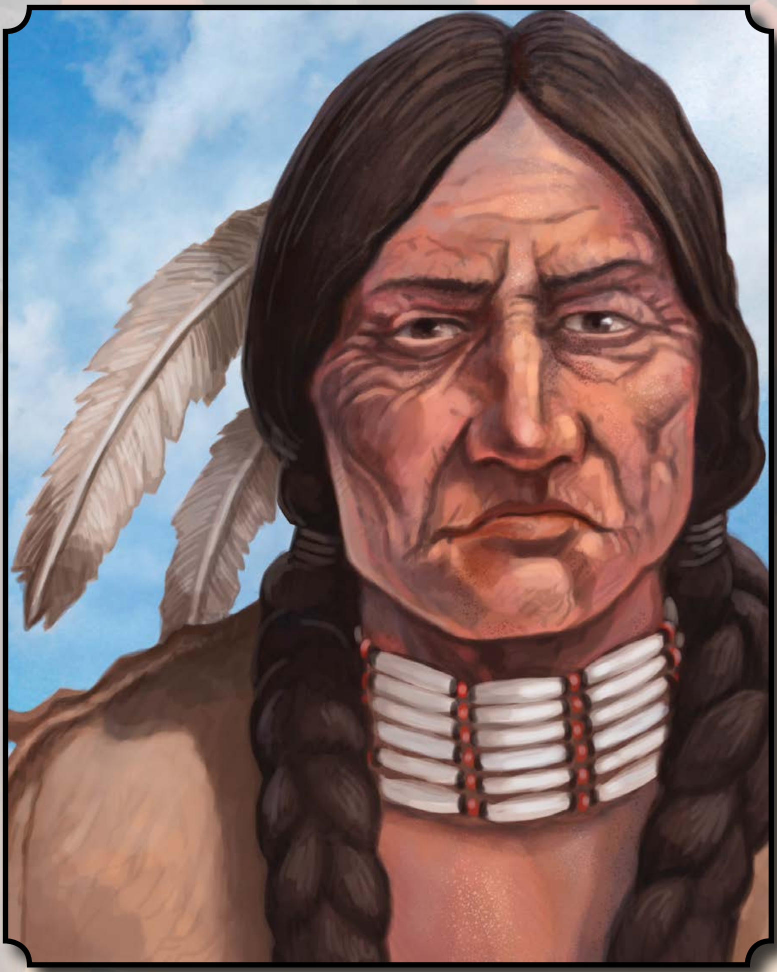
For more information of the confrontation between the Union and the Sioux, the battle of Little Big Horn and details on the Deadwood Creek Treaty, check out the **Deadwood** section on page 353.

The Order of the Raven

Not every Indian is thrilled with the return of the Old Ways. Soon after the wicasas made the Old Ways law, a quiet rebellion took place, especially among many of the younger Sioux warriors.

These rebels are called the Order of the Raven. All bear a tattoo of their namesake somewhere on their body, usually hidden in the most remote or secret place possible.

When the wicasas caught word of the rebellion, they gave all members of the Sioux Nations one week to burn off any Raven tattoos. From that point on, anyone caught with the mark would be put to death. Slowly.



Sitting Bull

Sitting Bull is the "Hunkpapa wicasa," the leader of the wicasas, and he has his own ideas about the course the Sioux Nations should follow. His speeches, subtle to Indians unused to politicians, hint that war is inevitable.

His most memorable speech was just after the Deadwood Treaty of '75. While he spoke kind words in English, his message in Sioux was less than gracious. In fact, he called the Union soldiers murderers and liars. And all the while Generals Sherman and Terry (not knowing a word of Sioux) just kept smiling and nodding their heads.

Needless to say, when the Generals were later told what Sitting Bull had said in front of them, it didn't do much to improve relations between the Indians and the US Army. This overt mocking of US power may be what led to the massacre at the Little Big Horn

The unfortunate truth is that Sitting Bull himself is a Ravenite. Under the advice of the Hooded One (see below), he quietly organized those he knew were resistant to the Old Ways to start acquiring guns and other arms. Some day, Sitting Bull plans to lead his people into battle against the whites, starting with the "invaders" in Deadwood and the Black Hills. He is waiting for an incident to turn popular opinion against the Old Ways. Then he plans to depose the other wicasas and declare himself "the Great Chief." The Battle of the Little Big Horn, and the victory of the Old Wayers over the US cavalry, set him back several years.

The Hooded One

A shaman known only as the "Hooded One" has become one of Sitting Bull's closest companions. What no one knows is that this mysterious figure is none other than Raven. See the **Coyote Confederation** section for more information.

Iron Dragon

The provisions of the Deadwood Creek Treaty meant Iron Dragon could build a spur to Deadwood. Sitting Bull , saw a chance to arm his braves.

Sitting Bull's cohorts approached Iron Dragon and set up a meeting between their chief, Kang, and the Hooded One. In exchange for Sitting Bull's influence with the wicasas, Kang agreed to transport arms into the Sioux Nations—a direct violation of both US federal law and the Great Fathers' dictates.

Once a month, a private train enters the Sioux Nations and delivers weapons to the waiting Indians. These are bought with fees extorted from unregistered miners in the Black Hills, jumped claims, and thievery. Most of the shipments consist of rifles and ammunition, but dynamite and a few artillery pieces have been delivered as well. Sitting Bull's Order of the Raven should be well-armed when he decides to strike.

COYOTE CONFEDERATION

The Coyote Confederation was formed in '74, just a few months after the second battle of Adobe Walls. The four principle tribes are the Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Kiowa. Several smaller tribes—notably the Kiowa-Apache, what's left of the Cherokee, and a few others—are also members, but they don't have enough population to have any real influence.

Geographically, the tribes are spread out over Indian Territory in the Oklahoma region and maintain their villages in the center of the Confederation. Patrols of 10-20 braves (both male and female) roam the borders looking for intruders. Running into one is bad news.

The leader of the Coyote Confederation is a shaman known, appropriately enough, as "Coyote." All of the tribal chiefs have Coyote's ear, but the two most influential by far are Quanah Parker of the Comanche and Satanta of the Kiowa.

COYOTE

As far as is known, only Parker and Satanta know Coyote's true identity. The shaman wears a long cloak of vermillion, and his or her face is always shrouded inside its deep hood. Most agree the Confederation Great Chief is a male from his deep booming voice, but they disagree on whether he is young or old, Comanche, Cheyenne, Kiowa, or other. The truth is Coyote is Chief Quanah Parker's closest companion, Isatai, the engineer behind the attack on Adobe Walls back in '74.

Strangely enough, Isatai had not created a magical vest for himself, thinking he would stay well back from the battle and watch the braves do the fighting. But one of the whites had deadly aim, and Isatai fell bleeding to the ground.

After the battle, Parker and Satanta sent their warband home and personally took the mortally wounded Isatai to die on the sacred Black Mesa of Oklahoma. There the three fasted and gave thanks to the spirits for their victory in battle while preparing Isatai's spirit for passage into the Hunting Grounds.

While Parker and Satanta waited, they talked of the Sioux Nations and dreamed of a new land for their own people. Isatai overheard their conversation, and in his delirium he experienced an epic vision.

The spirit of the great Coyote, the trickster, told Isatai that he would live, but only if he created a new confederation of the People in the trickster's name.

Enigmatically, Coyote also told Isatai that he must lead the new nation instead of Parker or Satanta, though the shaman must always keep his true identity a secret. Isatai asked why, but the trickster only hinted at a dire fate should Isatai's true face be revealed.

Isatai reluctantly told Chief Parker and Satanta of his vision. To his surprise, they agreed to gather the People together and allow Isatai to lead them. They, of course, would remain by his side and offer their own guidance as well, but Isatai, under the guise of "Coyote," would from that day forward be the Great Chief of the Coyote Confederation.

Isatai healed as Coyote had said he would, though when he donned his robe, his seeping wound dyed it deep vermillion. The wound has not stopped seeping to this day, though Isatai is stronger than ever before.

To his vermillion robe, Isatai added a deep hood that would forever hide his face. Thus was this Coyote, the Great Chief of the Coyote Confederation, born from the blood of Isatai.

RAVEN'S PLAN

The unfortunate truth is that the "Coyote" who gave Isatai his vision was actually Raven. He plans on assassinating Isatai one day and quietly assuming his identity, putting the entire Confederation at his command.

Allies

Coyote has a deal with the Southern states that has become fairly common knowledge since '76. Warbands serve as Confederate allies, raiding settlements or garrisons in Kansas and other border states. Quanah Parker and Satanta are often at the head of these raids.

Publicly, Coyote advocates the independence of the Confederation and the sovereignty of its borders. He sees Southerners as kindred spirits, fighting for their independence from the hated "blue bellies." He does not encourage his people to hate outsiders, but neither does he tolerate uninvited visitors in their lands. Most who wander into the Confederation don't wander back out unless they had a good reason for their visit.

The Buffalo War

Chief Quanah Parker is the Great Chief of the Comanche tribes and one of the three most important figures in the Coyote Confederation.

Chief Parker makes no secret of his distrust of white men. He particularly hates buffalo hunters. He has good reason, of course, for the massacres of the southern herds cause his people to starve.

Parker has made it known that buffalo hunters will not be tolerated in Confederation territory. Those caught trespassing meet their fates in the most painful ways possible.

Parker's private war on buffalo hunters led to an attack on a skinning camp at Adobe Walls in '74. The violent battle was so widely reported and reviled by both sides that it almost sparked a war with the Confederacy.

The papers call Parker's semiprivate feud the "Buffalo War." If you're heading west to get in on the buffalo craze, I'd advise you to avoid the temptation of entering Indian Territory. Both governments have publicly forbidden it, though since neither have any real authority there, the hunters ignore them. This gives Parker a free hand to deal with the hunters as he sees fit. His cause is just, but he can be a cruel and merciless opponent.

The Old Ways

The Sioux's Old Ways movement has caught on among the elders of the Confederation, including Coyote himself. He has yet to enforce it, most likely because his close friend Chief Quanah Parker is openly against it. Parker has been known to carry a Gatling pistol on occasion, and his closest companions have collected many odd technological devices, "trophies" of their frequent raids.

Satanta believes strongly in the Old Ways. He is a very spiritual man and believes technology is the cause of the white man's greed.

The Apache

The Apache are the predominant Indian tribe in southern Arizona. Raiding and warfare are a way of life for them, and they have gained a well-deserved reputation as fierce warriors. One of the foremost warriors among them was the great Chiricahua leader, Cochise.

Cochise was at first willing to live in peace with the white settlers who came to the area. Then, in 1861, he was falsely accused of kidnapping a rancher's son and stealing some cattle. The soldiers sent to recover the boy and livestock tried to capture Cochise under a false flag of truce. He escaped and soon thereafter—embittered by his experiences—led the Chiricahua Apache on raids against the white settlements in the area.

When the Civil War began, Confederate forces swept into New Mexico and Arizona. The Union forces, weakened by the desertion of many of their number to the Confederacy, burned their forts and withdrew east. The Apaches thought the withdrawal was due to their attacks and stepped up their raiding, hoping to expel all white settlers in the area.

In 1862, a column of Union volunteers from California entered the territory and succeeded in driving the Confederate forces out. After defeating the Rebs and being reinforced by volunteers from New Mexico, the bluebellies turned their attention (in a military manner of speaking) toward the Apaches and Navajos. They were able to make some progress against these tribes until the West got weird. About 1864 or so, the Apaches were able to match the soldiers' firepower with some of a more spiritual nature.

It wasn't long before the Chiricahuas began to gain the upper hand in the fight, and the Union troops were forced to retreat back within the safety of the forts they had constructed. By 1866, the two groups' roles were reversed. The Apaches patrolled the area while the soldiers conducted quick hit-and-run raids against Apache encampments.

The Great Quake of '68 changed things dramatically. Beforehand, the majority of the Union forces stationed in Arizona were originally from California. Those soldiers who didn't immediately desert their posts after hearing about the quake were recalled by the California state government soon after. Once again, the forts were burned as they were left behind, but this time the troops withdrew west.

SLAUGHTER

For a few short months, the Apache were masters of their own destiny. Then Rebel troops from Texas moved in to back up Jeff Davis' claim to the Maze and protect the vital Ghost Trail. They were led by General Joseph Ewell Slaughter, a bloodthirsty devil who took a dim view of any Indian who was still drawing breath. Needless to say, he took an even dimmer view of Indians who were riding around, shooting up his precious ghost rock convoys.

Slaughter lived up to his name. His troops carved a bloody swath across New Mexico and Arizona. Slaughter didn't have many men, but those he had, he drove relentlessly. He hired scouts from tribes hostile to the Apache to help him locate and destroy them.

Still celebrating their "victory" over the bluebellies, the Apaches weren't prepared for such a ferocious onslaught. Many of the tribes were defeated and forced to relocate to the Bosque Redondo, a reservation on the Pecos River in New Mexico. Cochise and most of the Chiricahuas fled into the Dragoon Mountains and established a hidden stronghold there.

After breaking the Apaches' hold on the area, Slaughter built and garrisoned a string of forts along the route used by the mule trains, to protect the ghost rock shipments from attacks by Indian and Mexican raiders. The war in the East was temporarily stalemated, so Davis risked sending large numbers of troops west to man these forts.

Once the Ghost Trail was secured, Slaughter focused his attention on destroying the Chiricahua and Cochise, the only chief in Arizona Territory who openly defied Confederate rule. Small bands of his warriors would slip down from the hills at night and ambush patrols or destroy livestock and property.

Slaughter used this as an excuse to kill and torture any Apache he could get his bloodstained hands on, trying to find Cochise's secret lair. But the Indians wouldn't talk.

Slaughter sent numerous patrols to scour the area in and around the Dragoon Mountains. Most of the patrols only succeeded in wasting good boot leather and getting a few of their number shot by unseen foes. Cochise's warriors refused to give Slaughter the stand-up battle he wanted, preferring instead to strike from ambush and then disappear into the rugged countryside.

Frustrated and enraged at his troops' failure to find the Apache leader, Slaughter wired Richmond for more troops. Davis responded by taking half of Slaughter's soldiers to use in the attack against Washington.

The loss of these additional troops stretched what was left almost to the breaking point. The unhappy Slaughter's forces were deployed in a thin line across New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California. For a while, the bloodthirsty general was forced to give up his personal vendetta against Cochise.

The Death of Cochise

The Battle of Washington created an insatiable demand for troops Back East. The isolated and desperate western garrisons continued to escort wagon trains through the area, but all offensive operations against the Apache were suspended. Cochise took advantage of this weakness and stepped up his raiding.

Ghost-rock shipments were temporarily suspended after the accident at Roswell. During this time, a number of the forts were abandoned and the garrisons were quickly consolidated. One of the forts which remained active was Fort Huachuca. General Slaughter used the strengthened garrison here to resume his hunt for Cochise and take down the Apache leader once and for all.

Slaughter was destined to be disappointed. According to the Apaches on the reservation, Cochise died in his mountain stronghold on June 8, 1874.

The final resting place of Cochise's body remains a mystery to outsiders, and the Apaches certainly aren't volunteering any information. Not content to allow his old adversary to rest in peace, Slaughter has offered a $2,000 reward to anyone who brings him the chief's remains. So far, no one's taken him up on it, although many white bounty hunters have tried and have paid for their efforts with their lives.

But the truth is the Apaches' great chief Cochise is not dead—yet. Aging and in ill-health, he realized he was no longer up to the task of leading his warriors in battle. He consulted with some of the medicine men of his tribe and found another way in which he could help his people.

Aided by the tribal shamans, Cochise's spirit has entered the Hunting Grounds to bind a powerful mountain spirit—or "gan"—to his service. Cochise forced the spirit to grant the *wilderness walk* favor to the entire Chiricahua tribe and mask the location of their mountain hideout from outsiders. This supernatural aid has greatly helped the Chiricahua warriors, enabling them to easily ambush their enemies and then vanish without a trace.

Needless to say, the nature spirits do not grant such requests easily. Cochise may only bind the spirit while his body lives. While his spirit is in the Hunting Grounds, his body lies in a cavern deep within the mountains.

Tribal shamans tend to his body, sustaining him with powerful potions and magic. Despite this, his physical form is slowly losing strength and will eventually expire. At the moment of his death, the gan is freed from service. A great earthquake will shake the Dragoon Mountains and collapse the chamber in which Cochise's body resides, entombing him within the heart of the mountain forever. His spirit will be trapped in the Hunting Grounds for eternity as a servant of the gan.

When running encounters with the Apache, remember that the *wilderness walk* favor only masks sound and obscures tracks. It can't prevent someone from eye-balling an Apache peeking up from behind a rock.

The Chiricahuas live in a group of caves high in the Dragoon Mountains. The caves are only accessible by climbing a sheer cliff face via a series of small ledges and natural handholds. This is no problem for a Chiricahua. Anyone else who tries to climb the cliff must contend with the gan.

To climb the cliff, a non-Chiricahua character must make three opposed rolls of *climbin'/Spirit* versus the gan's *Spirit* of 4d10. The character must get at least a raise against the gan to progress to the next roll. If the mountain spirit gets a raise against the character, the climber must back down off the cliff and start again. If the gan gets two raises or more, it has managed to mislead the character in some way, either obscuring a handhold or tricking the character into reaching for a nonexistent one, and the character falls into the gulch below, taking 10d6+50 falling damage.

Any Chiricahuas who are aware of the characters' presence won't take kindly to the intrusion, so you may want to apply a modifier to the characters' rolls if they are being sniped at while climbing.

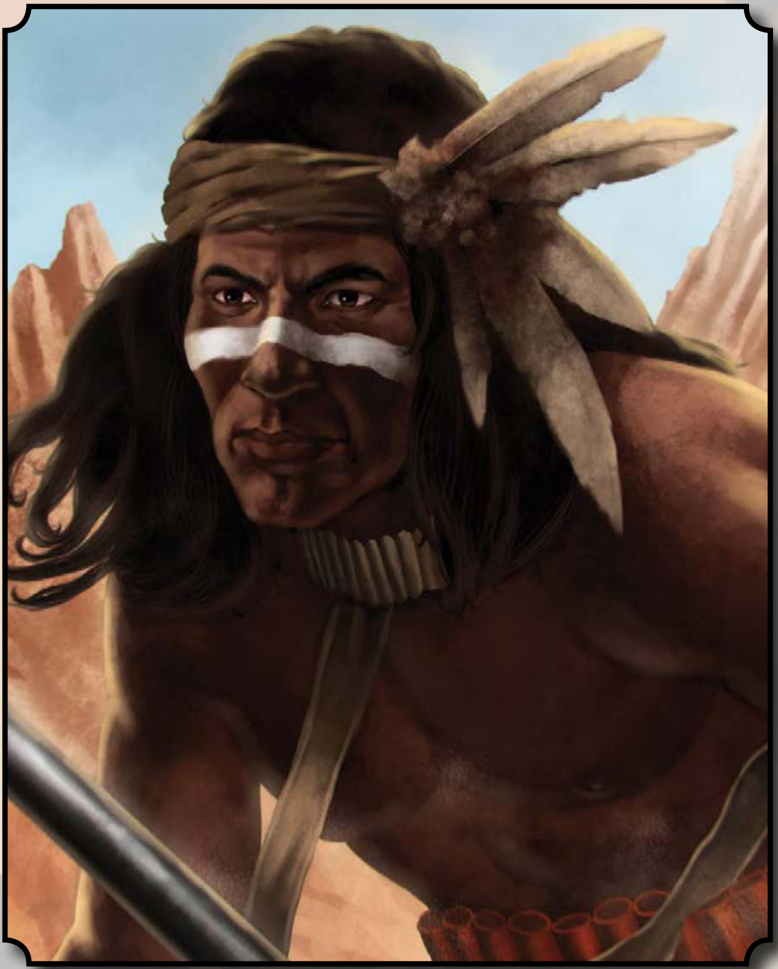
GERONIMO

After Cochise's alleged death, the mantle of leadership passed to Geronimo. Geronimo was born a Nednis Apache, but after losing his family to Mexican raiders, he came to live and fight with the Chiricahuas and is now considered one of them. He is a skilled warrior and leader and has gained a reputation among the Chiricahua as one with great spiritual power.

Geronimo has vowed to take Slaughter's scalp in retribution for the suffering he has caused the Apaches. Under his leadership, the Chiricahua continue to raid wagon trains going to and from the Maze, outlying ranches, farms, and—now that the railroad has arrived—trains.

Although weary of war, Geronimo knows his people can only live free if they fight for that freedom. He also realizes the Apache are not strong enough to engage the Confederate forces in open battle—their superior numbers and artillery would make short work of the Chiricahua. Because of this, his warriors have become masters in the art of ambush and concealment.

The Apache warriors always avoid a fight unless they have the advantage in either numbers or position. Unfortunately for the Confederate soldiers, this is increasingly the case these days. Many of the soldiers tell stories of ambushes where the Apaches fired on them and then simply disappeared, leaving no trace. Even veteran trackers have often failed to find the Apaches' trail.



The Rebels know of the Flying Buffalos' success in fighting the Apache, but Jeff Davis has yet to send them the rocket packs they need to emulate Captain Kyle's famous fighting force. The Confederates hate the Flying Buffalos, particularly the noted Sergeant Amos, who has made them look like fools on more than one of their raids.

Encountering Indians

Bands of braves from various tribes can be encountered just about anywhere in the Weird West. Check out the *Ghost Dancers* book for more information on the various tribes, as well as more in-depth rules for making Indian heroes (and villains).

Profile: Typical Indian Brave

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, Q:4d6, S:3d8, V:3d8

Bow 3d8, Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': war club 3d10, horse ridin' 2d10, shootin': rifle 3d8 (omit if the warrior follows the Old Ways), sneak 2d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Faith 2d8, guts 3d8, overawe 2d8, survival: home environment 4d6

Edges: Fleet-footed 2

Hindrances: Stubborn -2

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: A war club (treat as a large club), a bow, 20 arrows, a Ballard `72 rifle (unless an Old Ways follower) and a horse.

Description: The description above best fits one of the Plains Indian tribes, but it can be easily adapted for Indians from other regions.

The Heart of the West

Now it's time to get down to the nitty-gritty on three towns best represent what the West is all about: Deadwood in the USA, Dodge in the Disputed Lands, and Tombstone in the CSA, the so-called, "Heart of the West."

There are more important places, like Denver, the City of Lost Angels, and Salt Lake City, but these places don't have the boomtown feel that really sums up the Western experience. Send your posse to Deadwood, Dodge, or Tombstone and they'll really discover what the Weird West is all about.

Deadwood

Fear Level 4.

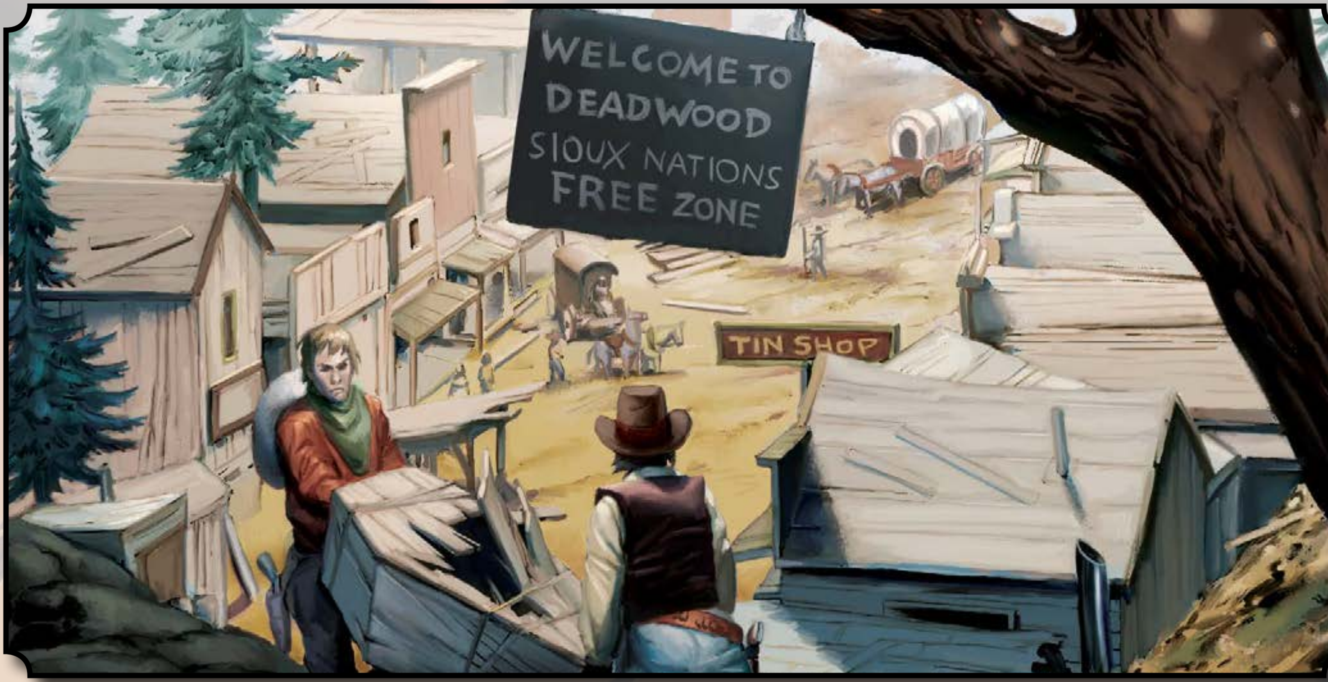
Deadwood is a town under siege. It sits smack dab in the middle of the Sioux Nations, at the northern edge of the Black Hills. Its only connection to the US of A is a single rail line run by the Iron Dragon Railroad, although those too cheap to pay Kang's price sometimes try to hoof it in under the power of their own horses.

Large groups of Sioux patrol the area around the town, and anyone caught violating the terms of the Deadwood Creek Treaty is ejected from the Nations—if they're lucky. The corpses of those who fight back can be seen hanging from poles along the trail to the Black Hills, a warning to those who would violate the hospitality of their hosts. Smart travelers pay Kang's fare and save their families the grief.

The Pole Men

Altogether, the Sioux have only hung seven corpses on the poles lining the road from Deadwood to the Black Hills. So how come there's over 20 now? Read on.

When Sioux patrols are forced to kill (usually when a rogue miner draws a gun), they turn the body over to the miner's compatriots. If no one claims the body, they lash it to the poles along the Deadwood road.



Miners who travel the road every day are forced to look at these grisly remains. The sweet fear they produce caught the Reckoners' attention, and they gave life to a new abomination: the pole men.

Anyone traveling the road alone at night discovers this grisly secret, but only while it is raining. On these nights, the water loosens the grisly gray flesh of the creatures on the poles and grants them unholy life.

As the lone victim passes beneath the corpses, the horrors' dead eyes open, their legs elongate to reach the ground, and their rubbery arms shake loose of their bonds. The doomed soul must make an Incredible (11) *guts* check.

If the pole men can capture a sorry traveler, they erect a new pole and tie him to it. Death comes slowly from the loop the horrors place around his neck.

Profile: Pole Men

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:5d12, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:2d6

Dodge 8d12, fightin': brawlin' 5d12, sneak 4d12

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Pace: 14 (due to their long legs)

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Entanglin': The pole men usually have little trouble with their prey because the poor sod is dumbstruck with terror. When someone manages to fight back, the pole men attempt to wrap them up in their long, rubbery arms. This is an opposed *fightin': brawlin'* roll. When the pole men get their prey under control, they lash him to a new pole where he begins to hang (use the hangin' rules).

Undead: Focus—head

Description: See above.

History

In August of 1875, a prospector by the name of Frank Bryant and some of his friends snuck into the Sioux Nations. Bryant and company had heard rumors of gold in the Black Hills and figured it was worth the risk. They found gold, and plenty of it, but they also found something more valuable: ghost rock.

Bryant and his friends spent a month in the Black Hills, avoiding the local Indians and mining what they could. The Sioux eventually caught them, tied them behind their horses, and dragged them over 100 miles to the border.

When Bryant recovered, more ornery than ever, he decided to recruit a larger band of miners and head back into the

Nations. This time, Bryant vowed, they would be armed.

The trespassers were successful and, with no other competition, soon found enough gold and ghost rock to set them up for life. This time, Bryant and his cronies slipped out of the Nations before the Sioux caught on.

Although Bryant swore his companions to a vow of silence, the miners' money bought a lot of whiskey, and soon the secret was out. Less than a week later, the rush was on.

An angry Bryant and his few remaining friends ran back toward the Nations for one last load. They arrived to find they were not alone. Other miners were already digging away in the sacred Black Hills.

Despite a few early disputes (usually resolved with one party meeting its maker), the miners worked out a rough claim system and set to work. Bryant's gang came out on top, staking their previous claims and most of the areas they thought would yield more gold or ghost rock.

It didn't take long for the Sioux to discover what was happening in their sacred hills. Small bands began to attack the prospectors, forcing them to work with a pick in one hand and a Colt in the other. The dead mounted on both sides. The surviving miners, determined to hold onto their claims, banded together in defense under Bryant.

One cold, rainy night found the Sioux surrounding the last starving trespassers. As men will do when doom seems certain, the desperate miners vowed a sacred pact to one another. The following morning, the bleary-eyed miners were amazed to see the Sioux had vanished.

They didn't know the Great Fathers had recalled the warriors for a great powwow. More miners were heading into the Nations. Wagonloads of them.

While the Great Fathers tried to figure out what to do with the invaders, Bryant's miners got together and formalized their pact. Thus was formed the Deadwood Miners Alliance. The terms were simple. Members of the alliance were required to spend one day a week on "militia" duty instead of mining. This consisted of either patrolling the area for Sioux war bands or working on the stockade that was being constructed at the junction of Deadwood and Whitewood creeks. This arrangement allowed the miners to work their claims in relative safety. For a while at least.

The Deadwood Creek Massacre

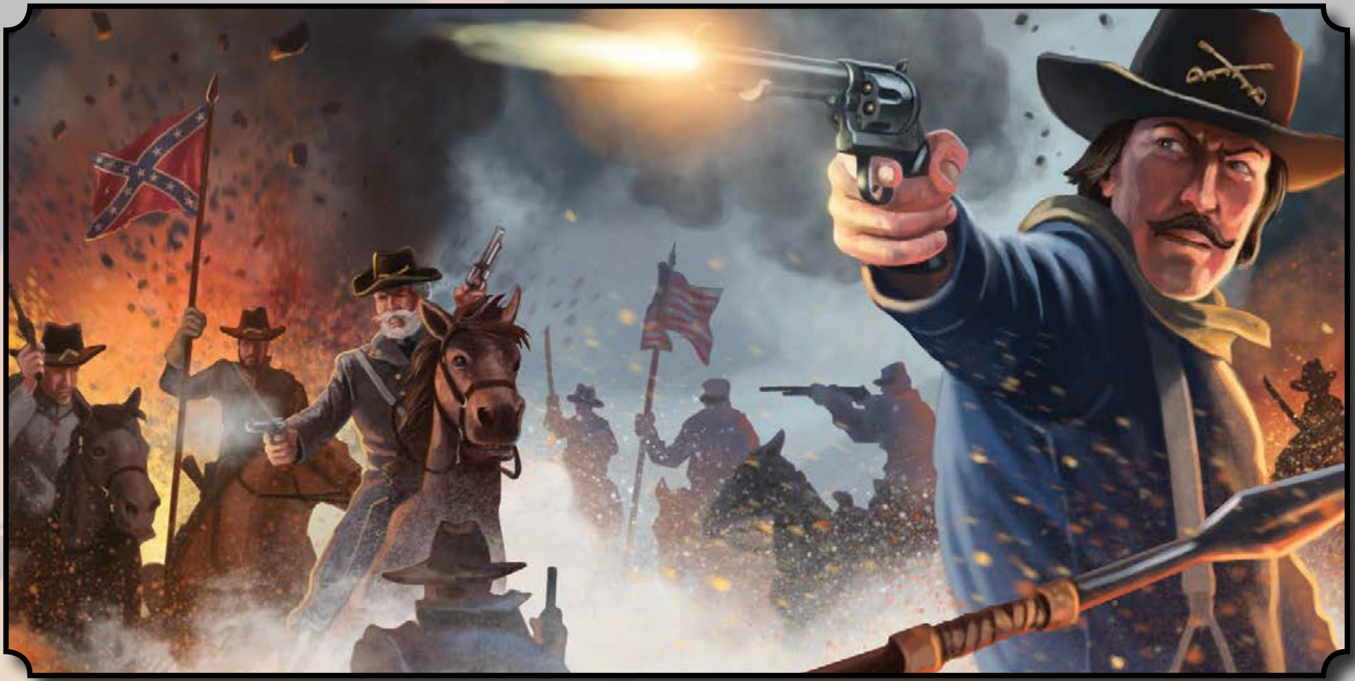
The stockade was completed in early October of '75 and was called home by more than a hundred miners. The miners lived in their stockade and traveled to their mines or streams each day. During this time, a few lone Sioux were seen watching the miners from a distance, but they were eerily quiet and did not attack.

The flow of ghost rock slowed as the weather turned colder—the miners became more concerned with filling their faces than their pockets. The Great Fathers heard the reports of the miners' difficulties and made their decision. They ordered their warriors to harass any foraging parties sent out from the stockade. The warriors weren't supposed to attack the miners, but they were to keep them from gathering food or catching game.

One of the warband leaders, a Brulé Sioux named Red Bear, did not have the patience to starve the miners out. He urged anyone who would listen to take to the warpath and drive the white man from the sacred hills. He soon found a receptive audience.

In early November, a party of miners was out hunting. Some Sioux warriors rode ahead of them, making noise and scaring away all the game in the area. Frustrated, the miners opened fire on the braves, killing two of them. A short skirmish followed, and another Indian and a miner bought the farm. The miners retreated to the safety of the Deadwood stockade.

Around the campfire that night, Red Bear told the angry braves that the time had come to end the desecration of the



Black Hills. Eager for vengeance, they agreed. Messengers were sent to gather warriors from the nearby villages.

The Sioux wicasa forbade the attack, but the Hooded One promised Red Bear he would be successful in an attack, but only if he struck that very night.

The warband attacked the fort before the distant Fathers could put together a force to stop them. After hours of vicious fighting, Red Bear was thoroughly victorious. The stockade was burned to the ground, and most of the miners who ran for the hills were ridden down like animals. Of the more than 100 inhabitants of Deadwood Creek, less than 10 made it out of the Sioux Nations alive. Frank Bryant was one of them.

Little Big Horn

When news of the slaughter reached the public, there was an immediate demand for the government to take some action. The Army was hesitant to waste troops avenging some fool miners who got killed because they were where they shouldn't have been, but the existence of such a large deposit of ghost rock east of California could not be ignored. After much debate, Congress authorized a punitive expedition against the Sioux.

Not much could be done during the winter months. After things warmed up in the spring, Union troops under General Terry headed into the Nations to teach the Sioux a lesson. Terry divided his forces in two, hoping to catch Sitting Bull's forces in a pincer movement.

The southern force was the 7th Cavalry, led by the fair-haired Lieutenant-Colonel George Armstrong Custer. Custer quickly discovered a Sioux encampment and decided to attack it with only a portion of his available forces.

Custer was quickly surrounded at the Little Big Horn by Sioux warriors led by Crazy Horse and a Hunkpapa chief named Gall. His men were wiped out, but he managed to escape. Custer claims he was able to fight his way free, but in actuality he was purposefully left alive. When all his men lay dead at his feet and his cartridges were spent, Crazy Horse, the Hooded One, and Red Bear approached. No one knows what happened next, but Custer was soon sent galloping for the border.

Custer returned to Wyoming in disgrace, but he wasn't defeated yet. While recovering from his wounds he began to organize another expedition against the Sioux, this time without authorization from Terry, the Army, or Washington.

Only a few regulars remain in Custer's command. The rest are volunteers outraged by the massacre or eager to get at the gold and ghost rock of the Black Hills.

The Deadwood Creek Treaty

Sitting Bull has no love for the white man. Most know he favors war, and it wouldn't surprise many if one day he gets his wish, especially if the whites don't quit breaking "sacred" promises and treaties • and trespassing on Sioux lands.

Some were surprised when Sitting Bull proposed to allow limited mining and settlement in the Black Hills. Those who knew Sitting Bull weren't surprised at all. It was clear from the beginning he would only allow mining so that he could raise money to fund a future war effort. The rest of the Great Fathers went along with him because they knew they couldn't keep the miners out and the concession would keep the US military off their backs.

Reaction to the offer in Washington was favorable, mainly because it made it look like the politicians had accomplished something besides getting the 7th Cavalry killed. Grant knew the country didn't have the resources for a full-scale war against the Sioux—the Confederates were giving the Union enough trouble. Sitting Bull's proposal avoided that while still giving the country access to an invaluable source of ghost rock.

On July 1, 1876, Sitting Bull (representing the Sioux Nations) and Generals Terry and Sherman (representing the United States) met at the site of the massacre and signed what came to be known as the Deadwood Creek Treaty. A year later the treaty has held. An uncomfortable peace has settled over the town of Deadwood. How long it will last is anyone's guess.

Deadwood Reborn

Only days after the treaty was signed, the Iron Dragon Railroad began laying track toward Deadwood. The line was quickly completed, and a sea of tents soon covered the old massacre site. Despite the restrictions placed on them, hundreds of miners scrambled to be the first to strike it rich in the Black Hills.

The merchants, outfitters, gamblers, and soiled doves weren't far behind. Only a few months after the treaty was signed, Deadwood became a bustling boomtown. In September, the town elected a town council and its first mayor, Sol Star. Seth Bullock was later elected the town's first marshal.

The Deadwood Miners Alliance

The inhabitants of Deadwood trust Sitting Bull about as far as they can throw his namesake. Treaty or no, the good citizens realize that if trouble should arise, they can only rely on themselves for defense. Some of the miners who survived the massacre have returned to their claims. One of those is Frank Bryant, who has also revived the idea of the Deadwood Miners Alliance.

Close to 70% of the male (and a not-inconsiderable portion of the female) population of Deadwood belongs to the DMA. Members are required to own a functioning firearm and spend one day a month on duty, patrolling the mines of fellow members.

Not surprisingly, many of the young Sioux braves are unhappy with a band of armed whites roaming around the Black Hills. The patrols give each other plenty of clearance, but clash frequently. So far there has been no shooting between the two, but the kettle could boil over any day.

Restless Spirits

There are those in Deadwood who say the spirits of those slain in the massacre are demanding vengeance. This claim seems to be supported by recent events.

A number of Sioux have been found dead in the hills around Deadwood. The corpses have been horribly mutilated. Some have been scalped, and others have been dismembered. The Sioux have warned the miners that anyone caught perpetrating these crimes will suffer a slow and painful death. Despite these threats, the killing continues.

In addition to the deaths, miners working claims that had belonged to those killed in the massacre have arrived at their mine in the morning to find their equipment smashed and dripping with blood. Many people, both Sioux and paleface, have begun to believe the stories about ghostly figures wandering the hillsides, thirsting for revenge.

Here's the truth behind these awful murders. Frank Bryant hasn't forgotten being dragged out of the Nations the first time or escaping the massacre the second. Soon after the treaty was signed, Bryant formed a small inner circle among the group's leadership, devoted to avenging the massacre victims and opening all of the Black Hills to free mining. This group has taken to calling itself the Ghost Miners.

The group stays in contact with Custer, who—even after his defeat—continues to recruit volunteers for an expedition against the Sioux. They are biding their time, waiting until Custer's force is ready. When the moment is right, they plan to stage an incident with the Sioux to force Washington to give Custer free reign.

Bryant and his cronies, not content to wait quietly, have begun a campaign of terror. They prowl the hills at night, looking for victims, innocent or otherwise. Their most common prey are lone Sioux.

On nights when no easy targets are available, they content themselves with smashing mining equipment and splashing the blood of a slaughtered animal over the wreckage. The next day they are the first to suggest that the vandalism is the work of restless spirits crying for vengeance.

Not every incident is truly an effect of the supernatural. The nature of the Reckoning, however, means an abomination may soon rise from this murderous mystery.

Mining

Mining is the lifeblood of Deadwood. Miners in the hundreds have come to the town to make their fortune. Some are after gold, more are looking for ghost rock, but all hope to leave the Black Hills wealthy individuals.

There are two main routes into the mining business around Deadwood. The first is to pay the fee and go prospecting,. The second is to buy the deed to an existing mine.

Deadwood's Treaty

1) The US government recognized the borders of the Sioux Nations as we know them today. No US troops are allowed within these borders.
2) The settlement on Deadwood Creek could be rebuilt under Sioux supervision. All non-Indians residing in the Sioux Nations must live there unless given special permission by the Council to live elsewhere.
3) The only access to the settlement from outside the Sioux Nations is by rail, so white folks found where they shouldn't be can't claim they're on their way to Deadwood.
4) Mining is limited to the Black Hills themselves. Miners must pay a $100 fee for a prospecting permit and a $200 fee to stake a claim. Finds must be assayed in Deadwood, and 5% of the cash value must be given to the Sioux Nations.
5) Mines may only be registered by individuals, not companies.
6) No single mine may be worked by more than five people at a time.
7) Mines found in violation of these rules are shut down. Anyone violating these rules is immediately ejected from the Sioux Nations.

Both choices are risky. Prospecting may not turn up anything, and an existing mine (if the purchased deed is actually legitimate) may be tapped out. Either way, one has to deal with the Office of Mining Affairs in Deadwood.

The OMA was set up by the Sioux to collect mining fees, and it sits in a building at the corner of Main and Gold in downtown Deadwood. Most of the staff are white, but the office is actually run by Deer Slayer, a Sioux educated Back East and quite familiar with the white man's ways.

A prospecting permit costs $100 dollars and allows a party of five to prospect for one month. Registering a new claim costs a onetime fee of $200. Operating a registered mine requires the payment of a monthly operating fee of $100. Assaying a find costs 5% of the load.

How to Mine

Ounce for ounce, gold is more valuable than ghost rock—for now—but it takes more work to acquire. Most of the gold is found in the beds of Deadwood and Whitewood Creeks. Miners use sluices to separate the gold from the gravel of the streambed. The gold-bearing gravel is dumped into the top of the sluice and carried through a series of riffles by running water. The riffles trap the gold but let the lighter sand and gravel flow out of the sluice.

It's possible to pan for gold in the area, but this method is seldom used. Panning actually recovers more gold from a deposit than sluice mining, but is a much slower method. The $100 a month operating fee charged by the Sioux makes panning marginally profitable at best.

Panning, however, requires very little equipment, a steel or tin pan and a small vial of mercury (which bonds with gold dust) is plenty. This allows pan miners to quickly set up shop anyplace that has running water. Many prospectors have used this mobility to mine illegally. They never pan in one location for long, moving from place to place to avoid Sioux patrols. The Sioux have dealt severely with those they have caught doing this, giving new meaning to the term "deadpan."

Ghost rock is more profitable because it is usually found in larger concentrations than gold. Ghost rock tends to appear in fist-sized clumps in a wide variety of rocks. Mining ghost rock, however, is much riskier than gold mining. Direct handling of ghost rock can have serious side-effects, and it gives off sulfurous vapors which are both flammable and poisonous.

Prospecting for ghost rock is simple but dangerous. Once a likely spot is located, a three-foot-deep survey hole is drilled into the rock face. This hole is then capped and left sitting for an hour. This allows time for any ghost rock vapor trapped in the rock to percolate into the hole. After an hour has passed, the cap is removed and a lit match is held in front of the hole. If ghost rock is present, the vapor ignites. The size and intensity of the flame gives the miner an idea of the quantity and quality of the ghost rock he's found.

This method has its dangers. If the drill should cause a spark while passing through a pocket of vapor in the rock, an explosion can result. If the survey hole is drilled into a large deposit of ghost rock, the test flame may ignite it. A few large seams of ghost rock have been accidentally touched off in this way. They have burned for months with no sign of stopping. At night, the sky south of Deadwood is tinged with a red glow from these underground fires.

Ghost rock mines must be well-ventilated. An accumulation of vapor in the mine can be ignited by a lantern or the spark of a pick striking rock, with disastrous results. (Good ventilation is essential for other reasons. Most miners live on a steady diet of pork and beans. Enough said). Breathing large amounts of the vapor can be fatal, and even small doses of it can cause rock fever.

Miners always take caged birds, usually canaries, into the mine with them. The birds, being much smaller, are affected by the vapor sooner and keel over before the miner does. A bad deal for the bird, but a lifesaver for forgetful old prospectors.

SATAN'S GARDEN

Satan's Garden is an area five miles southwest of Deadwood. It was the site of the Chance Venture Mine, one of the biggest ghost rock strikes outside of the Great Maze. The place was owned and operated by Norman Chance and his brother William.

One night, after spending some time toasting their good fortune in town, the two siblings decided to pay a visit to the mine. In their polluted state, it didn't occur to them to fire up the steam-powered fans that would suck any accumulated vapors out of the shaft. Norman lit a cigar to celebrate his new-found fortune and entered the mine.

A tremendous explosion followed, shattering the earth around the mine shaft and exposing a deposit of ghost rock larger than the crispy Chance brothers had ever dreamed possible. The blast ignited the ghost rock, of course, and enormous pillars of flame erupted through the holes torn by the explosion.

The fire is still burning. Fountains of flame light the sky every night, and the eerie wail of burning ghost rock echoes through the hills. When the wind is right, the sound can be heard in Deadwood. There are those who claim they can hear the Chance brothers screaming in agony, locked in a prison of flame.

It would literally take a river to put out a ghost-rock fire of such proportions. Some entrepreneurial souls have tried some other methods of getting at the fortune going up in smoke, but so far all have failed. A new gentleman named Hyrum Burms has just arrived in town with an all new plan to douse the conflagration.

The ground for a hundred yards around the mine shaft is hot enough to raise blisters, and the air is hot and thick with sulfurous fumes. All of the vegetation within a quarter mile of the site has died and is buried under a thick blanket of ash and cinders.

The Sioux claim strange, reptilian beings have emerged from the flames, but are likely just trying to keep curious prospectors out of the area.

ROCK FEVER

Folks who work with ghost rock day in and day out can catch something called "rock fever."

Fever victims feel warm and light-headed. Some report strange burning sensations, as if their blood were on fire. The victims' high fevers make them irrational, however, and hallucinations are not uncommon.

The fever often causes permanent damage. Many who have had it seem a few sandwiches shy of a picnic, and some have gone stark, raving mad. A case of rock fever usually lasts about a week. At the end of this time, either the fever breaks or the victim does.

Characters who suffer prolonged exposure to ghost rock may contract rock fever. Miners are the most frequent victims, as are mad scientists who handle rock shards frequently.

A person who handles a piece of ghost rock does not usually have to check to see if she's gotten the disease. Only those who work with it for four to eight hours a day or more—or those who simply spend much of their time in a mine filled with ghost rock vapors—have any real danger of contracting rock fever.

After each week of direct, prolonged contact with ghost rock, the character makes a *Vigor* roll. The TN of the roll is 3 after the first week. It increases by +2 per week until the TN reaches 11. After that, check once per month at TN 11.

If the roll succeeds, nothing happens. If it fails, the hero contracts rock fever. He becomes flushed and feels light-headed and feverish, taking –2 to all Aptitude and Trait rolls.

Once with the fever, the character must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll every two hours. Each successful roll reduces the TN of the next roll by –1 to a minimum of 3. Each failed roll causes a wound to her noggin and increases the TN of the following roll by +1 to a maximum of 11. The character rolls until three consecutive rolls are made or she dies. Chips may be spent to cancel wounds, though the TN still rises.

If the patient takes three or more wounds from the fever, her brain boils a bit, and she gains a dementia. Roll on the **Mad Scientist's Madness Table** or make up something loco.

Should the afflicted go bust on a *Vigor* roll, she spontaneously combusts and is consumed by fire from the inside out. Little remains of a cowpoke who dies in this manner except perhaps some ashes, a few fillings, and a lump of ghost rock about the size of the victim's heart. Anyone witnessing this event should make a Hard (9) *guts* roll.

IRON DRAGON

The Iron Dragon Railroad built a line through the Sioux Nations years before ghost rock was discovered in the Black Hills. Once the Deadwood Creek Treaty was signed, the company immediately began laying a spur to Deadwood. Iron Dragon has used its monopoly as the sole transportation in and out of Deadwood to its great advantage. The railroad's fees for both passengers and cargo are well above the going rate.

Also, despite the fact that the treaty prohibits companies from owning mines, Iron Dragon controls almost one third of the ghost-rock mines in operation around Deadwood. The railroad does not own the mines directly, but each claim was bought by company employees. It's common knowledge that the money for these claims came from Iron Dragon's coffers. Some of the mining operations on these claims are actually operated by members of Iron Dragon work crews.

Miners have lodged complaints with the OMA, but no action has yet been taken. No doubt many fear Kang's heavy hand.

CHINATOWN

A large number of Chinese immigrants have taken up residence at the north end of town. Most work in the mines or as household servants. Others have set up laundries and restaurants.

Still others have taken up less savory occupations. Just on the northern side of the tracks, there are a number of establishments that cater to those looking for something stronger than whiskey. At night, you can detect the smell of burning opium from over a block away.

THE OPIUM RING

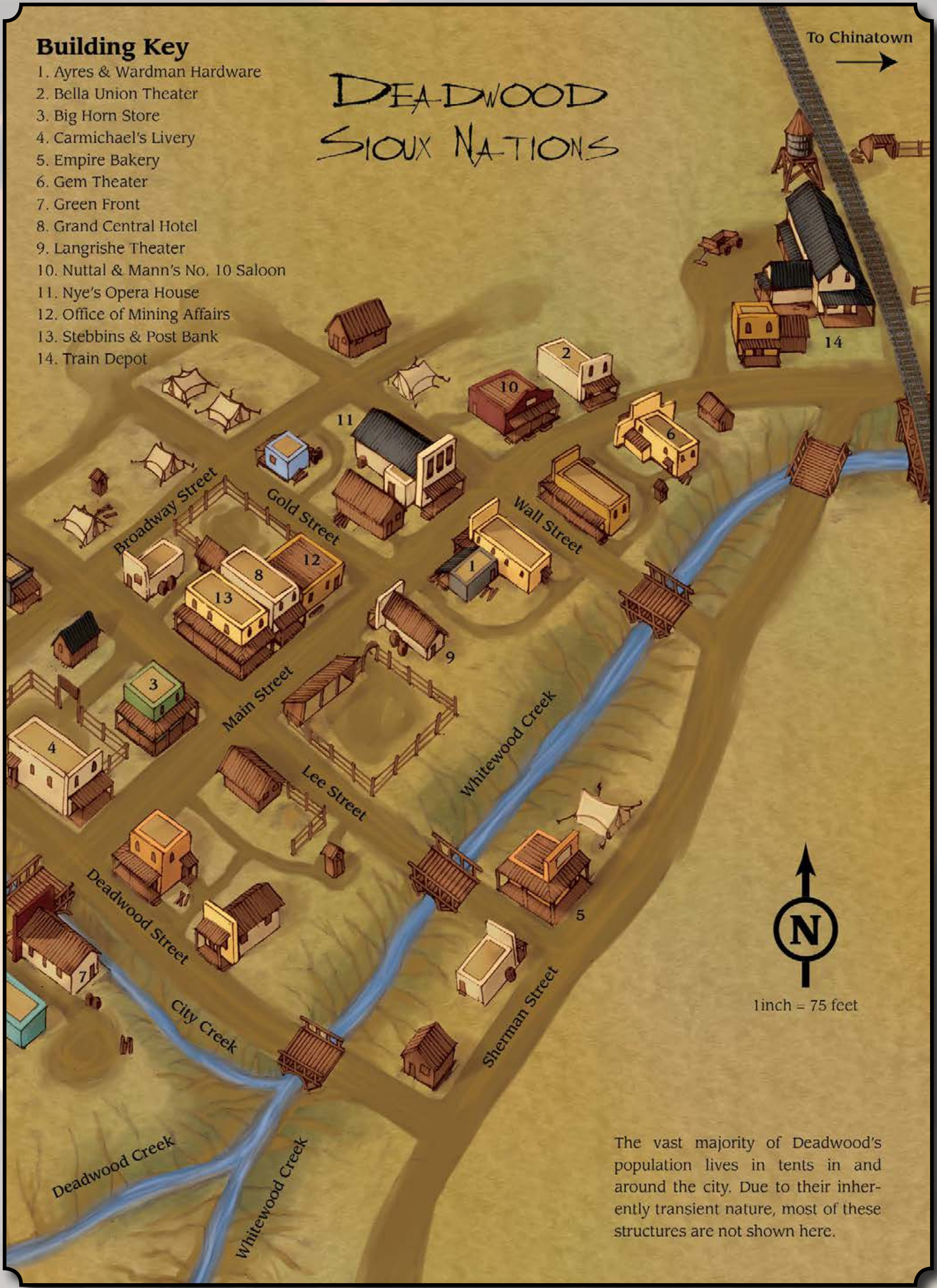
There are many who would like to close Deadwood's opium dens down, but it's unlikely this will happen. The few brave souls who have organized opposition to the sale of opium in town have received late night visits from Kang's assassins.

Kang has begun using his railroad to move opium. He has shipments delivered to eastern ports and then transports the stuff west by rail. He's found that it's much quicker than having Chinese immigrants carry the opium on foot from the City of Lost Angels. Kang jealously guards his opium trade and has placed enforcers in every town that he services.

In Deadwood, Kang's man is Huang Li. He lives in the boomtown's flourishing Chinatown, and he is widely recognized by Deadwood's Chinese residents as their leader. Few outsiders know of his status.

LIFE IN DEADWOOD

Deadwood is a wild place. Over a third of the population makes its living from saloons, gambling, or prostitution. The knowledge that the Sioux could decide to wipe out the entire town at any time lurks in the back of every inhabitant's mind, encouraging a philosophy of "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we may die." The fortunes being made in the hills around the town are spent or gambled away almost as fast as they are acquired.



DEADWOOD
SIOUX NATIONS

Building Key

1. Ayres & Wardman Hardware
2. Bella Union Theater
3. Big Horn Store
4. Carmichael's Livery
5. Empire Bakery
6. Gem Theater
7. Green Front
8. Grand Central Hotel
9. Langrishe Theater
10. Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon
11. Nye's Opera House
12. Office of Mining Affairs
13. Stebbins & Post Bank
14. Train Depot

To Chinatown →
Broadway Street
Gold Street
Wall Street
Main Street
Lee Street
Whitewood Creek
Deadwood Street
City Creek
Sherman Street
Deadwood Creek
Whitewood Creek
N
1inch = 75 feet
1
2
3
4
5
6
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12
13
14

The vast majority of Deadwood's population lives in tents in and around the city. Due to their inherently transient nature, most of these structures are not shown here.

Many saloons are open around the clock, and the whiskey flows like water. Travelers to Deadwood are advised to use their best manners. The combination of whiskey, gambling, and guns is a lethal one; the tiniest insult (real or perceived) can result in an acute case of lead poisoning.

Marshal Bullock and his deputies are kept busy rounding up drunks and keeping the peace. Bullock prefers to settle disputes peacefully. He is not afraid of gunplay, but he wants to keep the dying to a minimum. Some citizens want more aggressive law enforcement. They were lobbying to make the illustrious Wild Bill Hickok the next town marshal until his recent death.

Most folks don't actually live within the city limits, instead camping in tents in the hills overlooking the town. Some miners refuse to leave their stakes for fear that claim jumpers will rob them blind while they gallivant around town. The Sioux don't mind, just as long as the miners don't go wandering off where they're not wanted.

Visitors to Deadwood may want to invest in a good pair of boots. Despite town ordinances, folks persist in throwing their garbage out their front doors. This, combined with the manure from horses and oxen, makes a thick, sticky mud that reeks worse than a garlic-eating skunk.

Where to Go

Ayres & Wardman Hardware: This fine and well-stocked store specializes in building materials and heavy mining equipment.

Bella Union Theater: This establishment is owned by Bill Nuttal. If you're looking for a night on the town, you can find a variety of drinks, games, and bawdy stage performances here.

Big Horn Store: This store is owned and operated by P.A. Gushurst and William Connors. This is the place to go for basic supplies and mining equipment.

Carmichael's Livery: While in town, you can board your trail partner here for $1.50 a day.

Empire Bakery: Mrs. Ellsner's cakes and pastries can't be beat.

Gem Theater: Another good place for a night's diversion, the Gem is known more for the hospitality of its "hostesses" than the quality of its entertainment.

Grand Central Hotel: If you're only passing through, the Grand Central is the place to stay. You can get a nice room for $3 a day. The grub here is excellent, Aunt Lou Marchbanks runs a Hell of a kitchen.

Green Front: If you're looking for a lady to spend time with, you're in the right place.

Langrishe Theater: A respectable theater with solid performances featuring Jack Langrishe and his wife. The Episcopalian congregation meets here on Sundays promptly at 9 a.m.

Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon: The site of Wild Bill's unfortunate demise. The owner has roped off the area with curtains and charges folks a dollar to take a gander at the "spot where Wild Bill met his end."

Nye's Opera House: A place to go for those interested in increasing their appreciation of the finer things. It doesn't get much business, but its few patrons are rich enough to keep it going.

Stebbins & Post Bank: The premier bank of Deadwood. It's been rumored that the bank may do as much as a hundred thousand dollars a day in business.

Famous Folks

Here are some of the Deadwood town notables.

Wild Bill Hickok

The legendary pistoleer and lawman Wild Bill Hickok came to Deadwood in the summer of '76. He spent most of his time in the saloons, drinking and gambling. Many in town thought he would eventually replace Seth Bullock as the town marshal.

Wild Bill was a cautious man. He always sat with his back to the wall and always poured his drink with his left hand to keep his gun hand free. His philosophy was to shoot a man first and talk about it later, if at all. Many an outlaw who crossed Wild Bill's path is now worm food.

Unfortunately, Wild Bill's past eventually caught up with him. On August 2nd, he was in Nutall & Mann's Saloon No. 10 playing cards. There were no seats available against the wall, and he was forced to sit with his back to the door. A drifter by the name of Jack McCall entered the saloon and shot Wild Bill in the back of the head.

Bill keeled over dead clutching what has come to be known as the Dead Man's Hand: two black Aces, two black Eights, and a Jack of Diamonds.

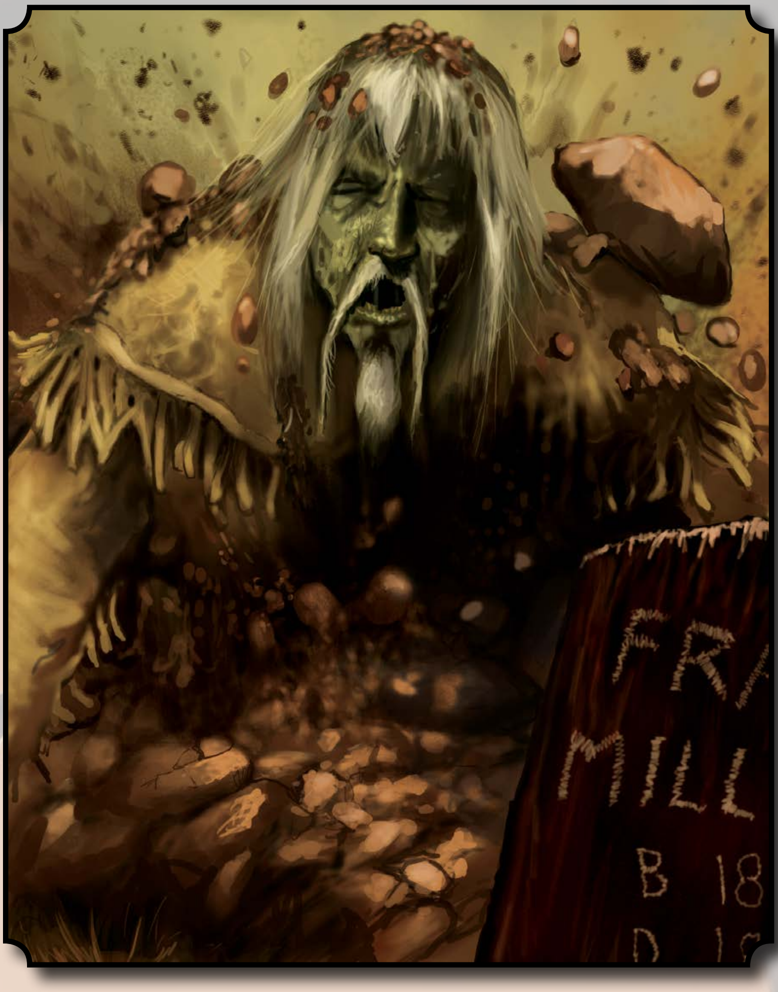
McCall was captured and tried by a miner's court. The cowardly bushwacker explained that he shot Hickok over a poker debt, and he also claimed to be the brother of Samuel Strawhim, a man killed by Hickok in 1869. The jury believed McCall's story and acquitted him. Rumors abound that McCall was hired to kill Hickok to prevent him from becoming marshal and that some of his employers may have even been on the jury.

It seems as if some of Hickok's enemies weren't content with merely killing him. His body has recently disappeared from the Mt. Moriah cemetery. There are those who claim Wild Bill is alive and well and was buried prematurely. A few, including the notorious Calamity Jane, claim to have actually spoken to Hickok.

Hickok is, in fact, back from the grave (most of his brain survived) and has vowed to exact revenge upon those involved in his death. He wants to keep his victims off guard, so he has tried to avoid being seen by anyone who might recognize him.

The exception to this is Calamity Jane. Wild Bill contacted her shortly after his resurrection to get the information he needed to hunt down those involved in his murder.

Calamity had been drowning her grief earlier in the evening and was a few sheets to the wind when this "visitation" took place. As a result, most people have written her story off to a drunken hallucination. She's told a few tall tales in her time, anyway, so few folks take her seriously. When she blabbed after the first time, he came back and told her to shut up, and now she's helping keep him hidden.



Wild Bill currently has Dominion over his manitou, but only just. He's more than a little loco over his new state, but he manages to keep his mind off it by plotting a long, slow death for Jack McCall. But before he kills McCall, Wild Bill wants to find out who put the bushwacker up to it. He figures haunting his murderer for a while will make him talk when he eventually corners him.

Profile:

Wild Bill Hickok

Corporeal: D:3d12+2, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:2d10, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 6d12+2, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d8

Bluff 3d8, gamblin' 4d8, guts 4d8, overawe 5d8, persuasion 2d8, scrutinize 3d8, survival 4d8, tale tellin' 3d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Thick-skinned, the stare.

Hindrances: Bad eyes (mild), bloodthirsty, enemies (a lot of folks hated old Bill, like Jack McCall and the folks who put him up to the killing), stubborn, vengeful.

Pace: 8

Size: 6

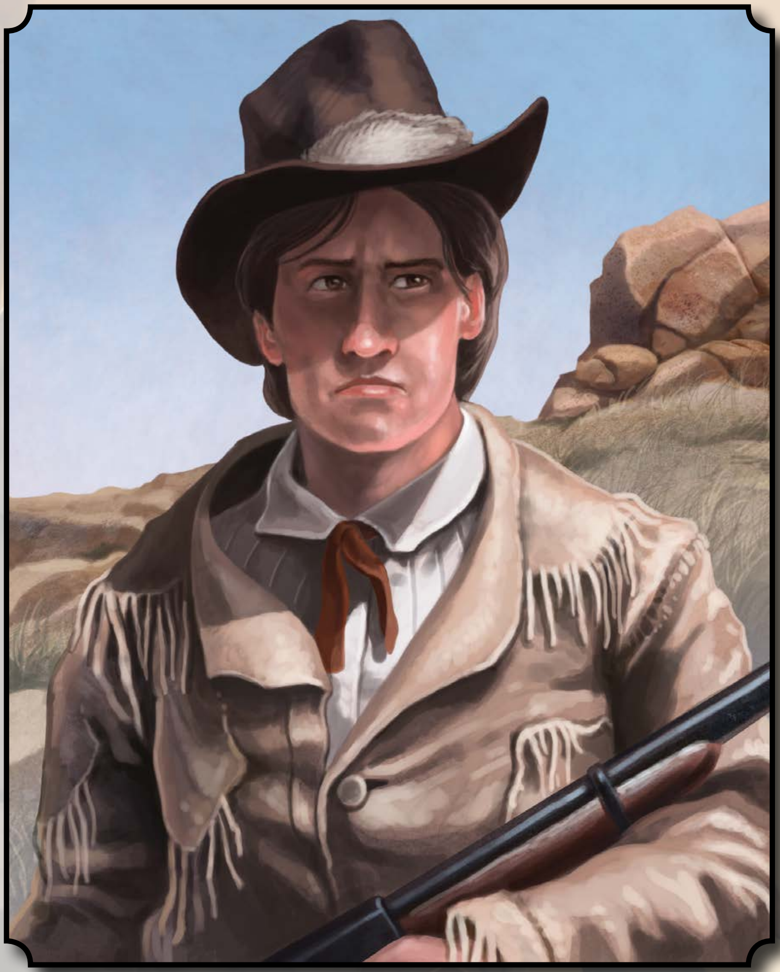
Wind:16

Special Abilities:

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 5/ Manitou 3, Power: supernatural deftness (3d12+2)

Gear: Two .36 Navy revolvers (these aren't the relics), a Winchester '73, and a Bowie knife.

Description: Bill's a tall fellow with sharp, handsome features. At least he was. He's still tall, but the other side of the grave has emphasized the "wild" part of his moniker.



Seth Bullock

Bullock is the town's marshal. An easygoing man, he prefers to handle problems peacefully if possible, but he will use his gun if necessary. It's been said he "can out-stare a mad cobra or a rogue elephant," but when "he goes out into the streets of Deadwood in the blazing sun of high noon, he is looking for his lunch, not for someone to shoot."

In addition to his law enforcement duties, Bullock serves on the Board of Health & Street Commissioners and owns a number of local businesses.

Profile: Seth Bullock

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d8, Q:2d10, S:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Deadwood 2d6, bluff 4d8, overawe 5d12, persuasion 3d12, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Edges: Belongin's 4, law man 3, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Enemy: outlaws -2, heavy sleeper -1, obligation: serve Deadwood as a law man -2, pacifist -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A double-action Colt Peacemaker, and a Winchester '76 rifle.

Description: Bullock is a plain looking man of average build with a piercing stare.

Calamity Jane

Calamity Jane (a.k.a. Martha Jane Canary) is one of the toughest women in the West. She has posed as a man to get a job as a teamster and a scout. She has also worked as a "sporting lady" upon occasion and can curse and spit tobacco with the best of them.

Despite her toughness, Calamity has a soft streak. She's "collected" groceries for the poor from wealthy donors who didn't care to be staring down the barrel of her gun, for one.

Calamity was an acquaintance of Hickok's (though to hear her tell it, they were more). She claims to have spoken with him after his violent death. She's been hitting the bottle pretty hard since Bill was dry-gulched, and most people believe the spirit visiting her was of the liquid variety. There are even those who think that Calamity had something to do with the disappearance of Hickok's remains.

Down on her luck, Calamity has taken to the bottle and gets by on the charity of friends and the occasional "hostess" job.

Besides Jack McCall, Calamity Jane is the only living soul to have seen Hickok since his death. She's helping Wild Bill hide out and keep track of McCall and his cronies. She loves him, but she's also terrified of him now that he's joined the ranks of the undead.

Profile: Calamity Jane

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:3d10

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': knife 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d4, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d8

Area knowledge: the Dakotas 5d6, gamblin' 2d6, guts 3d8, persuasion 2d4, scrutinize 3d6, survival: Badlands 3d6, trackin' 3d6

Edges: Friend in high places: Hickok –3

Hindrances: Bad luck, loyal, ugly as sin.

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: A single-action Peacemaker, a Winchester '73, and a Bowie knife.

Description: Jane is rather plain looking lady with brown hair.

Preacher Smith

The first church services held in Deadwood were performed by Henry Weston Smith, a lay Methodist preacher. Smith worked odd jobs at the sawmill or at the Pioneer mine during the week and conducted in-street services on Sunday atop a packing crate.

Smith was killed this year, while on his way to hold services at the Iron Hill mine. No one is certain how he died, but most of those in Deadwood blame the Sioux. His mangled remains were buried on Mt. Moriah, and unlike Wild Bill's body, his corpse has stayed put.

Deadwood Dick (a.k.a. Nat Love)

Deadwood Dick is the nickname of Nat Love, a famous black cowboy who has made Deadwood his home. He acquired the moniker after winning the roping, shooting, and wild-horse-riding competition at the Centennial celebration.

Nat runs a saloon frequented by many of the black miners in town. Though folks in the West have mostly put aside their prejudices these days, Nat is the de facto leader of the black community on the rare occasions when someone forgets their manners.

Profile: Deadwood Dick

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:4d12, Q:2d8, S:3d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d12, dodge 1d12, fightin: brawlin' 2d12, horse ridin 6d12, shootin': pistol, shotgun 5d8, sneak 2d12

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:4d8, Sm:2d10, Sp:2d6

Animal wranglin': bronco bustin' 6d8, Area knowledge: the Dakotas 2d6, gamblin' 2d10, guts 3d6, persuasion 2d8, scrutinize 2d8, trackin' 3d6

Edges:

Hindrances:

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: A double-action Colt Peacemaker, a scattergun and an exceptional (fast) horse.

Description: Nat is a moderately handsome black man, who wears his hair long. He dresses almost exclusively in trail clothes, except when attending church.

Dodge City

Fear Level 3

Dodge is a city divided. Like Kansas itself, the loyalties of the town's citizens are torn between the North and the South. "Bloody" Kansas has seen more than 20 years of horrible fighting, and animosities run as deep here as anywhere Back East.

Most *towns,* however, consist entirely of people supporting either the North or the South because it is almost impossible for folks pulling for the Union to live side-by-side with Rebels on a daily basis. Dodge is different because it has a mixed population of Northern and Southern supporters.

Why? Because there's money to be made. The more money at stake, the more people can endure, and Dodge is a city full of opportunity.

The area around Dodge is a Reckoner's dream come true. Everyone has an axe to grind with somebody, and people are knocking each other off faster than rabbits do arithmetic. This—coupled with the constant threat of violence breaking out in town—keeps the Fear level in Dodge at 3—a level higher than the rest of the disputed lands.

Money on the Hoof

Most of Dodge's money is currently wandering the Kansas plains, contentedly munching grass. Far and away, Dodge City's biggest business is the procuring of buffalo, and for more than just their prized tongues.

Buffalo hunting began in earnest back in '72. Seems some tanners in Germany found a way to cure buffalo hide into durable leather, and bull hides were suddenly worth $3.50 each or more.

Fortunately for the buffalo, the Indians got together around then and formed the Sioux Nations and later the Coyote Confederation. Needless to say, they weren't pleased about the hunters wiping out their primary source of food, clothing, tools, and so on.

Soon after the buffalo rush began, large warbands from both the Nations and eventually the Confederation descended into Kansas and attacked any hunters they could find, driving them from the plains.

Union cavalry tried to stop the rampaging warbands, but it was a lost cause given the continuing Civil War. For close to a year, fast-moving cavalry battles thundered across the plains. Fort Dodge was destroyed in an attack that saw Confederate guerrillas and Sioux fighting Union soldiers and Northern partisans. The Indian bands returned home only after the fort was a smoldering ruin and their point had been made.

After a while, most hunters didn't think $3.50 a hide was worth getting caught between the Indian battles and the ever-present guerrillas. Even after the Sioux headed north again, it was a while before hunters began to reappear in large numbers.

In '74, though, the value of buffalo went through the roof. Beef herds in both the North and South experienced large numbers of mysterious deaths, mostly due to "Texas fever" but also because of the strange parasites known as prairie ticks.

Neither of these ailments affected the buffalo for some reason. Including the meat, which the hunters had previously left to rot, buffalo quickly went from being worth $3.50 to roughly $30 each. Suddenly, buffalo hunting was a much more attractive venture.

"Peacetown"

At about the same time, two railroads, one Northern (Union Blue) and one Southern (Black River), began to push rails west into Kansas. Robert Wright, a budding entrepreneur, saw a chance to profit from the railroads' arrival and incorporated a town in their path. Wright envisioned a place where those who were tired of the constant fighting could choose to live in peace—and make a profit, if they were so inclined.

Wright called his new home Dodge City. These days, people claim the name refers to how you're supposed to survive with all the lead flying around, but that wasn't on his mind then. The town's charter explicitly stated that those of all political persuasions were welcome, and it made provisions for a large police force to keep the peace.

The idea of a nonpartisan city caught on and attracted the attention of many people, both inside and outside of Kansas. The town's population grew quickly. Many of the newcomers were war-weary folks who were tired of living in a shooting gallery. Others were just there to make a buck. Some, unfortunately, had more sinister motives and came to cause trouble.

Wright was elected the first mayor, beating a man named Hoover by a slim margin. He and the town council quickly found a marshal and deputies who were capable of keeping the peace in such a volatile situation. Larry Deger was hired as marshal, and two of his deputies are Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp and Ed Masterson.

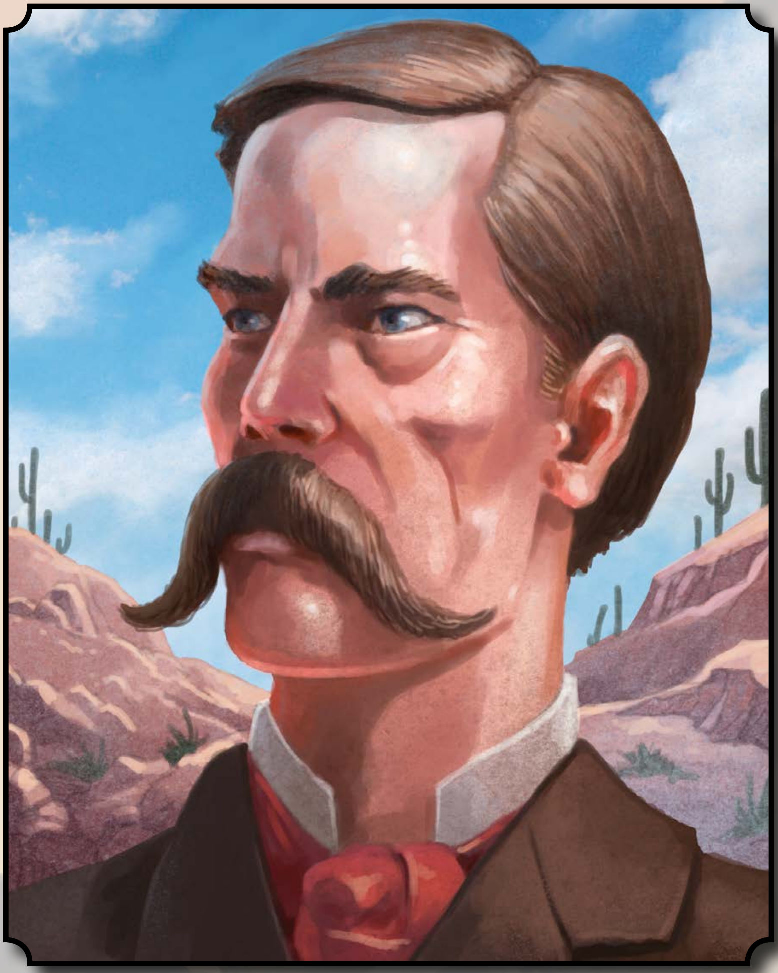
The Law In Dodge

The lawmen in Dodge are a tough lot. They have to be to survive. In addition to the problems common to most western towns, the lawmen here are forced to deal with the presence of large bands of armed men in town (bands whose only reason for existence is to kill each other outside of town—or inside if they can get away with it), two competing railroads, rowdy groups of buffalo hunters, Texas cowboys, and a cloak-and-dagger war between USA and CSA spies.

Mayor Wright has made it clear to his men that, despite their personal views, they are not to take sides in any partisan disputes in town; the law is to be enforced equally for Northerners and Southerners. Dodge's only chance to survive the Civil War is to establish a reputation as a truly neutral, nonpartisan city. If the police force is perceived to support one side or the other, the town will quickly turn into a battlefield as neighbors take up arms against each other.

Being human, the town's peace officers don't always quite measure up to this lofty ideal. Irate citizens who have been offended can lodge a complaint with the town council against any officer they feel is acting in a partisan manner. The town council usually looks into the charge quickly and holds a public hearing on the matter—five deputy marshals have already been dismissed in this fashion. The system's not perfect, but it seems to have kept hard feelings to a minimum.

There's a movement afoot to replace Dodge's Marshal Larry Deger with Wyatt Earp. Earp has made quite a reputation for himself in Dodge City. His fearlessness and ability to resolve a situation without resorting to gunplay has endeared him to the more peaceful citizens of the town.



WELCOME TO DODGE

A clever man averse to bloodshed, he has already defused a number of confrontations that could have degenerated into bloody gunfights under another man's purview. Wyatt's reputation for buffaloing troublemakers with the butt of his gun has caused locals to refer to anyone with a knot on their head as having an "Earp."

The Town Council

The Dodge City town council has six members, each elected for a two-year term. The current council members are all prominent merchants in town. While not all believe in Wright's vision of a peaceful, nonpartisan community, they do all share his love of the dollar and support his efforts to keep Dodge open to all—provided they have money to spend, of course.

The town council has passed a number of strict vagrancy laws. The statutes give the marshal and his deputies the power to run anyone out of town who does not have either a visible source of income or at least $10 in cash on their person.

Enforcement of these laws is irregular at best. They are usually used to encourage troublemakers to move on.

The Gun Law

The biggest news coming out of Dodge City these days is the passage of a new law forbidding anyone to carry guns within city limits. This is the controversial "gun law." Dodge City is a pretty wild and woolly place, so the Town Council decided it might be a good idea to try to rein in rambunctious cowboys a little. As you might guess, it's plenty controversial.

The law requires that anyone coming to town go immediately to the town marshal's office to check his guns (if any) with Marshal Larry Deger. Marshal Deger's office issues a claim slip that is brought back to claim the gun when the owner leaves town. Anyone who carries a gun in town is subject to arrest (with a jail term of up to three months), confiscation of the weapon, and a $50 fine per violation. The more violations you have, the more time you spend in jail.

A brisk trade in gun claim slips has sprung up since the ordinance was enacted. Slips have been stolen, traded, even lost in pokers games or sold. They're fast becoming a sort of underground currency in Dodge.

War

As mentioned earlier, "Bloody Kansas" and the border states are beset by a constant state of guerilla warfare. Every so often, one of these merry bands wanders into Dodge. They might need supplies, or they may just want to kick back and blow off some steam (although you'd think riding around plugging holes in anything that moves would be relaxation enough for anyone). Not much for law and order, their celebrations can turn rowdy.

Many times a group will decide to hurrah the town after downing a few rounds. Other partisans in town often take exception to this disturbance of the peace and decide to take the law into their own hands to quiet things down, sometimes permanently. This usually leads to an all-out gunfight, with the town's deputies caught in the middle.

These groups are one of Marshal Deger's biggest headaches. Getting drunken men who have spent the last few weeks fertilizing the plains with each others innards to treat each other civilly is a task worthy of Hercules.

As long as they behave themselves, they're welcome in town. If they don't keep quietly to themselves, they have to go. Of course, telling 20 drunken men who have more weapons than the Harper's Ferry Arsenal to get out of town can be tricky.

A number of particularly vicious bands roam the plains around Dodge. On the Confederate side of things, there is Morgan's Marauders, Henley's Hellions, and the Confederate Kansas League. Supporting the North, you have Anderson's Raiders, Bob's Boys, and the Unionizers.

Rumors continue to circulate about a mysterious band that's been dubbed the "Night Riders." No one in town knows who the bandits are or where they came from, but their handiwork is hard to miss. They've visited a number of isolated homesteads and small villages that have Union leanings and burnt them to the ground. The unfortunate occupants of these places have been found dangling by their necks from the local flora.

To date, no one has been spared, and numerous women and children have met their fate at the hands of these merciless individuals. A number of posses and northern guerrilla bands have tried to track them without any kind of success.

This is of course the work of Bloody Bill Quantrill and his raiders. See page 320 for details about this damned soul.

The Body Snatchers

Anyone who spends any time in or around Dodge will eventually hear tales about the body snatchers. Depending on who you talk to, these things loot the dead, eat the dead, and sometimes raise the dead. The descriptions given by people who claim to have seen these monsters also vary, ranging from little green men to shambling corpses to pink elephants. (I think it's safe to disregard the accounts resembling that last one.)

Most folks believe that these stories have been spun by people who have misplaced their best buddy's mortal remains and are feeling more than a tad guilty about it. After all, they certainly couldn't be expected to properly bury a corpse that's not where they're absolutely, swear-on-the-Good-Book certain they left it. Most of the others can probably be chalked up to looters and animals.

The stories of the dead disappearing are true. The large number of corpses scattered about Kansas has given rise to a population of ghouls.

Ghouls are human in shape and usually stand about five feet tall. They appear shorter because they walk with a stooped, shuffling gait. Their skin is corpse gray and is often covered with pus-filled sores. Their hands are tipped with razor-sharp claws, and their mouths sport wicked fangs.

Ghouls feed on the dead. They will eat any corpse, but they prefer fresh meat. After ghouls feed on a body there is usually little left but bones, and these have been well gnawed. Ghouls normally scavenge the dead from recent battlefields, but they have been known to grab those too badly wounded to defend themselves as well. Some ghouls dress in the clothing of their last meal, but most don't bother with such things and go *au natural.*

Ghouls live underground, in groups of 6-10. The strongest ghoul in a region is the "ghoul king," a bloated creature who commands all others nearbyl.

The pack digs numerous tunnels connected to their central den where they drag their victims to feed. It's usually littered with the bones and belongings of past meals. The king rarely leaves this deep pocket.

Above ground, ghouls are cowardly and flee if attacked. Anyone foolish enough to follow them below ground had better be prepared for a fight. The creatures use their knowledge of the maze-like tunnels to surround and trap intruders. They often collapse a portion of the tunnel on interlopers and then dine on them after they have suffocated.

One of the largest ghoul dens in the area is beneath Boot Hill in Dodge City. Twenty ghouls call it home. Some of these creatures have become bold and stalk the streets at night, claiming the remains of those who were on the losing side of an argument.

Profile: Ghoul

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, Q:3d8, S:3d8, V:2d10

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d4, S:3d6, Sp:2d4

Pace:

Size: 6

Wind:

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d8), bite (STR+1d6+poison)

Night Vision: Ghouls can see in complete darkness. Their eyes always have a faint red glow about them.

Poison: Anyone who is bitten by a ghoul and takes at least 1 Wind must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If the roll is failed, the victim is stunned as if he had a Heavy wound (TN 7). This stun is in addition to any caused by real wounds.

Stench: Ghouls stink to high heaven, making them very easy to track. Anyone within 20 feet of one of these creatures must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll to avoid losing his lunch and losing 1d6 actions. This roll must only be made once per encounter.

Weakness—Bright Light: Ghouls cannot tolerate bright light. All actions taken by a ghoul exposed to light brighter than a torch or lantern suffer a -4 penalty.

Description: Ghouls are cowardly, twisted humanoids with feral features, surrounded by the oddor of decay. They are not undead, but sure look like it.

Profile: Ghoul King

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, Q:3d10, S:3d10, V:2d10

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:2d8, S:2d8, Sp:2d6

Pace:

Size: 7 (Ghoul Kings eat better!)

Wind:

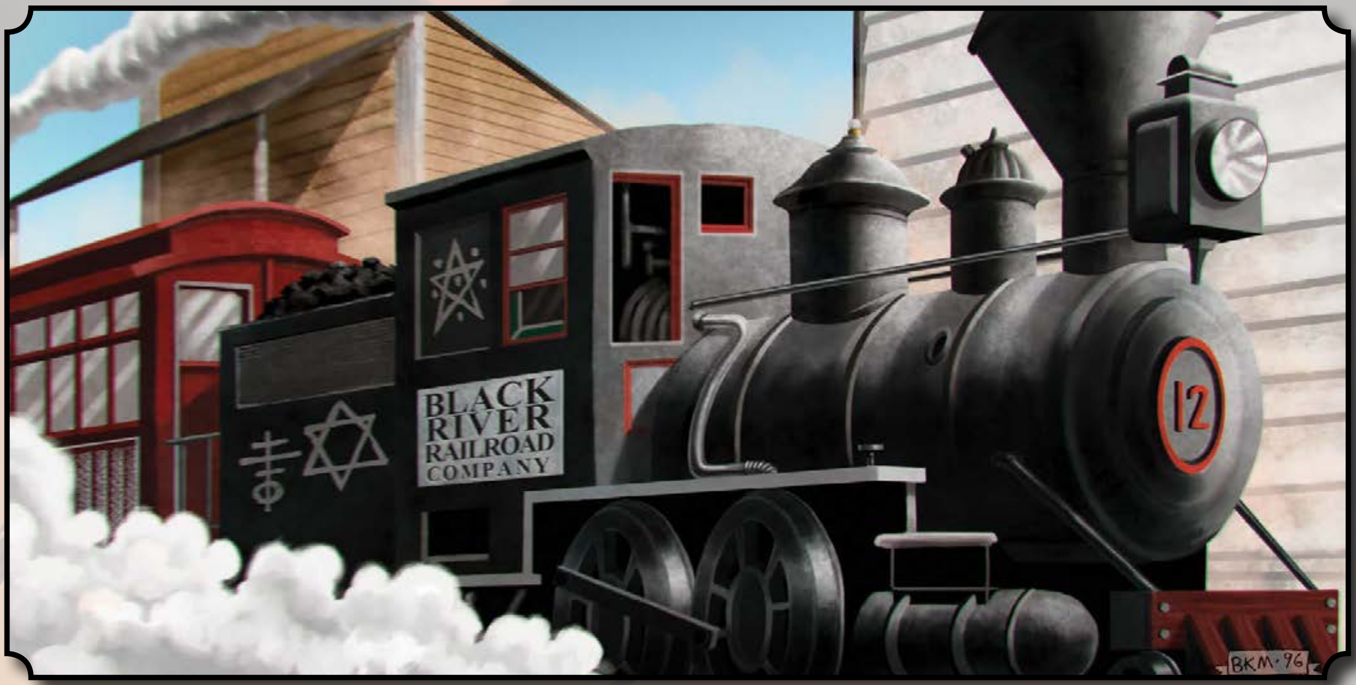
Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Ghoul Abilities: As above.

Pack of Ghouls: Ghoul kings keep 2-20 other ghouls around them. These creatures are completely loyal until their own cowardice overwhelms them.

Description: Ghoul kings look just like ghouls, except they are fatter and even more loathsome looking. there are rumors that thousands of such creatures live in the Grand Canyon, though they may be a completely unrelated species. We'll tell you more in the upcoming *Canyon o' Doom* campaign set.



Becoming a Ghoul

Cannibals around the High Plians might become ghouls just as those in colder climes become wendigoes. Use the same rules for **Becoming a Wendigo** (earlier in this chapter) should this come up in your campaign.

If the cannibal's victim was a close friend or relative, the character becomes a "ghoul king" and retains his own statistics. Other ghouls naturally bow to this individual, though other ghoul kings usually send their warriors to murder the newcomer.

The Railroads

After incorporating the town, Wright contacted both Union Blue and Black River and offered each of them the right-of-way into town. He pointed out that there were a large number of buffalo hunters in the area, and a lot of money could be made hauling the meat and hides east. Both companies jumped at the offer like hungry wolves after a bleeding buffalo, and they quickly began laying track toward Dodge.

As the companies converged on the town, the competition to get there first got hotter than a cattle brand. Both companies' work crews spent more time digging graves than laying track. Wright, impatient to have rail service in Dodge, gave the railroads a deadline. If a company's rails had not reached the city limits by June 1, that company would lose its right-of-way. After that, Union Blue and Black River hassled each other less and concentrated more on laying track.

On May 23, 1875, the Union Blue Railroad's tracks crossed the Dodge City limits. Three days later—amid some commotion—the Black River line entered town. Both sets of rails run down the center of Front Street to a station built at the town's expense.

Mayor Wright has made it clear to both railroads that they had best behave while in his town. What they do outside of town limits is their own business, but there is to be no feuding in town. Any railroad caught violating this rule loses its right-of-way. To date there have been a few minor violations, fist fights between train crews, minor acts of vandalism, etc., but nothing big enough for the mayor to take action on. This is probably due to the fact that both companies are making money hand over fist hauling buffalo hides and meat out of Dodge and don't want to do anything to endanger their cash flow.

Outside of town, it's another story. Both companies maintain heavily-armed, mounted patrols to guard their tracks. These soldiers make regular circuits of every foot of track in Kansas.

Buffalo Hunting

As we've said, the main source of cash in Dodge is buffalo hunting. Every day, hunters come in from the plains around town with wagonloads of the dead animals. These are sold to a slaughterhouse where the carcasses are skinned and split. The hides and meat are then taken over to the railroad station and loaded on an eastbound train, or occasionaly toward the Maze (where they must be carted from the furthest railhead West—a dangerous proposition given the price of beef out there and the tendency of meat to spoil in the hot climate).

All of the slaughterhouses are on the western edge of town (fortunately downwind). They pay anywhere from $15 to $30 for a buffalo, based on size, freshness, and hide quality.

Buffalo hunting is the perfect job for those who enjoy gunning down animals that are too stupid to run away. It's an easy business to get into. All that's really needed is a good rifle and a wagon to haul the kills in. Most serious hunters recommend a big-bore gun like the Sharp's 50. A well-aimed shot from one of these rifles can drop a buffalo with a single round. That's important because bullets are expensive, and the slaughterhouses don't pay any more for Swiss buffalo.

To avoid back injuries, hunters often hire hiring laborers to skin their kills before taking the meat to Dodge. Skinners can also help get the huge animals up on the wagon—a mighty tough job to accomplish unaided. Crews of skinners can usually be found in town who will work together for about 10% of a haul.

Most hunters creep up on a herd and set up at least 200 yards out to prevent the boom of the guns from spooking the animals. It's possible to bag a number of buffalo in this manner. They usually won't stampede away until they smell blood and panic.

Hunting the Hunters

Hunting alone is not recommended. The Kansas plains are a dangerous place to be—some claim there are more armed men than buffalo out there. Most hunting parties number at least five individuals. Usually three hunt while the other two keep an eye out for trouble.

Besides the usual raiders, Indians, and railroad gangs, a body has got to be on the lookout for other hunters. The weapon that can take down a buffalo can more than do the job on a person.

Some less than energetic "hunters" wait on the main trails leading into town and relieve others of their kills. There are some hunters out there who have probably killed more men than buffalo.

Still, Indians are the most dangerous occupational hazard of buffalo hunting. Many of the tribes who live on the plains depend on the buffalo herds for food and leather. They take a dim view of the white man slaughtering the herds on such a scale. Many braves from the Coyote Confederation, especially Quanah Parker's Comanches, go out of their way to ambush hunting parties.

The Cattle Trade

As if the lawmen in Dodge didn't have enough on their plate, the trade in Texas longhorns has picked up as well. With the longhorns, of course, come Texas cowboys and trouble.

This turn of events is due to the Cattle Owners Associations further west. The biggest and meanest of the bunch banded together and forged exclusive deals with their local railroads to haul their cattle and no one else's. The smaller ranchers, unable to get their herds to market, have been forced to drive them north to Dodge.

The cattle drives to Kansas are ordeals. The cowboys not only have to contend with bad-tempered livestock and the elements, but also gunmen hired by the cattle barons to prevent them from reaching their destination. When and if the cowboys reach Dodge, all they want to do is collect their pay and hit the town.

City of Intrigue

Dodge City has become a magnet for Union and Confederate spies. Its location in disputed territory and the fact that it is served by railroads from both countries make it an easy point of access into enemy territory. A Confederate spy can hop onto a train for Chicago and from there reach any place in the Union. Likewise, a Union agent can catch a train directly to Richmond.

Both sides maintain an active network of spies in Dodge City itself. These spies aid those who are traveling into enemy territory by providing false papers and safe places to stay while in town. The agents in Dodge also work with some of the guerrilla bands in the area, using them to gather information and eliminate enemy sympathizers.

However, these agents devote most of their time to uncovering and eliminating each other. This is complicated by the fact that the Agency and Texas Rangers, as well as a number of freelancers, have set up shop in town. Every day, a complicated game of deceit and betrayal is played out in the back rooms of Dodge. Every night, a few of the town's citizens disappear to be seen no more of course, not all the disappearances can be blamed on the spy war. the ghouls do their part as well..

The Mayor and town council take a dim view of all this cloak-and-dagger stuff. It only complicates Marshal Deger's job and stirs up partisan feelings. As a result, being convicted of spying or supporting spies in Dodge—for the North or South, Deseret, or even the Indians—is punishable by hanging.

Life in Dodge

Living in Dodge is exciting (so is being kicked in the groin, but it's still something to avoid). Despite the ideals of the town's founder, Dodge City is not a peaceful haven of capitalistic bliss. In many ways, the town's success has planted the seeds of its own undoing.

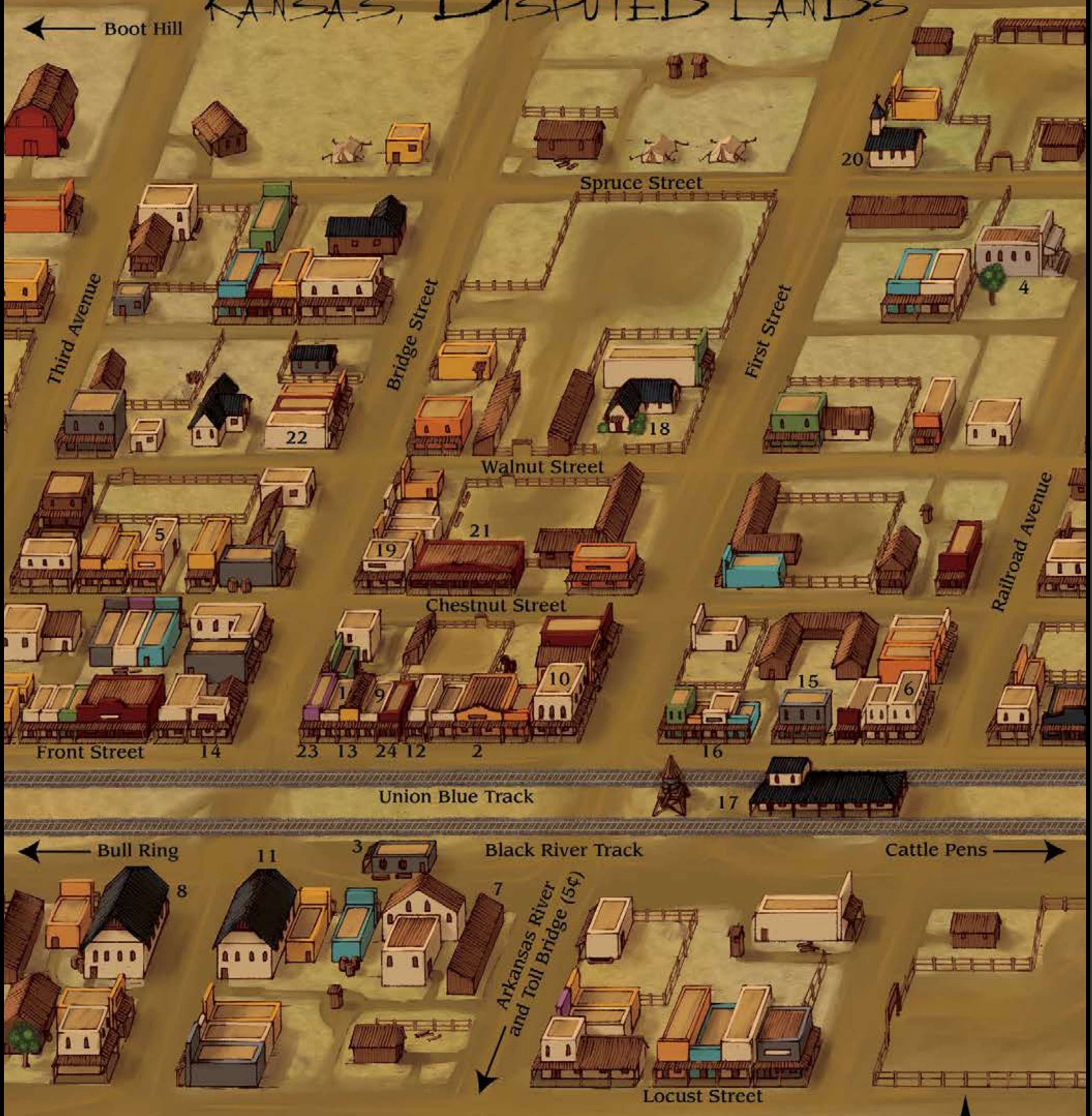
The majority of the town's early inhabitants were honest, hard-working folks just trying to get by in a bad situation. As Dodge has grown and prospered, it has attracted other, less-desirable elements.

Among this group, partisan feelings run deep, and their attitudes have begun to influence their neighbor's views. Stir in the transient population of buffalo hunters, railroad gangs, guerrillas, spies, cowboys, and guns-for-hire, and the place become more volatile than nitro—one good bump, and the whole town could go.

With the arrival or cavalry troops from both the Union and the Confederacy in the Disputed Lands (a consequence of the November Offensives mentioned earlier), things have only gotten more unstable.

The marshal's office is doing it's best to keep the lid on this pressure cooker, but things still occasionally boil over. It's a rare day that goes by without someone ending up on a board in the undertaker's front window. And that's *after* the gun ban.

DODGE CITY
KANSAS, DISPUTED LANDS


Boot Hill
Spruce Street
Third Avenue
Bridge Street
First Street
Walnut Street
Chestnut Street
Railroad Avenue
Front Street
Union Blue Track
Black River Track
Bull Ring
Cattle Pens
Arkansas River and Toll Bridge (5¢)
Locust Street
1
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Building Key

1. Alamo Saloon
2. Alhambra Saloon
3. City Jail
4. Courthouse
5. Dodge City Times
6. Dodge House
7. Great Western Hotel
8. Ham Bell's Livery
9. Hoover's Liquor & Saloon
10. Kelley's Opera House
11. Lady Gay Dance Hall
12. Lone Star Saloon
13. Long Branch Saloon
14. McCarty's Drugstore
15. Mueller's Boot Shop
16. Occident Saloon
17. Railroad Depot
18. Schoolhouse
19. Swemburgh & Begley's Buffalo Emporium
20. Union Church
21. Varieties Dance Hall
22. Wild Irish Roses
23. Wright, Beverly, & Co.
24. Zimmerman's Hardware

1 inch = 150 feet

Where to Go

Alamo Saloon: The Alamo, owned and operated by Henry Cook, is one of the classier saloons in town. The bar is in the front room of the saloon. A good meal and cigar can be had in the parlor in back.

Alhambra Saloon: The Alhambra is popular with the buffalo hunting crowd. It's a rough place, but good for rumors about the Sioux or Coyotes.

City Jail: The new address of troublemakers in Dodge. Most don't stay here for more than a spell, usually just long enough to be hauled in front of Judge Moreland.

Courthouse: Judge Wells Moreland presides here when there are cases to be heard (which is most days). Moreland is a buddy of Wright's and does his best to keep things in town quiet. He's gained a reputation as a "hanging judge" because he's had a good number of people strung up. Jail space in Dodge is limited, so most sentences are either a hefty fine or hanging.

Dodge City Times: If you want to know who's who in Dodge and what they've being doing to each other, read the *Times*. If you want to know what's happening in the world at large, you still have to rely on the ever-truthful *Tombstone Epitaph*.

Dodge House: One of the finer hotels in town. Rooms can be had here for $2 a day, and they're worth it.

Great Western Hotel: Dodge House's major competitor. Rooms go for $1.50 a day. The Great Western's kitchen specializes in wild game, mostly buffalo, venison, and turkey. No liquor is sold on the premises; the owner's wife is a member of the local Temperance League.

Ham Bell's Livery: This is one of the few reputable businesses on the south side of the tracks. Horses left here, are always well cared for.

Hoover's Liquors & Saloon: For those who aren't content to buy their rotgut by the glass. George Hoover's store carries foreign and domestic wines, liquor, cigars, and lots of good Kentucky Bourbon.

Kelley's Opera House: Seamus Kelley runs the only spot for fine culture in the entire state. But he's not above featuring lowbrow entertainment when a cattle drive's in town.

Lady Gay Dance Hall: While not as popular as the Varieties, the Lady Gay is filled with hombres ready for 50¢ dances.

Lone Star Saloon: Not as fancy as some saloons on the north side of the tracks, the Lone Star is popular with Confederate guerrillas and Texas cowboys. Those going in here had best be able to sing "Dixie" with enthusiasm.

Long Branch Saloon: The Long Branch is probably the nicest saloon in town). The main room has a full bar and a billiards table. During the summer months, a five-piece orchestra plays. Off the front room is another for private gambling—no professionals allowed. (This is strictly enforced.) There is also a small room in the back equipped with a number of cots where drunks can sleep it off

McCarty's City Drug Store: This establishment is owned by Dr. T. L. McCarty. The bottom floor serves as both a drugstore and the city post office. Upstairs, the doctor has an office where he sees patients.

Mueller's Boot Shop: Owned and run by Jim Mueller, there are no better boots around these parts than his.

Occident Saloon: The Occident is run by Henry Sturm, an immigrant from Germany; the house specialty is sausage and cheese with Rhine wine. Those with nasal problems can try the Limburger cheese. This is a favorite haunt of northern partisans.

Railroad Depot: This depot serves both the Union Blue and Black River railroads. A constant procession of trains passes through here daily on both sides of the station (Union Blue's to the north, of course). Union Blue has a daily passenger train scheduled to arrive at 10 a.m. Depending on what side of their beds the local rail gangs woke up on, the train usually rolls in around noon—if it shows up at all. Black River's passenger service is a bit more regular because Union Blue refuses to attack civilians. The B.R.'s passenger express usually chugs in around 4 p.m.

Schoolhouse: This small building was built by volunteers. Mrs. Margaret Walker teaches the children of Dodge here.

Swemburgh & Begley's Buffalo Emporium: One of the largest buffalo buyers. You can usually get about $30 for a large bull with an unblemished hide.

The Globe: *The Globe* occasionally has some real news in it. Unfortunately, the editor, Dan Frost, is close-minded when it comes to anything out of the ordinary.

Union Church: Where the faithful hold service. This building is used by a number of denominations and congregations.

Varieties Dance Hall: The Varieties introduced the cancan to Dodge. Lonesome cowboys can dance with the hostesses here—75¢ for 10 minutes of (vertical) dancing. Other services can be had, but prices vary. Be careful what you say to the soiled doves who work here or down the street at the Lady Gay; many supplement their income by selling information to the many spies skulking around Dodge.

Wild Irish Roses: This house of ill-repute opened quite recently, and is distinguished from the average brothel by one simple fact—all of the "employees" are fabulously beautiful Irish women. The girls run this place themselves**.**

Wright, Beverly, & Co.: As the sign on the storefront says, "Dealers in everything." Just about anything can be found here. The store even serves as a shipping point for Smith & Robards deliveries.

Zimmerman's Hardware: Hammers and nails can be purchased here, but Fred Zimmerman's specialty is hardware of a more lethal variety. He's a gunsmith from Prussia, and he knows his business.

Famous Folks

Here are statistics for two of Dodge cities most well known residents: Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp.

William Barclay "Bat" Masterson

Bat Masterson is currently undersheriff of Dodge County. He and Wyatt have formed a fast friendship on the job. It is likely Bat will become Sheriff at the next election and make Wyatt his second in command.

Bat is a friendly sort. The rougher types often mistake his cleverness for weakness. It's a mistake they don't make twice. Bat is Hell to deal with when he's angry.

Bat's brother, Ed, is also a part-time lawman. He's served as a deputy town marshal when the police force is stretched too thin—usually when a big cattle drive or buffalo hunt comes in.

Bat Masterson isn't particularly fast or deadly with his gun—at least not compared to the speed of John Wesley Hardin or the legendary accuracy of Hickok. Bat excels in keeping his head and stopping trouble before it starts, making him an excellent partner for Wyatt Earp.

Masterson's fairly well-liked and respected in Dodge and other parts. That means he can summon a posse to back him up when trouble gets hotter than he can handle on his lonesome.

Bat Masterson

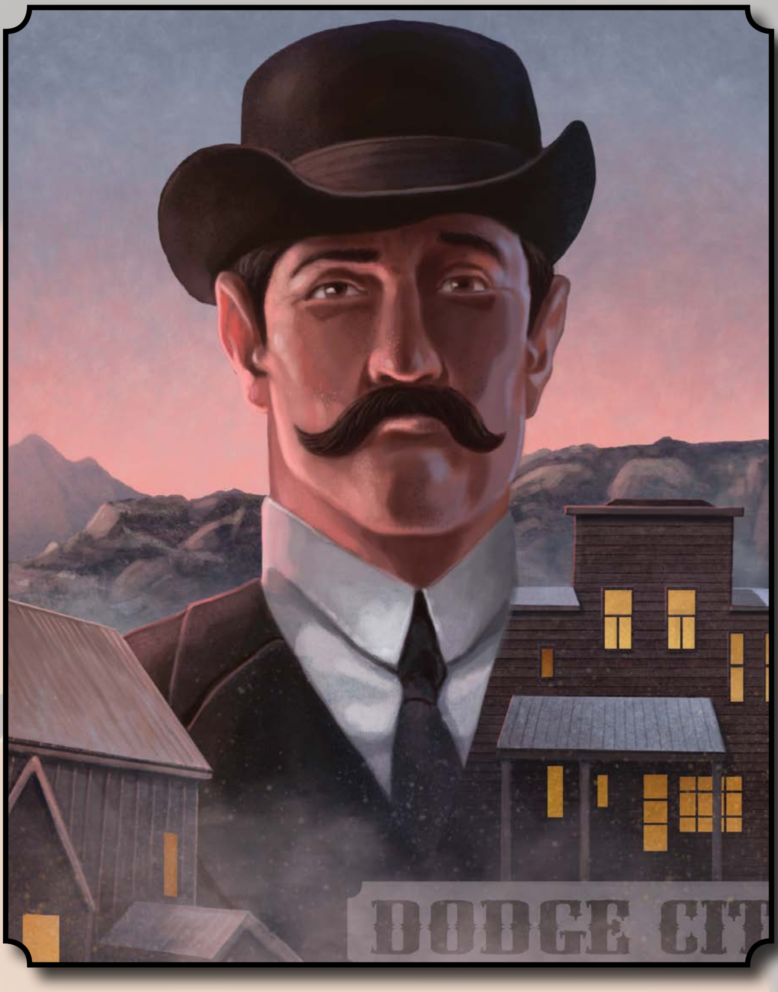
Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d8, S:3d6, Q:3d10, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin', club 4d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': rifle, shotgun 5d10, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Kansas 4d8, bluff 2d8, gamblin' 2d8, guts 3d8, leadership 4d8, overawe 4d8, persuasion 5d8, professional: law 3d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8, streetwise 3d8, survival 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Levelheaded 5, purty 1, "the voice": soothing 1



Hindrances: Curious -3, heroic -3, law o' the West -3, loyal: Wyatt Earp -3, tinhorn -2
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker, can.
Description: Masteron always dresses impeccably. He prefers a black suit, black bowler, and matching tie. He keeps a short mustache as well.

Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp

Earp began his career as a lawman in Wichita, Kansas. He served as a deputy marshal there until he got into a fist-fight with William Smith, who was running for marshal at the time. Following the scuffle, Wyatt was unsurprisingly fined and sacked.

Earp was hired by the Dodge City marshal's office in May, 1876. Since coming to town, he has achieved a reputation as a fair and fearless deputy. Wyatt tries to avoid gunplay when possible, but if pushed, he *will* throw down. He has earned the respect of the townspeople for his ability to face hostile mobs, often alone, and disperse them without bloodshed.

Unfortunately, Wyatt is not loved by all. In the course of performing his duties, he has been forced to crack a number of guerrillas on the noggin, earning their enmity and that of their group. One group in particular, Morgan's Marauders, is looking to even the score. Wyatt was forced to gun down one of their members when he refused to surrender his pistols. The Marauders are biding their time, hoping to catch Earp outside of town.

Like his good friend, Bat Masterson, Wyatt isn't the fastest gun in the West, nor the best shot. He's really a threat because of his calm and quick thinking. He usually buffaloes a troublemaker over the head long before anyone even thinks about drawing a gun.

Wyatt Earp

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:3d8
Climbin' 2d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin', club 6d10, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 5d8, sneak 3d10,
Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d10
Area knowledge: Kansas 4d6, bluff 3d8, gamblin' 4d8, guts 3d10, leadership 4d12, overawe 6d12, persuasion 2d12, professional: law 3d6, scrutinize 5d8, search 4d8, streetwise 4d8, survival 3d8, trackin' 2d8
Edges: Levelheaded 3, luck of the Irish 3, "the voice": grating 1, "the stare" 1
Hindrances: Heroic -3, obligation: to brothers -3, pacifist: does not like to kill -3, stubborn -2, vengeful -3
Pace: 10
Size: 6
Wind: 18
Gear: Colt Buntline Special, Winchester '73, shotgun, Earp's badge (see page 256).
Description: Earp is a no-nonsense type with dusty brown hair, solid features, and a stare that can cut right through to the soul. He usually wears a suit, though it stays a little more bedraggled than Masterson's.

TOMBSTONE

Fear Level 3

Tombstone, Arizona is known as the Gateway to the Great Maze—at least in the South, since it sits at the Western edge of Confederate territory. The government back in Richmond claims the entire territory of Arizona, and California to boot, but anyone who has spent any time in the region knows better.

Those travelling outside the patrol area of nearby Fort Huachuca's garrison (which doesn't extend nearly as far as one might hope), find that the surrounding countryside belongs to Geronimo and his Chiricahua Apaches. Farther west, near Yuma, Santa Anna and the new Mexican Army call the shots—usually at interloper's heads.

FORT HUACHUCA

Fort Huachuca was built in late '69 to safeguard mule trains hauling ghost rock from the Great Maze to Roswell in New Mexico. The fort is approximately 23 miles southwest of Tombstone. It commands an east-west pass between the Whetstone and Huachuca Mountains, and has a clear view of both the San Pedro and Santa Cruz Valleys.

The fort currently has a garrison of roughly 100 cavalrymen, significantly less than the 300 troopers that were stationed here before last year's November Offensive. The garrison patrols the mule train route and the area around Tombstone, protecting against marauding bands of Apaches and Mexicans.

Morale among the soldiers is currently at an all-time low. They are tired of being targets in Geronimo's shooting gallery. Most want nothing more than to finally corner the Apaches and force them into a stand-up fight. The soldiers' frustration has led some of them to retaliate against peaceful tribes in the area. There have also been problems with soldiers getting drunk in town and shooting at anything that moves.

Exacerbating the situation are sporadic sightings of Mexican patrols in the area. The boys in gray have yet to find any evidence of major Mexican movements in the area, but the patrols are making them nervous.

The garrison is commanded by Colonel Jacob Smythe, a dedicated soldier who takes his duties seriously. He has found Geronimo to be one of the most formidable foes he has ever faced. In the cat-and-mouse game between Smythe's troops and the Apaches, it is often hard to tell who is the hunter and who is the prey. Despite the grudging respect Smythe feels for Geronimo and his band, he is committed to running them to ground.

TOMBSTONE & GRAVEYARD

Ed Schieffelin came east from California in 1874 as a guard on a ghost-rock shipment. He had worked as a miner in the Maze for a while, but after a number of his buddies died in particularly spectacular and grisly ways, he decided to try his hand at something a little less dangerous. He had heard there was silver in the San Pedro Valley and decided to check things out for himself.

When Schieffelin left the caravan at Fort Huachuca to go prospecting, he was told all he would find in the Arizona sun was his own tombstone. After dealing with the Mexican Armada, Maze serpents, and the dangers of mining ghost rock, a few scalp-hungry Apaches didn't seem like anything to lose sleep over.

Luck was with him, and he soon discovered a number of silver veins. Remembering the naysayers at the fort, he named his first two claims Tombstone and Graveyard.

News of his find soon got out, and people with more greed than sense began to move to the area. Despite constant attacks by the Chiricahua, a town was established on Goose Flats and named after Schieffelin's first claim.

The town grew slowly until the arrival of the railroad. The completion of Bayou Vermilion's line into town was a major event that literally put Tombstone on the map. Overnight, Tombstone became the eastern endpoint for Confederate ghost-rock caravans and the starting point for expeditions heading to the Maze. Along with this large, transient population came a horde of merchants, outfitters, and saloon-keepers hoping to part them from their money.

The Maze or Bust!

Silver mining, although a large part of Tombstone's economy, has taken a back seat to serving the needs of the many travelers who pass through the town. New saloons and outfitters are sprouting up faster than weeds on a cow patty.

Many would-be miners are tinhorns from Back East who have heard there's easy money to be had in California. They come to Tombstone by train with little more than the clothes on their back and a pocketful of cash. It's usually not until after they've bought every conceivable piece of equipment known to man that they realize they have much more than they could ever possibly carry. The folks over at the OK Corral are making money hand over fist, selling these fools horses and wagons. The only thing that might put a crimp in the store owner's cash flow is Reverend Grimme's Edict. But word of Grimme's activities is spreading slowly, and for now the flow of people through Tombstone has slowed down only slightly.

The country between Tombstone and the Maze is rugged and crawling with all sorts of antisocial types and nasty critters. There are guides who will organize a group of travelers and lead them to their destination. Most charge about $50 a head—expensive, but usually worth every penny.

The trip usually takes someone who knows their business about a month each way—or three weeks on the way back if they're not leading a group. Some guides are making the round trip much faster than that by cutting a pretty serious corner. These villains take people's money and then, once they're out of sight of town, get their customers killed and dump the poor chumps' bodies in the wasteland that is Arizona.

The Legion

One of the reasons one should not make the trip from Tombstone to the Maze without protection is the Foreign Legion, which we told you about a bit earlier. Some of these fellows are slipping away from their posts to plunder the lucrative Ghost Trail. Sometimes they come into Tombstone, where they are promptly run out of town by the Cowboys (see below). Curly Bill and company don't like competition.

There are good Legionnaires, both French and otherwise, but along the Arizona border, the number of bad ones far outweigh the good. Full details and statistics on the Legionnaires can be found on page 339.

WELCOME TO
TOMBSTONE
GATEWA TO THE
GRE ZE

Conquistadors?

There is another hazard to watch out for when traveling near Tombstone. Recently folks have been having run-ins with Spanish Conquistadors, of all things.

Their stories are all remarkably the same. While traveling northwest of Tombstone near the Whetstone Mountains, they are approached by three horsemen dressed in old-style Spanish armor. At lance-point, the horsemen demand that the travelers hand over the silver they've "stolen." A few of the more hot-tempered individuals opened up on them, but it didn't seem to have much effect. In all cases, once the traveler got the point across that he or she had no silver, the horsemen simply turned and rode off.

No, these folks haven't been overindulging in the hooch. It's true. The three horsemen terrorizing the area are conquistadors who passed through the San Pedro Valley in 1540 with Francisco Coronado's expedition. They discovered silver in the valley and returned to open a mine. They enslaved the local Pima Indians to work the mine, working many Indians to death. At the end of each day, they inspected the workers to make sure they had not stolen any silver. Any Indian found with even a fleck of silver on him was put to death.

One day, neighboring Indians liberated the slaves and took the silver. The conquistadors were buried alive inside their mine. A shaman cursed their spirits to walk the earth until they gather silver equal to that mined by the slaves.

The shaman intended this to be an eternal penance. The spirits were powerless to take the silver, and as long as the local Indians knew of their atrocities, none would willingly give them any. Unfortunately, the Reckoning changed that.

The conquistadors now wander the area around their mine looking for the "thieves" who took their silver. Whenever they encounter anyone, they demand the return of their ill-gotten wealth, although they are powerless against those who have no silver on them.

The conquistadors may not harm those who have no silver. They may attack others normally. They can be hurt normally, but not killed directly. Any wound that would kill one simply disperses its soul, causing it to vanish. It cannot return for 24 hours. The only way to destroy them permanently is to unearth their remains from the mine in the San Pedro Valley and burn them to ashes.

Conquistadors

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, S: 3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d8
Fightin': sword, lance 4d8
Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Overawe 4d8
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 16
Terror: 9
Special Abilities:
Ghost: The conquistadors cannot be permanently killed except by the method described in the text above.
Gear: Breastplate (Armor 2), sword (STR+2d8), lance (STR+2d10)
Description: These spirits look like Spanish Conquistadors, complete with armor and weapons.

The Mule Trains

The Confederate government is still shipping ghost rock overland from the Maze, but in much smaller quantities than before. Mexican and Apache raids have made the trip extremely dangerous and costly, and Grimme's Edict has complicated things. Each caravan is made up of 15 to 20 wagonloads of ghost rock, escorted by two companies of troops—usually a company of cavalry and a company of infantry. The regular troops are often supplemented by Indian scouts and the occasional steamwagon or artillery piece, especially if the Rebels get word of trouble brewing.

It used to take about a month and a half for one of these caravans to reach Tombstone, but these days that's up to two months, since the caravan has to skirt the edge of Grimme's new "sovereign state." Some caravans don't make it at all. Two were lost last year, and three have gone missing since January of 1877. As soon as the dust from the November Offensive's settles, Richmond will likely dispatch fresh troops to reinforce Fort Huachuca and patrol the Ghost Trail.

The arrival of a caravan is a major event. The soldiers receive their pay when they reach Tombstone and are turned loose on the town. Most immediately head out to celebrate the fact that they've still got a full head of hair. The week following the arrival of a shipment is a wild one, as the soldiers blow through their pay and work up the courage to march back to California and do it all over again.

The Law in Tombstone

Fred White is the town marshal in Tombstone. This poor unfortunate has his hands full dealing with rowdy soldiers, drunken miners, and a wide assortment of trash that's just passing through. He has one deputy, Spence Walker. The most charitable thing that can be said about Spence is that he's a few cards shy of a full deck.

To add legitimacy to their claim to Arizona, the Confederate government divided the territory up into counties and elected sheriffs for each. In some counties, the sheriff and his deputies outnumber the Confederate citizens living there. John Behan was elected sheriff of Cochise County, and his office is in Tombstone, the county seat.

Behan performs one of his duties as sheriff well—collecting taxes. Of course, that may have something to do with the fact that as sheriff he's entitled to take 10% of all the taxes collected as salary. Despite all the cattle rustling and other shenanigans that goes on in the county, it's possible to count the number of arrests Behan has made on one hand.

The Cowboys

The real law in town is a group of outlaws called the Cowboys. Unfortunately the law tends to be whatever happens to be good for the Cowboys. They're a bunch of no-good, cattle-rustling lowlifes.

The Cowboys have the run of the town because few people have the guts to stand up to them. Their leader is Old

Man Clanton. His three sons—Ike, Phineas, and William—all ride with him, but it's Curly Bill Brocius who calls the shots when the old man is not around. Other notables among this scurvy bunch are John Ringo and Frank and Tom McLaury. They can usually rustle up 20 to 30 followers and hangers-on when the need arises.

Clanton's boys have raided the Ghost Trail several times, but they're too well-known to really give it a go without blowing their comfortable position in Tombstone. It wouldn't take much of an excuse for the local's favorite Texas Ranger, Hank Ketchum, to round up a posse and put the Cowboys out of business for good.

These no-goods are smart enough to realize this, so they've mostly stuck to rustling. When they're not tearing things up in town, they're usually south of the border liberating some poor Mexican rancher's livestock.

They bring the cattle north and sell them to the local ranchers and restaurants. Sometimes, for a change of pace, they steal local cattle and sell them in Mexico. Despite numerous complaints, Sheriff Behan has taken no action against them.

It's best to stay indoors after the Cowboys return from one of their "cattle drives." They like to celebrate by partaking in what they like to call "a jollification." This consists of getting dead drunk at Ike's Place (Ike Clanton's very own restaurant) and then tearing around on horseback, shooting at anything that moves.

Things have calmed down a bit of late, ever since Doc Holliday came to town. He's had a few run-ins with the Cowboys and lived to tell it—even laugh in that consumptive way of his.

The Cowboys don't know how to handle someone who isn't afraid of dying, and are worried he might make good on his threat to send a wire to Dodge and have his friend Wyatt Earp come to Tombstone for a spell.

Recently, the Cowboy's have been employed as local muscle by Baron LaCroix's Bayou Vermillion railroad as enforcers. They don't know anything about the deeper mysteries of the Bayou Vermillion operation—yet

Their ranks of the cowboys have also been bolstered recently by a few soft-spoken Mexican ruffians. These are actually advance scouts for Santa Anna. The General has no plans on invading Tombstone at this time, but he's scouting out the territory for the future. The Cowboys have no idea about their new members high connections south of the border, but other folks in town have been wondering lately...

Curly Bill Brocius

Curly Bill is the number two man in the Cowboys, and he's got plans for becoming the head honcho. He's tired of rustling cattle and wants to move on to bigger and better things like banks and stagecoaches.

He knows that if he just upped and killed Old Man Clanton, it would split the gang. Instead, he's been biding his time, waiting for the chance to arrange an "accident" for the geezer. Bill has been the man brokering the gang's deal with Bayou Vermillion as well. It's all part of consolidating his position.

Profile:
Curly Bill Brocius

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:3d10, Q:4d6, V:2d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, horse ridin' 3d8, quick draw 5d6, shootin': pistol, shotgun 4d8, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d6

Animal wranglin' 4d8, bluff 3d8, gamblin' 3d8, guts 4d6, leadership 3d8, overawe 4d8, persuasion 2d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Brawny 3

Hindrances: Hankerin/mild: opium -1, vengeful -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker.
Description: Curly Bill is a plain looking man, with kinky black hair and a vicious look in his eye.

Johnny Ringo
(a.k.a. John Ringold)

Johnny is the most feared Cowboy. He's faster than a rattler and meaner than one when he's been hitting the bottle. Tombstone clears the streets when he staggers out of a saloon.

Johnny despises Doc Holliday and the feeling is mutual. They've traded lead on at least one occasion, and it's bound to happen again.

Johnny Ringo

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:4d10, V:3d6
Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, quick draw 5d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 5d10, sneak 2d8
Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d8
Bluff 3d8, gamblin' 3d8, guts 4d8, overawe 4d6, persuasion 2d6, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, trackin' 2d8
Edges: Two-fisted 3
Hindrances: Hankerin'/mild: opium -1 vengeful -3, bloodthirsty -2, mean as a rattler -2
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Gear: Twin single-action Colt Peacemakers.
Description: Ringo is a fairly good looking fellow, with a bushy black moustache and slicked-back hair

The Epitaph

Tombstone is, of course, the home of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, one of the most widely read publications on the North American continent.

John Clum is the paper's editor. He, along with Lacy O'Malley and the rest of the staff, is convinced something sinister has happened that has changed the nature of reality. Clum's goal, and that of the *Epitaph*, is to make the average person aware of what's going on before it's too late.

Unfortunately, it seems the governments of both the USA and CSA don't want anyone to know the truth. Many smaller papers who have run stories like those of the *Epitaph* have had run-ins with the Agents and the Texas Rangers. The *Epitaph* is fortunate that it built up a large audience before the Rangers knew where it was. Shutting the paper down now would only increase the credibility of its stories, as would banning its distribution. Still, both organizations keep harassing the *Epitaph* staff and reporters to keep as much of the truth suppressed as possible.

Enterprising heroes who witness an event or critter that's more than just a little out of the ordinary can make a little extra cash selling their stories. The *Epitaph* pays a half cent a word for articles, $10 for sketches, and $15 and up for photographs. All submissions are subject to independent confirmation, and while the *Epitaph* staff are pretty credulous people, they're no fools.

Life in Tombstone

It's been said that "Tombstone has a man for breakfast," and that's not far from the truth. There are a lot of ways to meet an unpleasant end in the town—provided a body can actually make it there. Many of the regular inhabitants take a sort of perverse pride in that fact.

That being said, the average Tombstone citizen does not live in the middle of an ongoing gun battle—it is possible to walk down the street without catching a hunk of lead.

Things get "civilized" about once a month, when Hank Ketchum and his Texas Rangers come through. Hank and his boys generally stop in town for a few days to rest their mounts before continuing their patrol of the territory.

That's when Curly Bill, Johnny Ringo, and the rest of the Cowboys decide they've got business to attend to south of the border. While the Rangers are in town, things stay pretty quiet. Even Sheriff Behan gives his mouth a rest for a few days.

Of course, once they pull out it doesn't take long for things to get back to normal—but it's nice while it lasts.

Tombstone Locales

Bird Cage Theater: The Bird Cage often has some splendid entertainment. The comedian Eddie Foy has graced the establishment a number of times. Aspiring thespians be warned, however. Tombstone crowds can be hard on acts that aren't up to snuff.

Boot Hill: The epitaphs on some of the tombstones demonstrate the grim humor of the citizenry of Tombstone..

Cochise County Courthouse: This is where Justice of the Peace Wells Spicer passes judgment on the miscreants Fred White manages to round up. Spicer has no love for the Cowboys, but he is powerless to do anything until someone is finally able to arrest them.

Crystal Palace Saloon: Lunch is free here—provided it's washed down with the expensive house beer. The place was originally called the Fredericksburg Lager Beer Depot, but the owners decided to spruce the place up with some crystal stemware and big mirrors.

Episcopal Church: The divine truth is explained here every Sunday by the Reverend Endicott Peabody.

Fly's Gallery: C. S. Fly will immortalize a likeness for posterity for the pittance of a mere $2.

Grand Hotel: A fine establishment with comfortable rooms. Doc Holliday is currently staying here with his paramour, Big Nose Kate.

Ike's Place: Ike Clanton owns this restaurant, so it's a favorite hangout of the Cowboys. The food is mediocre but cheap. Rest assured that all the steaks in the place were mooing en Español a few days previously.

OK Corral: This is the place to go for a wagon or horse. Of course, prices are two to three times what they would be Back East.

Oriental Saloon: A good place for a game of faro or poker. The place has gained some notoriety as the favorite haunt of the deadly dentist, Doc Holliday.

Schieffelin Hall: A fine theater erected by Ed Schieffelin. This is the largest adobe building in North America.

Tombstone City Hall: John Clum's other office. He's also mayor of Tombstone.

***Tombstone Epitaph* Office:** The home office of the most controversial paper in North America.

Famous Folks

Here's the lowdown on two of Tombstone, Arizona's most famous folks. John Henry "Doc" Holliday, and Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum.

Doc Holliday

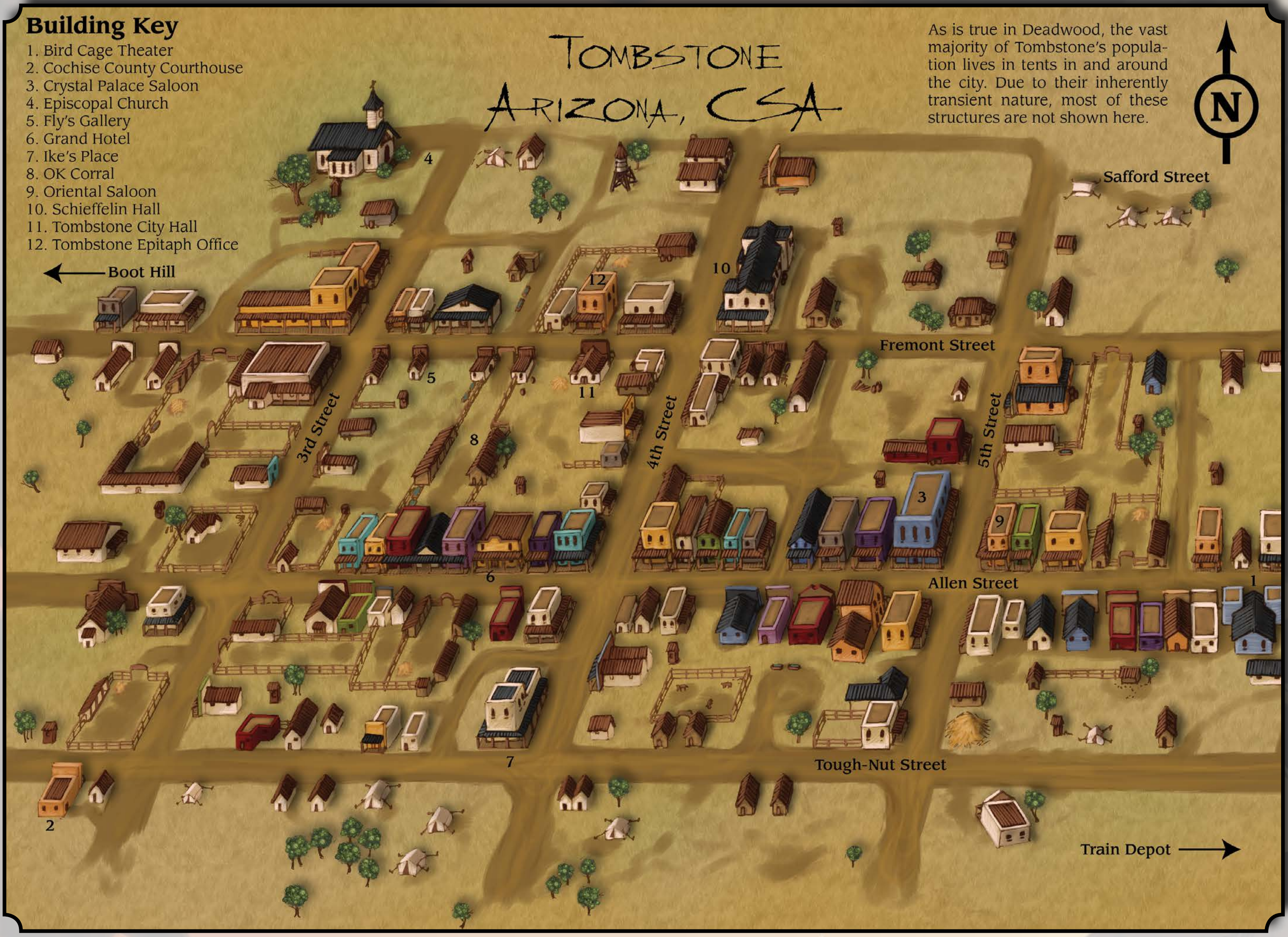
John Henry Holliday came West in '72, after being diagnosed with tuberculosis, hoping that the dry weather around these parts would do his poor lungs some good. Although he sometimes practiced dentistry, hence the nickname "Doc," he made most of his money playing cards.

A real student of card games, Doc's one of the sharpest gamblers in the Weird West. There's absolutely no risk he's afraid to take, and that goes double away from the poker table.

Doc is a dangerous man to cross, and many men have discovered that fact too late to make any difference to anyone but their heirs. He has a quick temper and does not hesitate to take action when provoked. Because of his touchy trigger, he's made a lot more enemies for himself than friends.

He's deeply loyal to those he's got, though. Doc is close friends with Wyatt Earp. A few months before coming to Tombstone, Doc was in Dodge City and saved Wyatt from a horde of angry cowboys.

Doc is also an accomplished huckster, and has been twiddling the cards in an arcane way for several years.


Building Key
1. Bird Cage Theater
2. Cochise County Courthouse
3. Crystal Palace Saloon
4. Episcopal Church
5. Fly's Gallery
6. Grand Hotel
7. Ike's Place
8. OK Corral
9. Oriental Saloon
10. Schieffelin Hall
11. Tombstone City Hall
12. Tombstone Epitaph Office
TOMBSTONE
ARIZONA, CSA
As is true in Deadwood, the vast majority of Tombstone's population lives in tents in and around the city. Due to their inherently transient nature, most of these structures are not shown here.
N
Boot Hill
Safford Street
Fremont Street
3rd Street
4th Street
5th Street
Allen Street
Tough-Nut Street
Train Depot
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12

Lately Holliday has been seen in the company of a bounty hunter named Alexander Graves, and actually saved Grave's life in a gunfight with the Cowboys. For full details on Alexander Graves (as well as a passel of other law fogs and outlaws) check out the *Law Dogs* sourcebook.

Doc is dying, and he knows it. He's looking to go out in a blaze of glory if given half a chance.

Doc Holliday

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:3d10, V:1d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw: pistol 6d10, shootin': pistol, shotgun 6d10, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d10, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Bluff 4d8, gamblin' 6d8, guts 5d6, language: Latin 2d10, medicine: general 2d10, overawe 5d6, persuasion 2d6, professional: dentistry 4d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8

Edges: Arcane background: huckster 3, two-fisted 3, "the voice": grating

Hindrances: Ailin'/fatal: consumption -5, death wish -5, hankerin'/mild: alcohol -1, loyal: Wyatt Earp, Big Nose Kate -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Special Abilities:

Huckster: hexslingin' 7, Hexes: Helpin' hand, hunch, missed me!, phantom fingers, private eye, soul blast, trinkets

Gear: Twin double-action Colt Peacemakers, a deck of cards and a selection of bloodstained handkerchiefs.

Description: Doc is handsome fellow, if a bit thin and pale from his consumption. He has brown hair and a moustache.

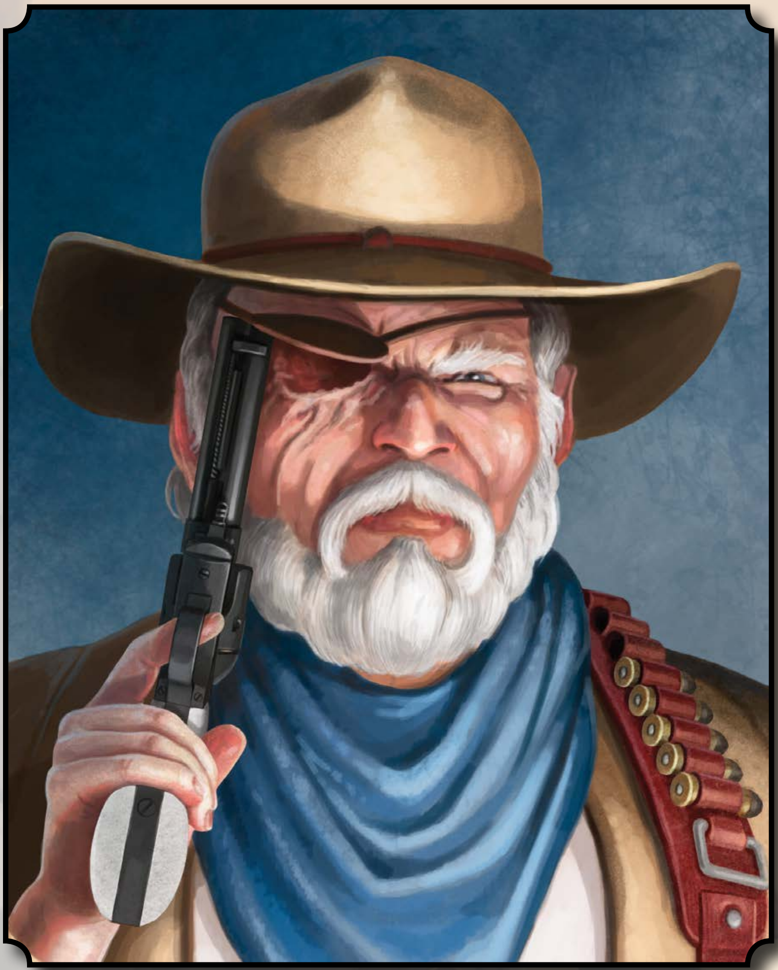
Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum

One of the most famous Texas Rangers is Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum. Hank understands the strange events that plague the Weird West better than most. Besides dealing with it on a daily basis, he got his nickname from an rather gruesome event.

Ketchum was in the field hospital at Gettysburg on the last day of the battle. There a surgeon was possessed by an evil spirit and began hacking off patients' body parts. The most famous victim was General John Bell Hood, who watched "the Butcher" take off one of his arms. The madman plucked out Hank's eye with a surgeon's probe, but the indomitable Ketchum and a few other survivors chased the Butcher off

Hank spent years hunting for the Butcher, and finally tracked him to Dodge city last year, right around Independence day. While the butchers evil was stopped for a while, things didn't work out exactly as Ketchum planned. Check out the *City o' Gloom* boxed set for full details on what exactly happened after Hank left Dodge (in *Independence Day* dime novel).

Hank's a survivor. He's not the fastest gun, but he stands his ground and keeps firing until he's dead or his target quits twitching.



A recent incident that illustrates this is that of the Gravy River Gang. He captured them in southern Texas single-handedly. What's more amazing is he managed to stay awake and keep guard over these ornery rascals for five straight days on the trip back to the Ranger outpost at El Paso.

PROFILE: HANK KETCHUM

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:3d10, Q:2d8, V:4d12

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin', knife 4d10, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw : pistol 1d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d10, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:4d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, guts 3d10, language: Spanish 1d6, overawe 5d10, scrutinize 2d8, search 2d8, streetwise 3d8, survival: desert 3d8, trackin' 3d8

Edges: Brave 2, law man 5, nerves o' steel 1, rank: Texas Rangers 2, sand 2, tough as nails 3

Hindrances: Big britches -3, enemy: Northerners and the Cowboy gang -2, oath: track down the Butcher -2, obligation: shoot or recruit the supernatural -5

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemakers, a Winchester `76 rifle, a Bowie knife and three speed-load cylinders..

Description: Ketchum is a bear of a man, with a bushy white beard and an eye-patch.

THE WEIRD WORLD

Evil doesn't recognize borders. There are just as many haunts in England as in the Black Hills of the Dakotas. More, actually, since the English have had a few thousand more years of blood-drenched, "civilized" history to find them.

The West may be weird, but the rest of the continent is besieged by the supernatural as well. The Great Lakes are said to be home to a weird sea-hag that wrecks ships. The hills of Kentucky are full of nameless horrors beyond imagining. There supposedly even a mischievous poltergeist living in the basement of the New York City Public Library that rewrites certain books when the librarians shut off the lights at night.

In Europe, the French are plotting revenge for their defeat by the Prussians in '70. That's partly why they're in America trying to get ghost rock.

Russia and Turkey are also preparing for war. Experts agree these merciless foes and their "battle in the Balkans" will result in furious bloodlettings in the ancient Caucaus Mountains. The tiniest spark could set this long-standing powderkeg off.

The British are having their fill with the Zulus and Boers in South Africa. Most look for a major war, and the locals claim the Zulus' practice of witchcraft is more potent than ever before, which could be bad news for the Brits.

In Egypt, bizarre cults claim to have re-awakened the old gods. Human sacrifices to Anubis and the other dark gods are said to be near epidemic proportions. In another kind of strangeness, mummified remains are incredibly common in north Africa, and wealthy Europeans are said to be purchasing them for "unwrapping" parties back home. You can imagine just what kind of trouble this has caused in some cases.

The Far East is also getting weird. Sources in Japan claim the "oni" have returned, spirits likely similar to Christian demons or Indian manitous. China's not faring much better.

As for Australia, you don't want to know what's up "down under."

We'll get to these foreign locales as time rolls on. For now, the action focuses on the American West. If you want your posse to travel abroad, you'll have to make up the details until then.

Happy Trails, Marshal!

COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Now that you know how to play this crazy game, you're no doubt itchin' to round up a posse and hit the trail. Well, we've got just the twisted tale for you to spring on a bunch of unsuspectin' cowpokes!

Settle in while we spin you a little yarn about trains, bugs, and the walkin 'dead.

THE STORY SO FAR

A few weeks ago, a ship called *Mary's Despair* docked in the port of Boston. She carried an innocent cargo of bananas from Honduras. Or so her crew thought. A creature called a "husker" had crept aboard *Mary's Despair* the night before the ship sailed for Boston. The thing is a man-sized, insect-like monster with the extraordinarily nasty habit of reproducing by planting its eggs inside other animals.

Once *Mary's Despair* docked, the monster slipped off and began multiplying—at the expense of a number of Boston's citizens. It wasn't long before the Agency's office in the city was alerted to the menace. Acting with its usual secrecy, the organization quickly identified the problem and took steps to eliminate the husker infestation.

PROBLEM SOLVED...?

A few days burned buildings, and corpses later, the situation was well in hand. However, the field agents realized the husker was a type of abomination they had never before encountered. After a high level conference in Washington, the organization decided the creature warranted further study.

They left one of the monsters alive. The Agency felt the creature was too dangerous to leave on the highly populated East Coast, however, so they arranged to have the abomination shipped to one of its remote Western offices for study.

Two field operatives, Laura Giles and Allan Seyberth, were assigned to guard the shipment as it traveled west on an old locomotive named the *Skyline Steamer*. All in all, it should have been an easy assignment.

This is where the heroes come in.

BUSHWHACKED!

Philip Clarkson gave a law-abiding life a try—for almost one whole month. Now he's moving up to the big time—train-robbing. He's rigged a trestle over a shallow gorge with dynamite. When the next train comes, he and his gang of losers will blow it and loot the baggage cars.

Clarkson has no idea about the presence of the Agency or their special cargo. He just figures he's on to an easy score.

He doesn't know *how* wrong he is.

THE SETUP

This is the easy part—all that's necessary to begin the adventure is that the posse be riding on the *Skyline* Steamer, a west-bound Denver-Pacific train somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. Have each of the players tell you why their characters are heading further west. They could have boarded the train anywhere from Boston to Denver, so you can accommodate a wide variety of character types.

You can have some of the characters know each other if you want, or make them all complete strangers. You couldn't ask for an easier way to get a party together.

The story is intended to be run during either early spring or late fall—either just after the mountain passes have opened or just before they close. However, depending on the weather conditions, just about any season is acceptable.

CHAPTER ONE: TICKETS PLEASE!

The first portion of the adventure is intended to let the players get a feel for the *Skyline Steamer*, its crew, and passengers. If they're strangers, they also have a little time to meet each other and introduce their characters.

As we mentioned before, the point of departure and destination aren't really important to the adventure's plot—use whatever works for your particular game!

The story picks up as the train climbs into the higher elevations of the Rocky Mountains.

THE TRAIN

The train consists of a locomotive, coal car, three passenger cars, dining car, baggage car and a caboose. Don't worry about mapping out who is where inside the train—it's all about to blow up anyway.

LOCOMOTIVE

During daytime hours, engineer Pete Franklin and fireman M. A. Maggert can be found here. At night, King White is normally at the controls and Jane Hunt is his fireman.

COAL CAR

The steep climb through the pass places a good deal of strain on the engine. Coaling stations are few and far between in the mountain wilderness, so the coal car is slightly larger than those found on trains servicing the flat lands.

"SLEEPER" CAR

Unlike some of the richer rail cars Back East, this sleeper car is sparsely furnished. The sleeping compartments are actually wooden cubbyholes stacked two high running the length of the car. Each comes with a thin feather-stuffed mattress. A small curtain can be drawn across the compartment to provide a small amount of privacy for the passenger.

There are a total of 20 berths on the car. For this trip, other passengers occupy four of those berths, leaving 16 available for posse members.

The four passengers occupying the sleeper car are Penelope Brown, Gregory Dawson, Laura Giles, and Allan Seyberth (see **Passengers,** below).

Passenger Cars

There are two passenger cars on the train. Each one has 10 double-sided benches, each side of which can comfortably seat two passengers (meaning each one can seat 40 passengers total).

Many sleeper car ticket-holders spend much of the daytime hours in this car—there are no seating accommodations in the sleeper. Also, most passengers try to garner an entire bench for themselves so they'll have a little room to stretch out at night.

On this particular trip, there are few regular passengers. Only seven other passengers are spread through the two cars leaving plenty of room for the heroes to stretch out.

Dining Car

This car has a dining area and small kitchen. The dining area holds four booths capable of seating four passengers at a time and a small bar with three stools. The kitchen contains a wood stove, a couple of prep tables and a tiny larder. Passengers aren't normally allowed into the kitchen, and while crew members are, the cook, Harold Buchanan, becomes grumpy if they raid his larder.

Because there are so few passengers on this leg of the journey, the larder is barely half full. All meals must be bought separately ($2 each).

Between meal hours, the dining car also serves as an informal lounge. Passengers occasionally scare up a poker game to pass the hours, and the cook serves drinks until 10 PM.

Harold has a small bunk at the back of the kitchen.

Baggage Car

This car is locked and off-limits to passengers. All the travelers' personal effects are stored here, along with two bags of mail and a large, well-constructed crate.

Any low-down skunk willing to poke through other folks' belongings or mail can find a few, easily concealable valuables here. A Fair (5) *scroungin'* roll nets the thief $5 dollars in goods plus an additional $5 for every raise. This roll can only be attempted once per hero (and we use that term loosely here!). If the pilferer gets two raises, she finds either Laura or Allan's Gatling pistol hidden in their baggage as well.

The heavily-boarded and chained crate, marked "Property of the Boston Museum of Fine Art," holds the Agency's husker. For details on the creature, see **Chapter Three** of this adventure**.** Anyone who makes a Hard (9) *Cognition* roll while closely examining the crate detects the sound of something fairly large shifting its weight inside the crate. Short of using a crowbar to pry the boards loose, there's no way to see what's inside.

Seyberth comes back here at least twice a day to check on the crate. Using Agency connections, he and his partner have secured permission to enter the baggage car as long as the conductor is with him. He explains his presence to any nosy posse members by saying he is carrying a valuable piece of sculpture for exhibit in a Salt Lake City.

Caboose

This is where the crew (except the cook) spends most of its free time. There are eight bunks in the caboose. The men are fairly happy on this trip because there are only five of them, which means each man has his own bunk and plenty of room.

Fellow Passengers

Here are the posse's fellow passengers.

Penelope Brown: Penelope is a pretty red-headed, mail-order bride heading West to meet her new husband. She's not thrilled with the arrangement, it did get her out of Pittsburgh. Penelope is a sleeper car passenger.

Richard Chasen: Richard is a deserter from the Confederate Army. He avoids any obvious lawmen or soldiers of either country.

Gregory Dawson: With his carefully groomed black hair and mustache, Dawson cuts quite a figure. He's always impeccably dressed and frequents the lounge. However, he's nothing more than a shyster looking to sell a fake "treasure map" to whoever will buy it ($1000).

Jacob Emmet: Jacob is a middle-aged Mormon missionary. Most of the other passengers are a bit uncomfortable around him thanks to rumors abound about the "goings-on" in Deseret.

Laura Giles: See **The Agency**, below.

Denise Merritt: Denise is very nosty and continually quizzes the heroes and anyone else about their lives and experiences. She's trying to make a living as a freelance reporter or dime-novelist, but hasn't gotten a break yet. The husker story might be her big break.

Allan Seyberth: See **The Agency**, below.

Abiel and Aloysius Squatpump: These twin brothers are crude, grimy, trappers heading West for better game than they found in Kentucky.

The Wilson family: Rick, Jenny, and their two boys, Amos and Jethro, are traveling to visit relatives. The boys are rotten enough to be Satan's cabana boys.

The Crew

Harold Buchanan. A middle-aged, balding man with a belly. He's the train's cook and bartender.

John Crocker. The train's stern conductor.

Pete Franklin. The quiet, business-like, daytime engineer.

Jane Hunt. Jane is a husky, middle-aged woman who serves as King's fireman.

M. A. Maggert. "Mean-Ass" is a the daytime fireman. He's crude and starts trouble constantly.

King White. King is the nighttime locomotive operator. He's the most experienced member of the crew and always polite to *paying* passengers.

The Agents

The Agency has assigned two field operatives to guard the husker on its trip West. Laura Giles, a well-tested agent with years of field work under her belt, is in charge of the mission.

The two agents make little contact in public. Laura believes it best to conceal any connections, particularly from the reporter, Denise Merritt. The last thing they need is a nosy muckraker spilling the beans!

The creature appeared to be in a comatose state when they captured it, so they don't expect too much trouble. Nonetheless, Allan checks the crate at least twice a day.

Lately, Allan has noticed the thing in the crate is awake. This has him a little on edge. If it breaks free, he knows he'll be torn between killing it to prevent its escape and trying to capture it alive so he can complete his assignment. Laura has no compunctions—she'll kill it on sight and thinks that's what should have been done in the first place.

Laura Giles

Laura is an attractive woman in her late 20s. She's an experienced operative, with more than four years in the field. There's little she hasn't seen, or at least heard of

She's posing as the spoiled daughter of a wealthy cattle baron on a sight-seeing tour. If the posse becomes suspicious, she embellishes her story by hinting that she's running from an arranged marriage with an unsavory suitor.

Although she keeps a low profile, Laura is the agent-in-charge of the transport operation. She's a canny sort and keeps a close eye on her surroundings and fellow passengers. Little escapes her notice.

Laura's statistics are the same as for the standard Agency operative on page 306.

Allan Seyberth

Allan is a well-dressed young man in his mid-20s. He looks a bit like a tinhorn, but a few minutes of conversation quickly dispels that misconception. An air of confidence and self-assurance virtually radiates from him.

Allan professes to be a representative of a museum back in Boston. However, a hero making an Onerous (7) *scrutinize* roll notices his hands are rough from hard work—not what one would expect from a museum liaison.

Use the stats for the standard Agency operative from page 306.

Passin' the Time

Let the players get into their characters and get to know each other better by passing a little time before the action starts in the next chapter. Here are a few subplots you can use to keep things happening if the posse doesn't get into trouble on their own.

Babysittin'

The Wilson boys are Hellions. Their parents look for any opportunity to shuck the kids off onto other unsuspecting adults.

Should a posse member be unlucky enough to get saddled with the kids—and the Wilsons are practiced at this sort of thing!—he'll find them more than a handful. The two are constantly causing trouble and are downright mean about it. They love to start adults fighting by stealing small items and planting them on another, throwing food and then looking away, or planting a card in a gambler's sleeve.

Gamblin'

Dawson quickly gets a poker game running in the dining car. He plays an honest game for an hour or so, then starts cheating. Use the **Shyster** archetype's statistics should Dawson get in a fight.

He plays with several of the other passengers if the party isn't interested.

If the stakes get high, Dawson is quick to offer up his "treasure map." He acts like this is worth far more than the "measly thousand" he's asking for it, but his "ill health—(hack, hack)—won't let him pursue this incredible wealth."

Man-Huntin'

Penelope isn't particularly thrilled about being a mail-order bride, but she didn't see any future in staying in a mill town like Pittsburgh. And she *hated* the smoke and fumes from the factories.

She's liable to latch onto any hero who's obviously got a fair amount of money, or, failing that, any male posse member with a high *Mien* Trait (d10 or above). The target of her affections soon learns she's quite affectionate, but her plans are for a permanent relationship.

Snoopin' About

The more curious members of the posse might start nosing about the train. That's fine, but the conductor tries to restrict them to the sleeper, passenger and dining cars.

Getting into the baggage car requires a fairly clever plan to distract Harold from his kitchen, or an Onerous (7) *persuasion* or *bluff* roll. Even once she's gotten past Harold, the cowpoke has to avoid the conductor and Allan as she pilfers the contents of the car.

More adventurous heroes might even try climbing outside the cars and crossing the roof. It takes a Fair (5) *climbin'* roll to accomplish this between the cars, but an Onerous (7) roll to scale the sides from a window. If she fails the roll, she can't find a route up; going bust means she's fallen from the train, taking 3d6+15 damage. Now she's also faced with getting back on the moving train, but we'll leave those details to you, Marshal.

Bounty

There are no special rewards to dole out yet. Just make sure you reward players for roleplaying their characters and interacting with the train's other passengers.

Chapter Two: This is a Stickup!

Sometime after the posse's had ample time to wander about the train, meet each other, and get to know a few of the passengers, the iron horse rounds a tight curve and begins to climb a steep grade. At the top of the mile-long incline is the trestle Clarkson and his bandits have rigged with explosives.

Trouble in the Baggage Car

Just before the train begins to climb the grade, Allan Seyberth makes a trip to check on the husker. His nervousness over the movement in the crate causes the operative to head back to the car without the conductor, Crocker.

What Allan doesn't know is that the husker has already succeeded in breaking out of its crate. When he enters the car, the monster blinds him with its poison and quickly dispatches him.

In the meantime, Crocker has learned from Harold that Allan has entered the car without him. He heads back to the car just in time to see the monster kill the Agent. Crocker bolts for the door to the dining car.

Once there, with adrenaline boosting his strength, he pulls the linchpin between the cars. As the last two cars begin to separate from the train, the husker lunges from the baggage car and snatches the heroic Crocker, dragging him back with it to the tall conductor's doom.

By this time, the train is over halfway up the slope. None of this causes any noise or should be noticed by the posse.

Put on the Brakes!

Moments later, Harold notices the baggage car and caboose have been released. He rushes to the locomotive to let Pete know. By the time he reaches the locomotive, the train has nearly reached the top of the incline.

The engineer begins to bleed steam and slow the train as it crests the incline.

Kaboom!

As the train reaches the top of the mountain, the posse hears a large BOOM! from somewhere ahead. A cloud of dust rises to the front and the high pitched whine of metal pierces the air as Maggert yanks on the brakes.

Clarkson has detonated the explosives, demolishing the trestle. He'd figured the train would be under full steam and not be able to stop in time to avoid plummeting into the canyon. He had no idea the engineer would have already begun to slow the *Skyline Steamer*.

The other passengers shout and scream when the dynamite explodes. Then, as the brakes begin to grab, everyone is tossed about the inside of the cars.

Into the Chasm!

The locomotive is unable to come to a complete halt before tumbling into the gorge. Fortunately, it's going slow enough that only the engine and coal car are dropped over the edge. The coal car comes to rest atop the engine and prevents the rest of the train from being pulled over the edge.

Passengers in the caboose or the sleeper, passenger, or baggage cars take 2d6 damage when the train slams to a halt. Anyone unlucky enough to be in the locomotive takes 5d6+25 from the plummet and crash. Determine the total number of wounds and apply each to a random hit location as massive damage.

Any hero on the coal car at the time of the crash takes 3d6+15 damage. He finds himself lying at the bottom of the gorge, just clear of the wreck when he regains his sense.

Bailing Out

A quick thinker might decide to abandon the train before the crash. Those who do must make Fair (5) *Nimbleness* rolls or take 1d6+5 points of damage. Going bust on the roll doubles the damage.

Dang It! Now we Have to Shoot 'Em

Clarkson can't disappoint his already surly gang or they might lynch him, so now he has to shoot it out with the survivors.

The area near the trestle is lightly forested and strewn with a few boulders. The outlaws are hiding among the trees and rocks on both sides of the tracks. Clarkson is farthest from the trestle, located near the end of the dining car once the train has stopped. The others are dispersed evenly along the tracks leading to the bridge.

Clarkson has two train robbers for each member of the posse. Use the statistics for standard bandits found on page 282.

As soon as the heroes begin moving about or try to leave the train, the outlaws open fire. They concentrate on whoever seems to be doing the most damage first, any law dogs second, and the cowpoke with the biggest gun next.

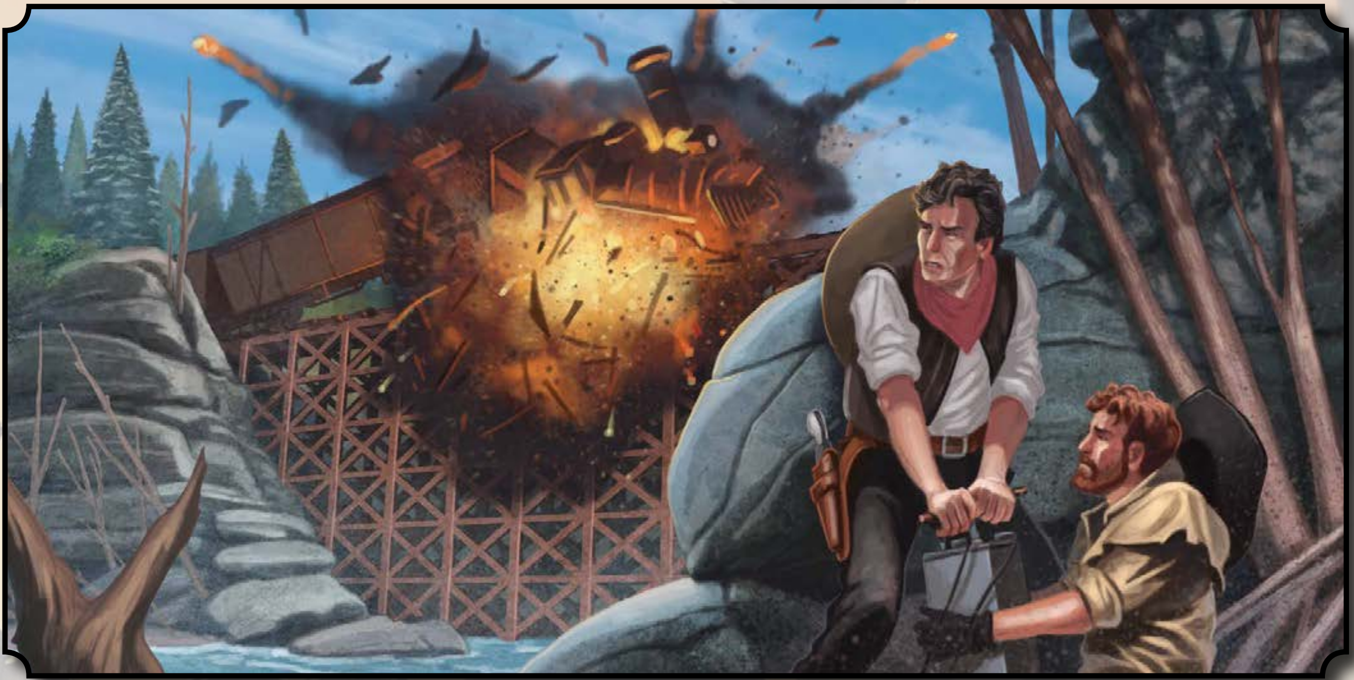
Shootout

Only the heroes are likely to be in any condition to fire back on the robbers. With the exception of Harold, the cook, the train crew is out of action. The other passengers are either unarmed or too shaken up to mount any real resistance.

The train wreck provides good cover, but the posse tries to hole up too long, Clarkson lobs a stick of dynamite at their car. Throwing it through a window gives him a -4 modifier to his *throwin'* roll, and if he misses, it detonates outside. The walls of the car provide 3 levels of armor against the explosion (i.e., 3d8 damage instead of 3d20).

If the fight turns sharply against the heroes, the Squatpumps, the cook, and Laura Giles come out of their shock and pitch in.

The bandits have their horses hidden nearby. Should they start to take heavy casualties, they break and run for their mounts, taking any spare horses with them as they go. Remember they're mostly cowards, so they won't fight to the death.



What a Mess!

After the train robbers have been chased off, the passengers set about assessing their situation. Things look grim indeed.

The locomotive and coal car are effectively destroyed. Pete Franklin and M. A. Maggert were killed in the crash. Everyone on the train is at least slightly injured, although the incident seems to have made the Wilson boys even meaner. The conductor, night crew, and Allan Seyberth are missing, along with the baggage car and caboose.

The only member of the crew remaining is Harold, the cook. He says the train is at least 50 miles from the nearest station and a fairly cold night isn't far away. He adds that his larder is poorly stocked and the food won't last more than another day or so.

Where's the Rest of the Train?

One of the most pressing concerns is what happened to the rest of the train. No one, not even Harold, has an idea. Dawson puts forth the suggestion that the missing cars are related to the robbery.

Laura Giles has other ideas—she's pretty sure the Agency's special delivery is involved, although she won't say so. Instead, she does her best "maiden in distress" act and asks:

> *"I'm terribly worried about the rest of the train. Why don't some of you take a walk down the tracks and see what happened? I can't imagine a train car could get that far, especially since they broke loose near the bottom of the hill.*
>
> *"It's getting near dark and I think we should try to recover as much of our belongings as possible. It looks to me like we're in for a long stay—or hike."*

Laura directs her comments at the most capable-looking passengers, the posse. She fully intends to go herself, but, armed with only a Derringer, isn't enthusiastic about running into the husker alone. If none of the heroes volunteer, she specifically asks for their help, possibly hinting that her valuables were truly valuable and offering a small ($50) reward if they'll help her recover them. Harold, feeling some responsibility as the only crew member present, agrees to go as well.

The rest of the passengers sit tight unless otherwise directed. Richard Chassen suggests they build a fire and prepare defenses in case the bandits return.

The Boxcar

Fear Level 2

The trip down the mountain should slowly build a feeling of uneasiness in the heroes. The trees seem even darker and denser than before, and the patches of snow muffle sounds, making the pass almost unnaturally quiet.

The boxcar and caboose rolled back down the hill, then jumped track at the sharp curve at the bottom of the incline. Now they lie upended on an embankment above a small stream.

Anybody Home?

A quick scan of the area turns up no sign of the crew or Seyberth. A little searching reveals several clues. As the heroes *search* different parts of the wreck, reveal the following clues:

Around the Baggage Car: A Hard (9) *search* or a Fair (5) *trackin'* reveals someone in boots was dragged up the opposite slope into the pinewoods. A raise also finds marks in the snow that look suspiciously like the dragger was walking on stilts (the husker's prints).

Inside the Baggage Car: A Fair (5) *search* roll finds evidence that someone lost a fair amount of blood there. A raise or a separate Onerous *(7) medicine* roll tells the cowpoke that there were probably *two* victims inside. One of these was Allan Seyberth, the other was the conductor, John Crocker.

The searcher also notes the only seriously damaged object in the car is the "museum" crate.

If the searcher goes through the strewn baggage, she finds Seyberth's Gatling pistol on an Onerous (7) *search.*

The Crate: A Hard (9) *search* roll tells the hero the crate was broken open from the *inside!* Scratches on the inside indicate something had been working to free itself for some time.

The Caboose A hero making a Fair (5) *search* roll finds more blood here. A raise detects signs of a struggle, and two raises finds the same, strange stilt-like prints in the area. This is where the crewmen in the caboose were finished off.

Laura's Tale

Laura is quick to secure—and hide—her own Gatling pistol. If she used the story of recovering her "valuables" to get the party to help, she pretends some small piece of costume jewelry is an old family heirloom.

What Happened?

The posse is free to make whatever assumptions they'd like about the occurrences at the boxcar. Laura, of course, has a very good idea about what's going on, but keeps this to herself. For now, she continues the "spoiled young lady" routine. If the posse becomes too obsessed with the odd clues they found, she suggests wolves dragged the bodies away.

Laura is *very* nervous about being near the husker when darkness falls. Feigning concern about said wolves, or, if that doesn't work, the train robbers returning, Laura attempts to hustle the group back to the wreck.

In her haste, her guard drops a little. Any sharp-eyed cowpoke who makes an Onerous (7) *scrutinize* roll notices she's a bit more sure-footed going back than she was coming down.

Bounty

Each clue discovered: 1 white chip to whoever found it.

Attempting to aid the other passengers after the wreck: 1 white chip to those involved. That's why we call 'em heroes, Marshal.

Defeating Clarkson's bandits: 1 red chip each.

Enemy: If he survived his botched robbery, Clarkson might hold the posse responsible and track them down later.

Chapter Three: Night on Cold Mountain

By the time the heroes return to the main wreck, nightfall is minutes away. The deathly still is broken only by the lonely sound of a wolf's howl somewhere in the distance.

With night comes a teeth-chattering chill. Now would be a good time to use those rules for extreme cold we gave you on page 226; the temperature drops to 20 degrees after dark in this part of the Rockies. A good bonfire can offset the effects of the cold, however, so if the passengers or posse built one, they're fine.

The events at the boxcar should have the heroes a little uneasy. Something unknown is prowling in the woods surrounding them and they're miles from nowhere. Harold helpfully points this out as he serves a makeshift dinner, if the heroes don't mention it themselves.

By the time the meal is finished, all of the passengers are jumpy, seeing the bogie man behind every tree or rock.

The Woods are Lonely, Dark, and Deep

The husker hasn't been wasting its time. Taking the bodies from the boxcar and caboose, it quickly planted hatchlings and buried them in a small clearing above the bend. Then it stalked the posse back to the main wreckage.

After the passengers begin to settle in for the night, the husker rounds up other corpses from the pass. It begins with the crewmen in the locomotive if no one pulled them from the wreckage, then it moves on to any dead bandits.

As the night progresses, any hero on guard should make a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll. On a success, she hears the sound of something scuttling across the rocks on the side of the pass. Of course, anyone brave (or foolish) enough to head into the darkness to investigate the sounds that night finds nothing.

In the morning, a successful Hard (9) *trackin'* roll uncovers stilt-like tracks all over the slopes above the wreckage. Whatever is out there is nearby, and it's been watching them!

Laura Comes Clean... Sort Of

By morning, Laura is certain the abomination is out and prowling. Although she has no intention of revealing herself to the heroes, she does decide to try to nudge them into eliminating the abomination.

Sometime after a rough breakfast, she approaches the most outspoken member of the posse and pleads her case:

> *"I didn't want to say anything before, but I think I know what's going on. Earlier in the trip, that Mr. Seyberth let slip that he wasn't really carrying any sculpture. I couldn't get him to go into details, but I'm pretty sure he had some sort of animal back there.*
>
> *"Whatever it was must have been pretty ferocious and I think it's out there right now hunting us. I can't imagine what it wanted with those poor people's dead bodies, but I'm sure it's something very, very bad.*
>
> *"I'm pretty scared—we're in the middle of nowhere and there's no one to turn to for help. What's worse is if that thing were to escape and get to someplace where there were other folks not expecting it.*
>
> *"I just wish there was someone here who could do something."*

If the hero doesn't take the bait, Laura nudges a little harder.

> *"You and your companions could probably handle it, if you set your mind to it."*

It shouldn't take any more incentive than that, but if the posse continues to balk, Laura offers a small monetary incentive and builds to her final offer—$100 now and another $400 when they reach civilization.

Laura herself doesn't offer to go. She knows if the attempt to destroy the monster fails, she has to take word back to her superiors.

It may strike the heroes as odd that a private citizen is so concerned for others. Laura answers those concerns by trying to shame the heroes for not hunting the creature out of the goodness of their hearts. She explains the money comes from her wealthy father—an inconsistency with her "runaway" story that a keen cowpoke might catch.

She doesn't admit to being a member of the Agency unless there is no other way to convince the heroes to undertake the mission. As before, she still won't accompany the heroes, explaining she *has* to carry word back to warn her organization.

The Rest of the Group

Denise Merritt demands that she be allowed to go along when she learns of the posse's mission—though Laura demurely tries to talk her out of it.

Harold suggests he and the rest of the passengers start preparing to walk. It's two days' travel in either direction, and the longer they delay, the less food the group has.

The party will wait one day for the heroes to return before departing. Laura guarantees she won't allow them to depart before this time. Unfortunately, she tells them if they're not back in a day, she has to assume they failed.

Into the Woods

The posse can pick up the monster's trail in the rocks above the trestle. The rocks and hard ground make this difficult and doing so requires a Hard (9) *trackin'* roll.

The easier method is to follow the drag marks up from the wrecked boxcar. A cowpoke needs only a Fair (5) *trackin'* roll to pick up the husker's trail there.

The drag marks lead the heroes through thick pine growths. The trees are so close the posse can only see a few feet in any direction. Crouching to the ground allows a hero to see further, but the trunks of the trees and deadfalls confuse any details.

Snow drifts remain under the trees, and combined with the thick bed of needles, creates a nearly deafening silence. The heroes can hear nothing outside of their own footsteps as they trudge further up the slope. Soon, they are completely enveloped by the forest.

The Clearing

Fear Level 3

After a long and exhausting climb up the steep slope, the trail leads the heroes into a small clearing about 30' across at the base of a towering cliff. The rock face looms over the trees, cloaking the small open area in perpetual shadow. A cave opens into the cliff at the back of the clearing.

Any cowpoke making an Onerous (7) *search* roll notices the ground has been recently churned up. While the posse won't know this, the husker buried a number of hatchling host bodies (the crew and any bandits who were slain) in the clearing last night.

As the posse surveys the scene, a pale human hand suddenly thrusts up through the ground. The huskers have awakened! They attack immediately.

Huskers Attack!

As the corpses force their way up, have the heroes roll surprise. This is a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll since the ground and the events of the last few hours have inevitably made them wary.

Don't forget the Hard (9) *guts* checks when they first catch a glimpse of the corpses, and the -3 for the Fear Level!

There are an equal number of hatchlings to posse members. The creatures fight to the death. They're not old enough to know when to run away.

Hatchling Husker

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, Q:3d10, S:2d8, V:2d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 3d8, spittin' 4d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Search 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: –

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (STR+1d6. The monster can only make this attack once its main body has been exposed from the host's torso), Claws (STR. These are only usable if exposed, either by damage or the monster itself. Although it has six limbs, it can only make a single such attack).

Corpse Shell: The hatchling is usually still encased in a dead body when encountered. The body absorbs the first wound *level* (not wound!) done to the abomination in each hit location. Note the hatchling does not use the head of the host, so any hits there are completely wasted. After absorbing one wound, the flesh falls away revealing the insect-like monstrosity.

Fearless

Poison Spit: The hatchling can spit poison at an opponent. The poison is weak, but sufficient to blind a man if it hits him in the face. This requires a called shot to the head from the front. Any cowpoke hit in the face by a glob must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll or be blinded for 2d20 minutes.

Description: Young huskers look like walkin' dead until they are exposed (each location can take one wound before exposing the pale carapace beneath). The creature gains control of the host by inserting its legs into the corpse's arms and legs. Because the hatchling doesn't control the head, it often lolls lifelessly to the side, dead eyes staring at nothing.

The Life Cycle of a Husker

Husker eggs quickly hatch and grow inside the bodies of dead animals (including humans!). Within hours, each hatchling is nearly full grown, although its tough outer shell requires a few days to harden. During this time, it remains inside the host body as long as possible.

The husker itself is a spider-like insect with large compound eyes, a pale white carapace, and six spiked limbs.

The Cave

The full-grown husker, unlike the younger hatchlings, has enough sense to avoid a fight it can't win. It stays hidden in the cave at the back of the clearing.

The cave itself is a fairly small one, formed from a split in the granite cliff. It's only about 40' deep and consists of a small tunnel leading into a single room about 10' across that opens up 5' from the entrance. The ceiling in the room is barely 7' at its highest, so claustrophobic folks are going to be uncomfortable.

The husker has wedged itself into a crack in the ceiling. It waits until a cowpoke is directly under it to attack. If the poor sap looks up into the crack, it spits poison in his face (with a +4 to its roll for the surprise and position) and then drops on him. Otherwise it simply springs on its victim from above. In either case, it gets a +4 bonus to its *fightin'* rolls on its first action.

The monster tries to disable or blind as many posse members as it can and then bolts for the exit. Remember, this critter is smart. It knows its chances of beating a well-armed group of humans are low.

If the husker makes the treeline, the posse has a hard time finding it. A cowpoke can follow its trail only on an Incredible (11) *trackin'* roll.

Mature Husker

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, Q:3d10, S:2d10, V:2d10

Climbin' 4d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 5d8, sneak 4d8, spittin' 4d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:1d4, M:1d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d4

Search 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: –

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Armor: 3

(All others same as younger huskers.)

Description: A mature husker resembles a cross between a huge insect and a spider. It has six, 3' to 4' long legs, two feeding arms, a small head and thorax, and a large, bulbous abdomen. Large pinchers protrude from its mouth. The monster is covered in a very dense greenish black shell. The older the creature is, the darker its shell.

The husker moves in a rapid scuttle most of the time, though it is capable of enormous leaps and often leaps onto trees, boulders, or low buildings when stalking prey. When standing, the monster's body is some 3' feet above ground. Its thorax and abdomen are approximately the same size as a human torso. In spite of its size, the monster is capable of compressing itself into small spaces. It prefers to attack from ambush, its dark coloration hiding it naturally in shadows..

Cleanin' Up

Even if the heroes succeed in destroying the husker, they've got a long hike ahead of them. The passengers are going to rely on them for protection, and it's possible Clarkson and some of his gang are still out there looking for payback.

Once they get to civilization, the posse has to contend with the attention of both the press—thanks to Merritt's story—and the Agency, courtesy of Laura Giles. However, if the heroes were successful, neither is likely to look on them unfavorably.

Bounty

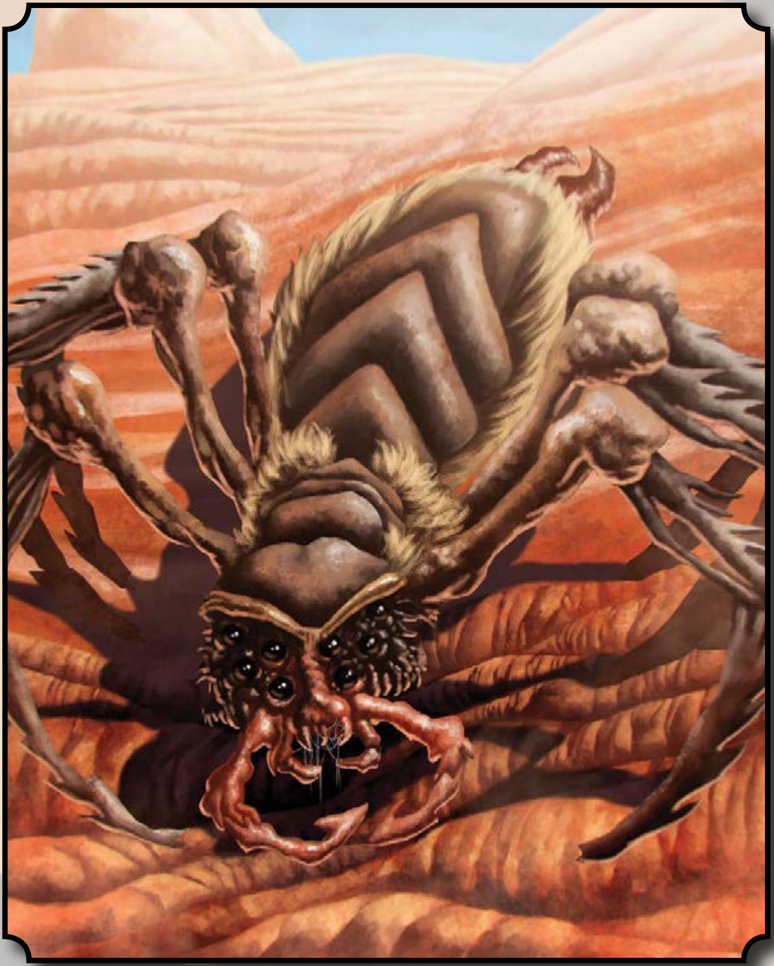
The heroes defeat the hatchlings: 1 red chip each.

The heroes kill the mature husker: 1 blue chip each.

Grit: Give those who defeated the husker 1 point of Grit.

Ally: If they succeeded, Laura Giles files a favorable report. This may lead to other jobs for the Agency. Not all cowpokes consider that a good thing!

Ally: If they help Denise Merritt get her story, she may one day become famous and write the heroes' legends in the pages of the *Tombstone Epitaph.*



CHARACTER CREATION SUMMARY

APTITUDES

Aptitude	Trait
Academia	Knowledge
Animal Wranglin'	Mien
Area Knowledge	Knowledge
Artillery	Cognition
Arts	Cognition
Bluff	Smarts
Bow	Deftness
Climbin'	Nimbleness
Demolition	Knowledge
Disguise	Knowledge
Dodge	Nimbleness
Drivin'	Nimbleness
Faith	Spirit
Fightin'	Nimbleness
Filchin'	Deftness
Gamblin'	Smarts
Guts	Spirit
Hexslingin'	Special
Horse Ridin'	Nimbleness
Languages	Knowledge
Leadership	Mien
Lockpickin'	Deftness
Mad Science	Knowledge
Medicine	Knowledge
Overawe	Mien
Performin'	Mien
Persuasion	Mien
Professional	Knowledge
Quick Draw	Quickness
Ridicule	Smarts
Ritual	Special
Science	Knowledge
Scrutinize	Cognition
Search	Cognition
Scroungin'	Smarts
Shootin'	Deftness
Sleight of Hand	Deftness
Sneak	Nimbleness
Speed-Load	Deftness
Streetwise	Smarts
Survival	Smarts
Swimmin'	Nimbleness
Tale-Tellin'	Mien
Teamster	Nimbleness
Throwin'	Deftness
Tinkerin'	Smarts
Trackin'	Cognition
Trade	Knowledge

HINDRANCES

Hindrance	Cost
Ailin'	-1/-3/-5
All Thumbs	-2
Bad Ears	-3/-5
Bad Eyes	-3/-5
Bad Luck	-5
Big Britches	-3
Big Mouth	-3
Big 'Un	-1/-2
Bloodthirsty	-2
Cautious	-3
Curious	-3
Clueless	-3
Death Wish	-5
Doubting Thomas	-3
Enemy	-1-5
Ferner	-3
Geezer	-3/-5
Greedy	-2
Grim Servant o' Death	-5
Habit	-1-3
Hankerin'	-1/3
Heavy Sleeper	-1
Heroic	-3
High-Falutin'	-2
Illiterate	-3
Impulsive	-3
Intolerance	-1-3
Kid	-2/-4
Law o' the West	-3
Lame	-3/-5
Loco	-1-5
Loyal	-3
Lyin' Eyes	-3
Miser	-3
Mean as a Rattler	-2
Night Terrors	-5
Oath	-1-5
Obligation	-1-5
Outlaw	-1-5
One-Armed Bandit	-3
Pacifist	-3/-5
Poverty	-3
Randy	-3
Scrawny	-5
Self-Righteous	-3
Slowpoke	-1-5
Squeaky	-2
Squeamish	-3
Stubborn	-2
Superstitious	-2
Tinhorn	-2
Thin-Skinned	-3
Tuckered	-1-5
Ugly As Sin	-1
Vengeful	-3
Wanted	-1-5
Yearnin'	-1-5
Yeller	-5

EDGES

Edge	Cost
Arcane Background	3
Belongin's	1-5
Big Ears	1
Brave	2
Brawny	3
Dinero	1-5
Don't Get 'Im Riled!	2
Eagle Eyes	1
Fleet-Footed	1-5
Friends in High Places	1-5
Gift of Gab	1
Keen	3
Kemosabe	1/2
Law Man	1/3/5
Level-Headed	5
Light Sleeper	1
Luck o' the Irish	5
Mechanically Inclined	1
Nerves o' Steel	1
Purty	1
Rank	1-5
Renown	1/3/5
Sand	1-5
Sidekick	5
"The Stare"	1
Thick-Skinned	3
Tough as Nails	1-5
Two-Fisted	3
Veteran o' the Weird West	0
"The Voice"	1

Scart TN & Dice

TN	Dice	Description
3	1d6	Gruesome scene
5	2d6	Vampire, fresh zombie
7	3d6	Gruesome corpse, grisly carnage
9	4d6	Grotesque scene
11	5d6	Overwhelming scene
13	6d6	Beyond imagination

Tests o' Will

Test Aptitude	Opposed Aptitude
Bluff	Scrutinize
Overawe	Guts
Ridicule	Ridicule

Result	Effect
Success	Unnerved
1 raise	Distracted
2 raises	Broken

Scart Table

Roll	Effect
1–3	**Uneasy:** The character stares for a moment at the scene and loses his next Action Card.
4–6	**Queasy:** The victim stares in horror at the scene, loses his next Action Card, and subtracts –2 from any rolls made the rest of the round.
7–9	**The Willies:** The character staggers back and stares in horror, missing his turn for the round. He takes 1d6 Wind and his actions are at –2 until he makes a *guts* check, which he may attempt as an action.
10–12	**The Heebie-Jeebies:** The character turns white as a sheet and loses his entire turn and 1d6 Wind. All actions are at –2 for the remainder of the encounter.
13–15	**Weak in the Knees:** The victim loses 1d6 Wind. At grotesque scenes, he loses his lunch and staggers away. At terrible scenes, he puts his tail between his legs and gets the Hell out of Dodge. In either case, he is completely ineffectual until he makes the *guts* check that caused this result. He remains at –2 for the remainder of the encounter.
16–18	**Dead Faint:** The character takes 3d6 Wind. If she's reduced to 0 or less, she faints dead away until she recovers. If the character has *faith*, she must make an Onerous (7) *faith* check immediately. If she fails, her lack of faith causes her to lose 1 level of *faith* permanently.
19–21	**Minor Phobia:** The character goes **Weak in the Knees** and gains a minor phobia (as the *loco* Hindrance) somehow associated with the current event or environment. She suffers a –2 penalty to any actions when the stimulus of her fear is present.
22–24	**Major Phobia:** The character goes **Weak in the Knees** and gains a major phobia (as the *loco* Hindrance). This is the same as a **Minor Phobia** except the penalty when the feared item, environment, or thing is present, the penalty is –4.
25–27	**Corporeal Alteration:** The character gains a **Minor Phobia** and suffers a physical defect of some kind, such as a streak of white hair, his voice box contracts and he can only speak in whispers, etc.
28–30	**The "Shakes":** The cowpoke gets a **Major Phobia** and must make a Hard (9) *Spirit* roll or reduce *Deftness* by one step permanently. If the roll is made, *Deftness* is reduced only for the next 1d6 days.
31–35	**Heart Attack:** The poor sap's heart skips a beat. He must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If made, he suffers 3d6 Wind and gains a **Major Phobia**. If failed, he suffers 3d6 Wind, his *Vigor* is permanently reduced by one step, and he must make a second Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If failed, he has a heart attack and dies unless someone else makes an Incredible (11) *medicine* roll within 2d6 rounds (a supernatural healing roll must cure a serious wound though no actual "wound" is inflicted). If the victim's *Vigor* falls below 4, he kicks the bucket.
36+	**Corporeal Aging:** The character has a **Heart Attack** and ages 1 year.

Shootin' Irons

Weapons	Shots	Caliber	ROF	Damage	Range Increment	Price
Automatics						
Gatling Gun*	45	.36	3	3d8	20	$1,500
Gatling Pistol*	12	.44	3	3d6	10	$800
Carbines						
Sharps ‘55	1	.57 C&B	1	5d8	15	$18
Spencer	7	.56	1	4d8	15	$15
LeMat Carbine	9	.42	1	3d6	15	$35
&Shotgun*	1	16-ga	1	Special	5	
Derringers & Pepperboxes						
Derringer	2	.44	2	3d6	5	$8
English 1840 Model*	8	.36 C&B	1	2d6	5	$5
Rupertus Pepperbox	8	.22	1	2d4	5	$6
Wesson Dagger-Pistol	2	.41	1	2d6	5	$6
Pistols, Single-Action						
Colt Army	6	.44	1	3d6	10	$12
Colt Buntline Special*	6	.45	1	3d6	10	Special
Colt Dragoon	6	.44*	1	3d6	10	$11
Colt Navy	6	.36	1	2d6	10	$10
Colt Peacemaker	6	.45	1	3d6	10	$15
Knuckle-Duster*	5	.32	1	2d6	5	$8
Lemat Grapeshot Pistol	9	.40	1	2d6	10	$25
& Shotgun*	1	16-gauge	1	Special	5	—
Pistols, Double-Action						
Colt Frontier	6	.32-20	2	2d6	10	$8
Colt Lightning	6	.38	2	2d6	10	$13
Colt Peacemaker	6	.45	2	3d6	10	$15
Colt Thunderer	6	.41	2	2d6	10	$14
Starr Revolver	6	.44 C&B	2	3d6	10	$9
Rifles						
Ballard ‘72	1	.56 C&B	1	5d8	20	$24
Bullard Express	11	.50	1	4d10	20	$30
Colt-Paterson Model ‘36*	7	.69 C&B	1	5d10	20	$25
Colt Revolving Rifle	5	.56 C&B	1	5d8	20	$24
Enfield Musket*	1	.58 C&B (muzzle-loader)	1	5d8	10	$25
Evans Old Model Sporter*	34	.44 Evans	1	4d8	20	$30
Remington ‘71	1	.50-.70	1	4d10	20	$20
Sharp's Big 50	1	.50	1	4d10	20	$20
Springfield*	1	.58 C&B (muzzle-loader)	1	5d8	20	$8
Winchester ‘73	15	.44-40	1	4d8	20	$25
Winchester ‘76	15	.45	1	4d8+2	20	$40
Shotguns						
Colt Revolving Shotgun	5	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$45
Double barrel	2	12-gauge	2	Special	10	$35
Scattergun	2	12-gauge	2	Special	5	$35
Single barrel	1	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$25
Winchester Lever-Action	4	12-gauge	1	Special	10	$35
Other						
Flamethrower	30	—	1d6	1d10/shot	20 Max	$2,000

*See Individual weapon notes at the end of this chapter

Other Ranged Weapons

Weapons	Ammo	ROF	Damage	Range Increment	Price
Bolas	Bolo	1	STR+1d4	5	$3
Bow & arrow	Arrow	1	STR+1d6	10	$3
Dynamite*	1 stick	1	3d20 (BR 10)	5	$3
Nitro*	8 oz. bottle	1	3d20 (BR 10)	5	$1.25
Thrown knife	Knife	1	STR+1d6	5	$3
Thrown spear	Spear	1	STR+2d6	5	$3

Fightin' Weapons

Weapon	DB	Damage	Price
Bolo			
Brass Knuckles	—	STR+1d4	$1
Club, small	—	STR+1d4	—
Club, large	+1	STR+1d6	—
Fist	—	STR	—
Knife	+1	STR+1d4	$2
Knife, large (Bowie)	+1	STR+1d6	$4
Rapier	+2	STR+2d6	$10
Saber	+2	STR+2d8	$15
Spear	+3	STR+2d6	$3
Tomahawk	—	STR+2d6	$3
Whip	+1	STR	$10
Lariat	—	—	$4

Hit Location

1d20	Location
1–4	Legs
5–9	Lower Guts
10	Gizzards
11–14	Arms
15–19	Upper Guts
20	Noggin

Modifiers

+2	When *fightin'*
+/-2	Waist-high height advantage when *fightin'*
+/-4	Head-high height advantage when *fightin'*
+2	Pont blank range when *shootin'*

Shootin' Modifiers

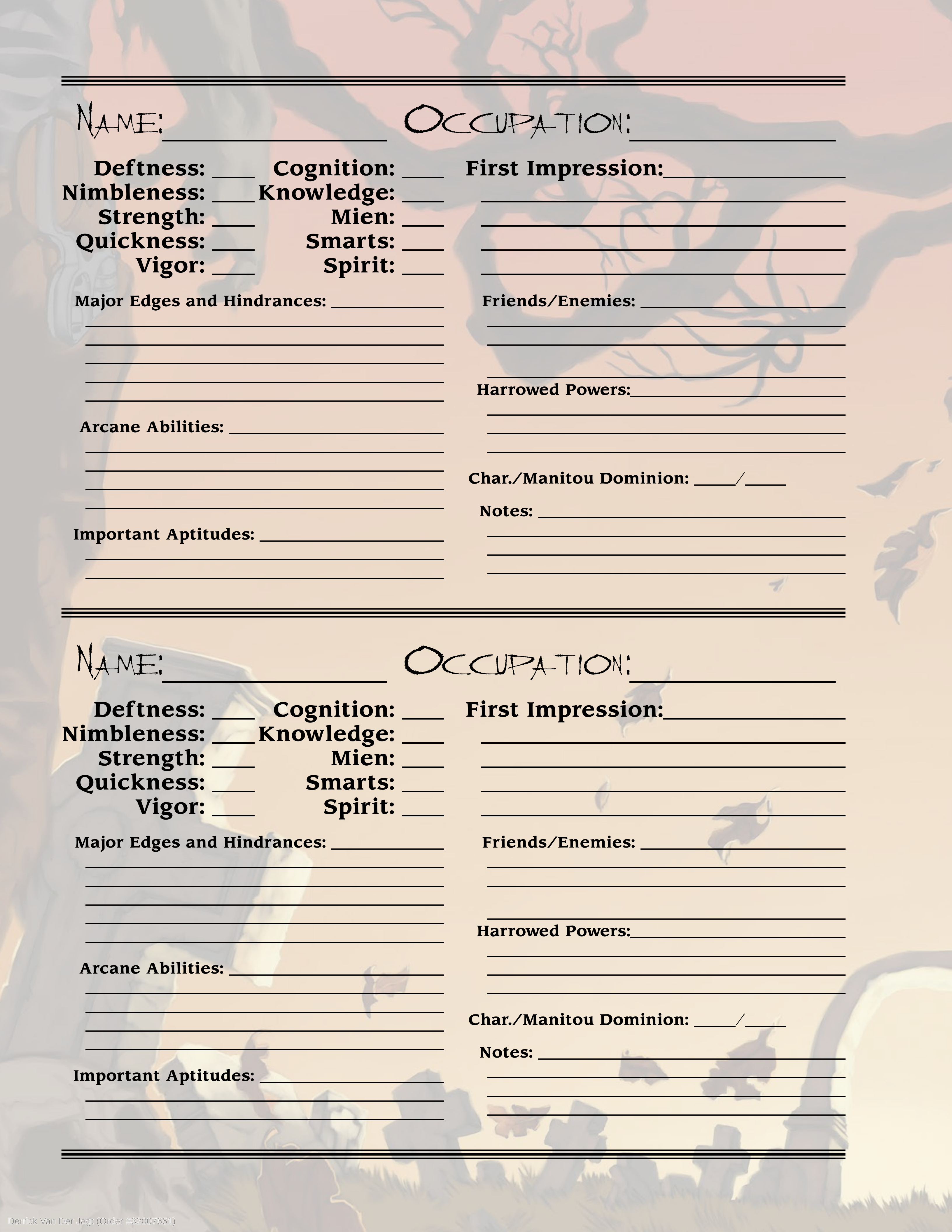
Situation	Modifier
Firer is walking	-2
Firer is running	-6
Firer is mounted	-2
Firer is wounded	Varies
Size	Varies
Target moving Pace 20+	-4
Target totally concealed	-4
Torchlight, twilight	-4
Moonlight	-6
Blind, total darkness	-8

Fightin' Modifiers

Situation	Modifier
Attacker is running	-4
Attacker has high position	-2
Attacker is wounded	Varies
Size	Varies
Target totally concealed	-4
Torchlight, twilight	-4
Moonlight	-6
Blind, total darkness	-8
Attacker Armed	Weapon's Defensive Bonus

Called Shots

Size	Penalty
Guts	-2
Legs, arms	-4
Heads, hands, feet	-6
Eyeball, heart	-10



NAME: ____________________ OCCUPATION: ____________________

Deftness: ____ Cognition: ____
Nimbleness: ____ Knowledge: ____
Strength: ____ Mien: ____
Quickness: ____ Smarts: ____
Vigor: ____ Spirit: ____

First Impression: ____________________

Major Edges and Hindrances: ____________________

Arcane Abilities: ____________________

Important Aptitudes: ____________________

Friends/Enemies: ____________________

Harrowed Powers: ____________________

Char./Manitou Dominion: _____/_____

Notes: ____________________

NAME: ____________________ OCCUPATION: ____________________

Deftness: ____ Cognition: ____
Nimbleness: ____ Knowledge: ____
Strength: ____ Mien: ____
Quickness: ____ Smarts: ____
Vigor: ____ Spirit: ____

First Impression: ____________________

Major Edges and Hindrances: ____________________

Arcane Abilities: ____________________

Important Aptitudes: ____________________

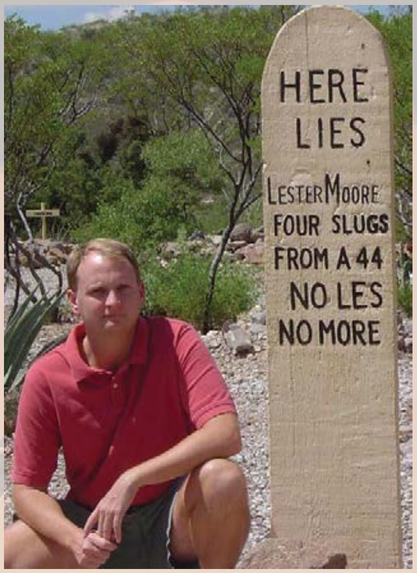
Friends/Enemies: ____________________

Harrowed Powers: ____________________

Char./Manitou Dominion: _____/_____

Notes: ____________________

AUTHOR'S AFTERWORD



It all began on that 14-hour trip home from GenCon. That long drive through the night, after five days of heavy carousing and over-stimulation from all the incredible games, was always good for ideas on the many freelance projects I got to work on. But there was something about this one. I saw a painting by Brom (the *Undead Confederate Rebel*) and the idea of zombie cowboys just wouldn't leave me. It was well over a year later that I ran this game. I made up some quick rules and told my friends we were going to play an historical rpg. They were Union spies infiltrating Rebel raiders in the hills of Kentucky. I kept up the charade for 2-3 sessions, before the Rebels discovered their true identities. Then I hung 'em all.

The gang thought it was all over and started packing up their dice. Then I put each of them in separate rooms and told them they had somehow survived, but were buried alive! Slowly, each player clawed his way back to the surface and found themselves in Boot Hill overlooking the town of Tombstone. They ventured down into town and found it had been wiped out by murderous desperadoes. The carnage was thick and gruesome. When they got to the offices of the *Epitaph,* they found the editor run through the printing press. The newspaper talked about the gang that was coming to town, revealing two startling facts. First, the date on the paper was 1876, thirteen years after they had been hung. Second, the bloodthirsty bandits the paper talked about was none other than the player characters themselves.

They learned they were dead a little later that night, when a posse of Union cavalry came to deal with them. That was rough, for these were good characters who didn't want to fight their fellow bluebellies.

It was the next session before they figured out their "unlife" continued only because a malevolent demon was squirming around inside their guts.

That's how it all started. Another year went by and the freelancing pool started drying up. I had already published a historical miniatures game (*Fields of Honor*) and John Hopler's *The Last Crusade* card game under the Pinnacle label. Now I wanted to do *Deadlands,* but a roleplaying game is different than the previous "one-shots" I'd done before. It would require a full-time company, and a few employees.

To help me make things right, I called on my "mentor," Greg Gorden, who had published my first professional work, *The Temple of Rec Stalek* for TORG (West End Games). Then I called one of the most prolific freelancers in the industry, Matt Forbeck. The two liked the idea enough that they wanted to be part of the company as well. We sealed the deal on my snow-covered trampoline in December of '95 (and yes, my wife Michelle took video!)

Greg had to bow out soon after, but Matt stayed on. Soon after, my long-time friend John Hopler joined the team. Thanks to him and Matt, Greg Gorden (Fate Chips), a few comic pages by Allan Nunis (which spawned the idea for hucksters), and my always supportive wife, Michelle, we were able to get the game out for GenCon '96. We couldn't believe the response. Since then, we've done well enough that *Deadlands* peaked in April '99 as the 3rd best-selling rpg on the market. Last year, I moved on to our sequel, *Hell on Earth*, leaving the talented and always enthusiastic Hal Mangold in charge of my baby. I remain a rabid fan of our own line, and to me, that's the greatest compliment I can give Hal, my old game master, John Goff, John Hopler, Matt Forbeck, and all the other writers and artists who have contributed to this incredible story.

The gaming industry is rough sometimes, friends. But the friends and fans I've made have made any harships suffered worth every minute of it. I thank you all for that, and hope to see you in person at the summer conventions.

Until then, happy trails.

Or as we like to say, *twisted trails.*

Shane
May 19, 1999

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SALOON
Whiskey

13

Name: ______________________

Occupation: ______________________

Traits & Aptitudes

Cognition ___d___
Artillery ___
Arts ___
______________ ___
Scrutinize ___
Search(1) ___
Trackin' ___
______________ ___

Deftness ___d___
Bow ___
Filchin' ___
Lockpickin' ___
Shootin' ___
____
Sleight o' Hand ___
Speed Load ___
Throwin' ___
______________ ___
______________ ___

Knowledge ___d___
Academia
______________ ___
______________ ___
Area Knowledge
Home Country (2) ___
____
Demolition ___
Disguise ___
Language
______________ ___
______________ ___

Mad Science ___
Medicine ___
____
Professional
______________ ___
______________ ___
Science
______________ ___
______________ ___
Trade
______________ ___
______________ ___
______________ ___
______________ ___

Mien ___d___
Animal Wranglin' ___
____
Leadership ___
Overawe ___
Performin' ___
____
Persuasion ___
Tale Tellin' ___
______________ ___
______________ ___

Nimbleness ___d___
Climbin' (1) ___
Dodge ___
Drivin' ___
Fightin' ___
______________ ___
______________ ___

Horse Ridin' ___
Sneak(1) ___
Swimmin' ___
Teamster ___
______________ ___

Quickness ___d___
Quick Draw ___
____
______________ ___

Smarts ___d___
Bluff ___
Gamblin' ___
Ridicule ___
Scroungin' ___
Streetwise ___
Survival ___
____
Tinkerin' ___
______________ ___
______________ ___

Spirit ___d___
Faith ___
Guts ___
______________ ___
______________ ___

Strength ___d___
______________ ___

Vigor ___d___
______________ ___

Ammo One
1
2
3
4
5
6

Ammo Two
1
2
3
4
5
6

Ammo Three
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15

White Chips
1
2
3
4
5
6
7

Red Chips
1
2
3
4
5

Blue Chips
1
2
3
4
5

Shootin' Irons & Such

Weapon	Shots	RoF	Range	Damage

Hand to Hand Weapons

Weapon	Defense	Speed	Damage
Fist	–	1	

Pace: ______
Size: ______
Wind: ______
Grit: ______

Wound Key

Light	White
Heavy	Green
Serious	Yeller
Critical	Red
Maimed	Black

(mark wounds with colored paper clips)

Wounds

Head
Rt. Arm
Lt. Arm
Guts
R. Leg
Lt. Leg

Wind

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34

Arcane Abilities

White Chips
1
2
3
4
5
6
7

Hexslingin' ______ Ritual ______ Rituals ______

Power	Speed	Duration	Range	Trait	TN	Notes

Ammo One
1
2
3
4
5
6

Ammo Two
1
2
3
4
5
6

Red Chips
1
2
3
4
5

Edges & Hindrances

Equipment

Blue Chips
1
2
3
4
5

Ammo Three
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15

Wounds
Head
Rt. Arm
Lt. Arm
Guts
R. Leg
Lt. Leg

Character Notes

Your Worst Nightmare

Wind (Vigor 'n' Spirit)
34 33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0